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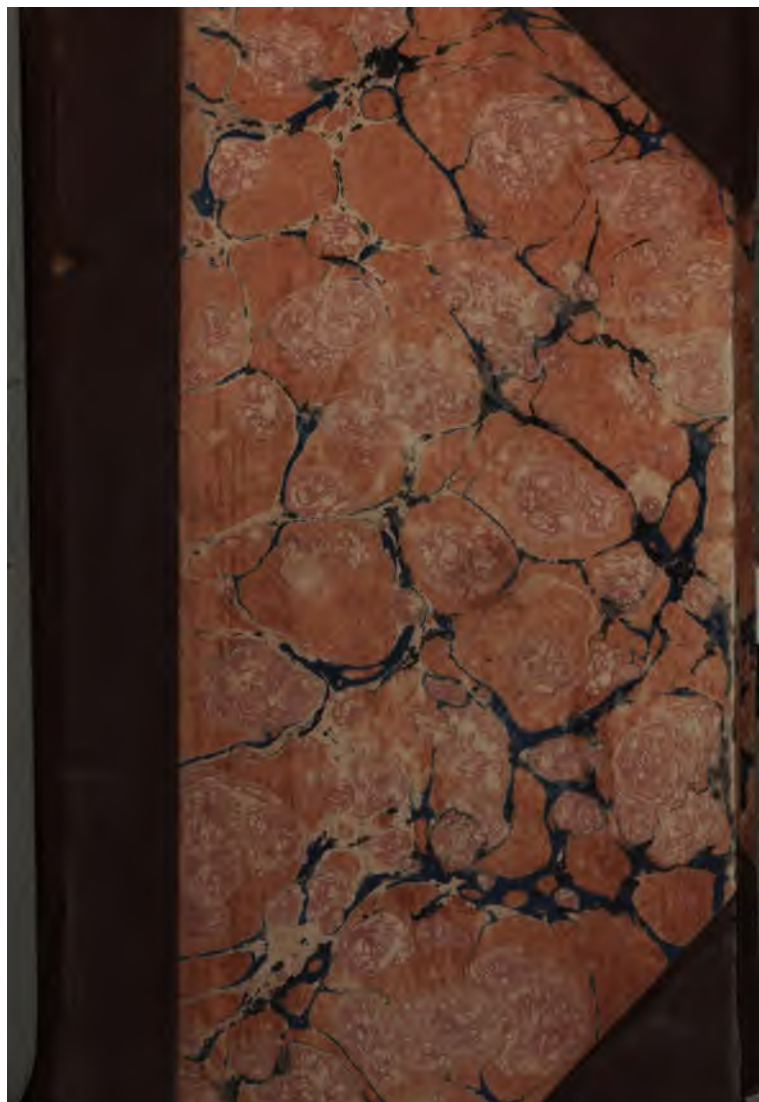
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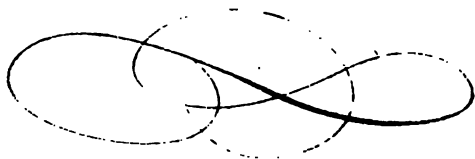


PETER FORBES



H. Spratte.

1818.







THE
POCKET ENCYCLOPEDIA
OF
SCOTTISH, ENGLISH, AND IRISH
SONGS.

2806.f.23



THE
POCKET ENCYCLOPEDIA
OF
SCOTTISH, ENGLISH, AND IRISH
SONGS,
SELECTED FROM
THE WORKS OF THE MOST EMINENT POETS;
WITH
A Number of Original Pieces,
AND
NOTES,
CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. II.

GLASGOW:

Printed by Andrew & James Duncan,

TO BE SOLD BY J. SMITH & SON, A. & J. M. DUNCAN, W. TURNBULL,
AND BRASH & REID; A. CONSTABLE & CO. J. BALLANTYNE,
AND P. HILL, EDINBURGH; R. CROSEY & CO. AND
LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, & BROWN,

LONDON.

1816.

ENTERED IN STATIONERS HALL.



THE
POCKET ENCYCLOPEDIA,

&c.



PART SECOND.

ENGLISH SONGS.

Vol. II.

A

THE
POCKET ENCYCLOPEDIA,

&c.

~~~~~  
English Songs.  
~~~~~

LOVE AMONG THE ROSES.

Young Love flew to the Paphian bow'r,
And gather'd sweets from many a flow'r,
From roses and sweet jessamine,
The lily and the eglantine.
The Graces there were culling posies,
And found young Love among the roses.

Young Love, &c.

O happy day! O joyous hour!
Compose a wreath of ev'ry flow'r;
Let's bind him to us, ne'er to sever,
Young Love shall dwell with us for ever.
Eternal spring the wreath composes,
Content is Love among the roses.

Young Love, &c.

THE WOODPECKER.

I KNEW by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd
 Above the green elms, that a cottage was near ;
 And I said, if there's peace to be found in the world,
 A heart that is humble might hope for it here.
 Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound,
 But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree

And here in this lone little wood, I exclaim'd,
 With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye ;
 Who would blush when I prais'd her, and weep if
 blam'd ;
 How blest could I live, and how calm could I die.
 Every leaf, &c.

By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
 In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
 And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
 Which ne'er had been sigh'd on by any but mine.
 Every leaf, &c.



THE LASSES OF DUBLIN.

THE meadows look cheerful, the birds sweetly sing,
 So gaily they carol the praises of spring ;
 Tho' nature rejoices, poor Norah shall mourn,
 Until her dear Patrick again shall return.

Ye lasses of Dublin, ah ! hide your gay charms,
 Nor lure her dear Patrick from Norah's fond arms ;
 Tho' satins, and ribbons, and laces, are fine,
 They hide not a heart with such feeling as mine.

THE GIPSY WANDERER.

'Twas night, and the farmer, his fire-side near,
 O'er a pipe quaff'd his ale, stout and old;
 The hinds were in bed, when a voice struck his ear—
 Let me in I beseech you!—just so ran the prayer—
 Let me in!—I am dying with cold!

To his servant the farmer cry'd—Sue move thy feet,
 And admit the poor wretch from the storm;
 For our chimney will not lose a jot of its heat,
 Altho' the night-wand'rer may there find a seat,
 And beside our wood embers grow warm.

At that instant a Gipsy girl, humble in pace,
 Bent before him, his pity to crave:—
 He, starting, exclaim'd,—Wicked fiend! quit this place—
 A parent's curse light on the whole Gipsy race!
 They have bow'd me almost to the grave!

Good Sir, as our tribe pass'd the church-yard below,
 I just paus'd, the turf-graves to survey:
 I fancied the spot where my mother lies low,
 When suddenly came on a thick fall of snow,
 And I know not a step of my way.

This is craft! cry'd the farmer, if I judge aright;
 I suspect thy curs'd gang may be near.
 Thou wouldst open the door to the ruffians of night;
 Thy eyes o'er the plunder now rove with delight,
 And on me with sly treachery leer!

With a shriek, on the floor the young Gipsy girl fell!
 Help! cry'd Susan, your child to uprear!
 Your long stolen child!—She remembers you well,
 And the terrors and joys in her bosom that swell,
 Are too mighty for nature to bear.

THE LEGACY.

WHEN in death I shall calm recline,
 O! bear my heart to my mistress dear;
 Tell her it liv'd upon smiles, and wine
 Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here.
 Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow,
 To sully a heart so brilliant and light;
 But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
 To bathe the relic from morn till night.

When the light of my song is o'er,
 O! bear my harp to yon ancient hall;
 Hang it up at that friendly door,
 Where weary travellers love to call.
 And should some bard that roams forsaken,
 Revive its soft notes when passing along,
 O! let one thought of its master waken
 Your warmest smile for the child of song.

Take this cup that is now o'erflowing,
 To grace your revels when I'm at rest;
 Never, O! never, its balm bestowing
 On lips that beauty hath seldom blest.
 But should some warm devoted lover,
 To her he loves once bathe its brim,
 O! then my spirit around shall hover,
 To hallow each drop that foams for him.



THE DISCONSOLATE SAILOR.

WHEN my money was gone that I gain'd in the wars,
 And the world 'gan to frown on my fate,
 What matter'd my zeal, or my honoured scars,
 When indiff'rence stood at each gate?

The face that would smile when my purse was well
lin'd,

Show'd a different aspect to me:

And when I could nought but ingratitude find,
I hied once again to the sea.

I thought it unwise to repine at my lot,
Or to bear with cold looks on the shore;
So I pack'd up the trifling remnants I'd got,
And a trifle, alas! was my store.

A handkerchief held all the treasure I had,
Which over my shoulder I threw;
Away then I trudg'd, with a heart rather sad,
To join with some jolly ship's crew.

The sea was less troubl'd by far than my mind;
For, when the wide main I survey'd,
I could not help thinking the world was unkind,
And Fortune a slippery jade:

And vow'd, if once more I could take her in tow,
I'd let the ungrateful ones see,
That the turbulent winds and the billows could show
More kindness than they did to me.



ROBIN ADAIR.

WHAT'S this dull town to me?

Robin's not near.

What was't I wish'd to see?

What wish'd to hear?

Where's all the joy and mirth

Made this town a heaven on earth?

Oh! they're all fled with thee,

Robin Adair.

What made th' assembly shine?
Robin Adair.

What made the ball so fine?
Robin was there.

What, when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?

Oh! it was parting with
Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt cold to me,
Robin Adair;

But now thou'rt cold to me,
Robin Adair.

Yet him I lov'd so well,
Still in my heart shall dwell.

Oh! I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair.



DULCE DOMUM.

DEEP in a vale a cottage stood,
Oft sought by trav'lers weary,
And long it prov'd the blest abode
Of Edward and of Mary.

For her he'd chase the mountain goat,
O'er Alps and glaciers bounding;
For her the chamois he would shoot,
Dark horrors all surrounding:

But ev'ning come,
He sought his home,
While anxious, lovely woman,
She hail'd the sight,
And ev'ry night
The cottage rung,
As they sung,

Oh, dulce, dulce domum!

But soon, alas ! this scene of bliss
 Was chang'd to prospect dreary ;
 For war and honour rous'd each Swiss,
 And Edward left his Mary.
 To bold St. Gothard's height he rush'd,
 'Gainst Gallia's foes contending ;
 And, by unequal numbers crush'd,
 He died his land defending.
 The evening come,
 He sought not home,
 Whilst she, distracted woman,
 Grown wild with dread,
 Now seeks him dead,
 And hears the knell
 That bids farewell
 To dulce, dulce domum.



THE GALLEY SLAVE.

Think on my fate ! once I freedom enjoy'd,
 Was as happy as happy could be ;
 But pleasure is fled, even hope is destroy'd,
 A captive, alas ! on the sea.
 Was ta'en by the foe, 'twas the fiat of Fate,
 To tear me from her I adore:
 When thought brings to mind my once happy estate,
 I sigh, as I tug at the oar.

Hard, hard is my fate ! - Oh, how galling my chain !
 My life's steer'd by Misery's chart ;
 And tho' gainst my tyrants I scorn to complain,
 Tears gush forth to ease my full heart.
 I disdain ev'n to shrink, tho' I feel the sharp lash,
 Yet my breast bleeds for her I adore ;
 While around me the unfeeling billows will dash,
 I sigh, and still tug at the oar.

How Fortune deceives ! I had pleasure in tow,
 The port where she dwelt we'd in view ;
 But the wish'd nuptial morn was o'erclouded with wo
 And, dear Anna ! I hurried from you.
 Our shallop was boarded, and I borne away,
 To behold my dear Anna no more ;
 But despair wastes my spirits, my form feels decay :
 He sigh'd, and expir'd at the oar.



CRAZY JANE.

WHY, fair maid, in every feature
 Are such signs of fear express'd?
 Can a wand'ring wretched creature
 With such terror fill thy breast?
 Do my frenzied looks alarm thee?
 Trust me, sweet, thy fears are vain ;
 Not for kingdoms would I harm thee;
 Shun not, then, poor Crazy Jane.

Dost thou weep to see my anguish?
 Mark me, and avoid my woe :
 When men flatter, sigh, and languish,
 Think them false,—I found them so.
 For I lov'd, ah ! so sincerely
 None could ever love again ;
 But the youth I lov'd so dearly
 Stole the wits of Crazy Jane.

Fondly my young heart receiv'd him,
 Which was doom'd to love but one.
 He sigh'd—he vow'd—and I believ'd him,
 He was false—and I undone.
 From that hour has reason never
 Held her empire o'er my brain.
Henry fled—with him for ever
Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

Now forlorn and broken-hearted,
 And with frenzied thoughts beset,
 On that spot where last we parted,
 On that spot where first we met,
 Still I sing my love-lorn ditty,
 Still I slowly pace the plain ;
 While each passer by, in pity,
 Cries—God help thee, Crazy Jane !



RURAL FESTIVITY.

HASTE, ye rankling cares away,
 Quickly fly, make no delay,
 Mirth, from sadness set us free,
 Nature smiles, and why not we?
 See blythe Hebe o'er the plain,
 Lightly leads her rosy train,
 Whilst to us the gales convey
 On their wings the rural lay.

Whilst to us, &c.

*Come then, come, ye jovial few,
 On this bank of v'lets blue,
 Let us sport and let us play,
 Let us spend the happy day,
 Let us sport and let us play,
 Let us spend the happy day,
 Let us sport and let us play,
 Let us spend the happy day.*

Now the birds in concert sing,
 Now the flow'rets sweetly spring ;
 Round and round the lambkins play,
 Frisking in the sunny ray:
*Let us join the cheerful song,
 Let us sport the flow'rs among ;*

Let us ever happy be,
Happy, jocund, blithe and free.

Come then, come, &c.

Hark, the pipe's enchanting sound
Echoes through the groves around;
Hark, the gently falling rill
Murmurs sweetly down the hill;
Whilst the ploughman, young and gay,
Carols o'er his native lay:
Mirth, from sadness set us free,
Nature smiles, and why not we?

Come then, come, &c.



ON AFRIC'S WIDE PLAINS.

ON Afric's wide plains, where the lions, loud roaring,
With freedom stalk forth, the vast desert exploring,
I was dragg'd from my hut, and enchain'd as a slave,
In a dark floating dungeon, upon the salt wave.

Spare a halfpenny! spare a halfpenny!

O spare a halfpenny to a poor Negro.

Toss'd on the wide main, I, all wildly despairing,
Burst my chains, rush'd on deck, with my eye-balls wild
glaring,
When the light'ning's dread flash struck the inlets of day
And its glorious bright beams shut for ever away.

Spare a halfpenny, &c.

The despoiler of man, then, his prospect thus losing
Of gain, by my sale—not a blind bargain choosing,
As my value compar'd with my keeping was light,
Had me dash'd overboard in the dead of the night.

Spare a halfpenny, &c.

And but for a bark, to Britannia's coast bound then,
 All my cares, by that plunge, in the deep had been
 Drown'd then;
 At, by moonlight descry'd, I was snatch'd from the
 Wave,
 And reluctantly robb'd of a watery grave.

Spare a halfpenny, &c.

How disast'rous my fate! freedom's ground tho' I tread
 Now,
 Far from home, wife and children, and wand'ring for
 Bread now,
 While seas roll between us, which ne'er can be cross'd,
 And hope's distant glimm'rings in darkness are lost.

Spare a halfpenny, &c.

But of minds foul and fair, when the judge and the
 Pond'rer
 Shall restore light and rest to the blind and the wand'rer,
 The European's deep dye may out-rival the sloe,
 And the soul of an Ethiop prove white as the snow. *

Spare a halfpenny, &c.

* Every feeling heart must rejoice in the abolition of the slave trade, and will readily award its tribute of praise to that true philanthropist, Mr. Wilberforce, for his unwearied exertions in the accomplishment of that grand object.—The following extract from the Parliamentary Register (1791) of the debate on the abolition of the slave trade, may not, perhaps, be unacceptable to our readers:—"There was another transaction that he (Mr. Wilberforce) must distinctly state, not only on account of its enormous magnitude, but also because it established, beyond controversy the frequency of those acts of rapine, which was the conclusion he had before referred to. When General Rooke, a respectable member of that House, was commanding in his Majesty's settlement at Goree, some of the subjects of a neighbouring king, with

FAIR ELLEN.

FAIR Ellen like a lily grew,
 Was beauty's fav'rite flow'r,
 Till falsehood chang'd her lovely hue:
 She wither'd in an hour.

Antonio in her virgin breast
 First rais'd a tender sigh :
 His wish obtain'd, the lover blest,
 Then left the maid to die.

whom he was on terms of amity, had come to pay him a friendly visit; *there were from 100 to 150 of them, men, women, and children; all was gaiety and merriment; it was a scene to gladden the saddest, and to soften the hardest heart:* but a slave-captain, ever faithful to the interests of his employers, is not soon thrown off his guard; with what astonishment would the Committee hear, that, in the midst of this festivity, it was proposed to General Rooke, to seize the whole of this unsuspecting multitude, hurry them on board the ships, and carry them off to the West Indies! Was there ever a man bold enough to venture on such a proposal? *Not only one, but three!* three English slave-captains preferred it as their joint request, *alleging the precedent of a former governor!* If, in the annals of human wickedness, an instance of fouler treachery were to be found, Mr Wilberforce was happy to be ignorant of it. But it was not on account of its magnitude that he wished to impress it on the Committee, so much as because it was a pregnant proof of the frequency of the acts of rapine he had before described; for what must be the habits of the slave-trade, what must have been the *familiarity* with scenes of depredation produced on the minds of slave-captains, when three of them durst not only meditate within themselves, not only confer one with another, but bring into the light of day, and carry to a British officer of rank, a proposal which one would have thought too horrid to be allowed for a single moment, even in 'the deepest retirement, in the darkest recesses of the most depraved heart?'"

NOBODY.

To force me to sing it be your intention,
 Some one I will hint at, yet nobody mention:
 Nobody, you'll cry; pshaw, that must be stuff;
 At singing I'm nobody, that's the first proof.
No, nobody, no, nobody, nobody, nobody, no.

Nobody's a name every body will own,
 When something they ought to be asham'd of have done:
 'Tis a name well applied to old maids and young beaus:
 What they were intended for nobody knows.
No, nobody, &c.

If negligent servants should china-plate crack,
 The fault is still laid on poor nobody's back;
 If accidents happen at home or abroad,
 When nobody's blam'd for it, is not that odd?
No, nobody, &c.

Nobody can tell you the tricks that are play'd,
 When nobody's by, betwixt master and maid:
 She gently cries out, sir, there'll somebody hear us:
 He softly replies, my dear, nobody's near us.
No, nobody, &c.

But big with child proving, she's quickly discarded;
 When favours are granted, nobody's rewarded;
 And when she's examined, cries, mortals forbid it,
 If I'm got with child, it was nobody did it.
No, nobody, &c.

When, by stealth, the gallant the wanton wife leaves,
 The husband's affrighten'd, and thinks it is thieves:
 He rouses himself, and cries loudly who's there?
 The wife pats his cheek, and says, nobody, dear.
No, nobody, &c.

Enough now of nobody sure has been sung,
 Since nobody's mention'd, nor nobody's wrong'd;
 I hope for free speaking I may not be blam'd,
 Since nobody's injur'd, nor nobody's nam'd.

No, nobody, &c.



WILL WATCH.

'Twas one morn when the wind from the northward
 blew keenly,

While sullenly roar'd the big waves of the main,
 A fam'd smuggler, Will Watch, kiss'd his Sue, then serenely

Took helm, and to sea boldly steer'd out again.
 Will had promis'd his Sue that this trip, if well ended,
 Shou'd coil up his hopes, and he'd anchor ashore:
 When his pockets were lin'd, why his life should be mended;

The laws he had broken, he'd never break more.

His sea-boat was trim, made her port, took her lading;

Then Will stood for home, reach'd the offing, and cried,
 This night (if I've luck) furls the sails of my trading;

In dock I can lay, serve a friend too beside.
 Will lay too till the night came on, darksome and dreary;

To croud ev'ry sail then he pip'd up each hand;
 But a signal soon spied, ('twas a prospect uncheery)

A signal that warn'd him to bear from the land.

The Philistines are out, (cried Will) well, take no heed
 on't:

Attack'd, who's the man that will flinch from his gun?
 Shou'd my head be blown off, I shall ne'er feel the need
 on't,

We'll fight while we can, when we can't, boys, we'll run.

Thro' the haze of the night a bright flash now appearing,
Oh! oh! cries Will Watch, the Philistines bear down:
Bear a hand, my tight lads; ere we think about sheering,
One broadside pour in, shou'd we swim, boys, or drown

But shou'd I be popp'd off, you, my mates, left behind
me,

Regard my last words, see 'em kindly obey'd;
Let no stone mark the spot; and my friends, do you
mind me,

Near the beach is the grave where Will Watch would
be laid.

d Poor Will's yarn was spun out, for a bullet next minute
Laid him low on the deck, and he never spoke more.
His bold crew fought the brig while a shot remain'd in it;
Then sheer'd—and Will's hulk to his Susan they bore

In the dead of the night his last wish was complied with;
To few known his grave, and to few known his end:
He was borne to the earth by the crew that he died with;
He'd the tears of his Susan, the prayers of each friend.
Near his grave dash the billows, the winds loudly bellow
Yon ash, struck with light'ning, points out the cold bed
Where Will Watch, the bold smuggler, that fam'd law-
less fellow,

Once fear'd, now forgot, sleeps in peace with the dead



THE COTTAGE ON THE MOOR.

My mam is no more, and my dad in his grave,
Little orphans are sister and I, sadly poor;
Industry our wealth, and no dwelling we have,
But yon neat little cottage that stands on the moor
Yon neat little cottage, yon neat little cottage,
Yon neat little cottage that stands on the moor.

The lark's early song does to labour invite;
 Contented we just keep the wolf from the door;
 And, Phœbus retiring, trip home with delight
 To our neat little cottage that stands on the moor.
 Yon neat little cottage, &c.

Our meals are but homely, mirth sweetens our cheer;
 Affection's our inmate, the guest we adore;
 And heart-ease and health make a palace appear
 Of our neat little cottage that stands on the moor.
 Yon neat little cottage, &c.



THE DOWN-HILL OF LIFE.

In the down-hill of life, when I find I'm declining,
 May my fate no less fortunate be,
 Than a snug elbow chair can afford for reclining,
 And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;
 With an ambling pad-poney, to pace o'er the lawn,
 While I carol away idle sorrow,
 And blythe as the lark, that each day hails the dawn,
 Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door both for shelter and shade too
 As the sun-shine or rain may prevail;
 With a small spot of ground for the use of the spade to
 And a barn for the use of the flail:
 A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
 And a purse when a friend wants to borrow,
 I'll envy no nabob his riches or fame,
 Or what honours may wait him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be complete
 Secur'd by a neighbouring hill;

*And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly
 The sound of a murmuring rill;*

And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
 With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
 With my friends I will share what to-day may afford,
 And let them spread the table to-morrow.

And when I at last must throw off this frail cov'ring,
 Which I've worn for threescore years and ten,
 On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hov'ring
 Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again:
 But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
 And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow,
 As this old worn out stuff, which is thread-bare to-day,
 May become everlasting to-morrow. *



OWEN.

Tho' far beyond the mountains that look so distant here
 To fight his country's battles last May-day went my dear
 Ah! well shall I remember, with bitter sighs, the day:
 Why, Owen, didst thou leave me? at home why did I stay?

Ah! cruel was my father, who did my flight restrain,
 And I was cruel-hearted, that did at home remain:
 With thee, my love, contented, I'd journey far away:
 Why Owen, &c.

* In this beautiful song, which requires not our feeble suffrag to establish its pretensions to universal admiration, the poet has indulged us with a grateful picture of all that can be recognised as solid happiness. When the lapse of time, and sufficient intercourse with the world, have at length convinced us that the objects of ambition are ungraspable illusions, like the worn-out traveller, (to whom home, from this very circumstance, has become doubly dear) we turn ourselves to whence we set out, and in the lap of unsophisticated nature, enjoy all that little portion of felicity which falls to the lot of man.

To market at Langollen each morning do I go,
But how to strike a bargain no longer do I know:
My father chides at ev'ning, my mother all the day:
 Why, Owen, &c.

When thinking of my Owen, my eyes with tears they fill
And then my mother chides me, because my wheel stand
 still:
How can I think of spinning whilst Owen's far away:
 Why, Owen, &c.

Oh, could it please kind Heaven to shield my love from
 harm,
To clasp him to my bosom would ev'ry care disarm;
But, ah! I fear, far distant, will be that happy day:
 Why, Owen, &c.



THE BIRTH OF MAY.

WHEN rural lads and lasses gay,
Proclaim'd the birth of rosy May;
When round the May-pole, on the green,
The rustic dancers all were seen;
'Twas there young Jenny met my view;
Her like before I never knew:
She sung so sweet, and danc'd so gay,
Alas! she danc'd my heart away.
 She sung so sweet, &c.

At eve, when cakes and ale went round,
I plac'd me next her on the ground:

With harmless mirth, and pleasing jest,
 She shone more bright than all the rest.
 I talk'd of love, and press'd her hand,
 Ah! who could such a nymph withstand!
 Well pleas'd, she heard what I could say;
 Alas! she lur'd my heart away.

She sung so sweet, &c.

She often heav'd a tender sigh,
 While rapture sparkled in her eye:
 So winning was her face and air,
 It might the coldest heart ensnare.
 But when I ask'd her for my bride,
 And blushing she to wed comply'd,
 What youth on earth could say her nay,
 Whose charms might steal all hearts away!

She sung so sweet, &c.



HAD I A HEART.

TUNE—"Gramachree."

HAD I a heart for falsehood fram'd,
 I ne'er could injure you;
 For tho' your tongue no promise claim'd,
 Your charms would make me true.
 To you no soul shall bear deceit,
 No stranger offer wrong,
 But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
 And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest
 Another with your heart,
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
 And act a brother's part.

Then, lady, dread not their deceit,
 Nor fear to suffer wrong;
 For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
 And lovers in the young.



THE GODS ON OLYMPUS.

TUNE—" *Humours of Glen.*"

THE Gods on Olympus had lately a meeting,
 When pleasure, good humour, and mirth did abound:
 Jove welcom'd his guests, each one courteously greeting
 And Nectar, choice Nectar, flow'd merrily round.
 Then Neptune, the sire of the gods thus addressing,
 Cried, deign, mighty Jove, on my vot'ries to smile,
 And mark with thy favour, protection, and blessing,
 The mansion of freedom, yon sea-compass'd isle.

Jove answer'd, -O Neptune, the boon you've demanded
 I do freely grant to the nation you love;
 And ocean's empire, which long they've commanded,
 Is sanction'd henceforth by the mandate of Jove;
 Nay, I swear by old Styx, that if French gasconaders,
 To invade that island shall dare to pretend,
 To humble the pride of these haughty invaders,
 To Nelson, brave Nelson, my thunder I'll lend.

The Despots of France, and her tyrant Directors,
 May strive, by enslaving a world, to rise;
 But while such sailors and soldiers are Britain's protectors,
 Their vaunts she will laugh at, their threats she'll despise;
 And when next on the ocean her navy shall meet them,
 Again they shall witness her valour in fight;
 Again she will fight them—again she'll defeat them,
 For Neptune and Jove shall with Nelson unite.

But see, they have met ! hark, their guns how they ratt
 The thunderer's spirit brave Nelson now fires ;
 His signal is flying,—he leads them to battle,
 And ardour for glory each bosom inspires.
 'Tis done, Britons conquer !—the vanquish'd for savi
 Humanity calls, and our heroes advance ;
 The trident of Britain's triumphantly waving,
 And's tarnish'd for ever the glory of France. *



FAR, FAR AT SEA.

'Twas at night, ere the bell had toll'd twelve,
 And poor Susan was laid on her pillow,
 In her ear whisper'd some fleeting elf—
 Your love is now toss'd on a billow,
 Far, far at sea.

All was dark as she woke out of breath,
 Not an object her fears could discover ;
 All was still as the silence of death,
 Save fancy which painted her lover,
 Far, far at sea.

So she whisper'd a pray'r, clos'd her eyes,
 But the phantom still haunted her pillow ;
 Whilst in terror she echo'd his cries,
 As, struggling, he sunk in a billow,
 Far, far at sea.

* The above song, we believe, appeared for the first time the evening of the illumination in Glasgow in honour of the memorable and glorious battle of the Nile, under the immortal Nelson. It was exhibited in the window of Messrs. Brash Reid, Booksellers, and was most probably written by the late Gentleman.

ALL'S WELL.

DESERTED by the waning moon,
 When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon,
 On tower, fort, or tented ground,
 The sentry walks his lonely round.
 And should some footstep haply stray,
 Where caution marks the guarded way:
 ' Who goes there? Stranger—quickly tell;'
 ' A Friend—the word—good night—All's We

Or sailing on the midnight deep,
 While weary messmates soundly sleep,
 The careful watch patrols the deck,
 To guard the ship from foes or wreck.
 And while his thoughts oft homeward veer,
 Some well known voice salutes his ear:
 ' What cheer, ho! brother—quickly tell,'
 ' Above—Below—good night—All's Well.'



THE ROSE TREE.

A ROSE tree full in bearing,
 Had sweet flowers fair to see;
 One rose, beyond comparing,
 For beauty attracted me.
 Tho' eager once to win it,
 Lovely, blooming, fresh and gay,
 I find a canker in it,
 And now throw it far away.

How fine this morning early,
 All sun-shiny, clear, and bright,
 So late I lov'd you dearly,
 Though lost now each fond delight.

The clouds seem big with showers,
 Sunny beams no more are seen;
 Farewell ye happy hours!
 Your falsehood has chang'd the scene.



THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

TUNE—"Captain O'Kean."

ALONE to the banks of the dark-rolling Danube,
 Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er:
 O whither, she cried, hast thou wander'd, my true love
 Or here dost thou welter and bleed on the shore?
 What voice have I heard? 'twas my Henry that sigh'd
 All mournful she hasten'd, nor wander'd she far,
 When bleeding and low, on the heath, she descri'd,
 By the light of the moon, her poor wounded Hussar

From his bosom that heav'd, the last torrent was stream
 ing,

And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a scar,
 And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
 That melted in love, and that kindled in war.
 How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight!
 How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war!
 Hast thou come, my fond love, this last sorrowful night,
 To cheer the lone heart of your wounded Hussar?

Thou shalt live, she replied: Heaven's mercy relieving
 Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to mourn.
 Ah! no, the last pang in my bosom is heaving;
 No light of the morn shall to Henry return:
 Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true,
 Ye babes of my love, that await me afar.—
 His fault'ring tongue scarcely could murmur, adieu!
 When he sunk in her arms, the poor wounded Hussar

SADI THE MOOR.

THE trees seem to fade, as the dear spot I'm viewing,
 My eyes fill with tears as I look at the door,
 And see the lov'd cottage all sinking in ruin,
 The cottage of peace, and Sadi the Moor.
 Poor Sadi was merciful, honest and cheerly,
 His friends were his life, for he valu'd them dearly,
 And his sweet dark-ey'd Zelda he lov'd most sincerely,
 Hard was the fate of Sadi the Moor.

As Sadi was toiling, his Zelda was near him,
 His children were smiling and prattling before,
 When the pirates appear: from his true love they tear hi
 And drag to the vessel poor Sadi the Moor.
 The forlorn one rav'd loudly, her lost husband seeking
 His children and friends at a distance were shrieking:
 Poor Sadi cried out, while his sad heart was breaking,
 Pity the sorrows of Sadi the Moor.

In spite of his plaint, to the galley they bore him,
 His Zelda and children to mourn and deplore;
 At morn, from his fev'rish slumbers they tore him,
 And with blows hardly treated poor Sadi the Moor.
 At night, up aloft, while the still moon was clouding,
 The thought of his babes on his wretched mind crowdin
 He heav'd a last sigh, and fell dead from the shrowding
 The sea was the grave of Sadi the Moor.



THE MATCH BOY.

YE wealthy and proud, while in splendour ye roll,
 Behold a poor orphan, pale, hungry, and wan,
 And learn, tho' now doom'd to misfortune's control,
He springs, like yourself, from the fountain of man

So scanty the fruit of his humble employ,
Dejected he roams in a sad ragged plight :
Then, O, give a mite to the poor little boy,
Who cries, Buy my matches, from morning till night.

Remember, tho' luxury cloy's you by day,
And pampers you nightly on pillows of down;
Adversity soon may plant thorns in your way,
Obscuring your pleasures with poverty's frown.
While apathy's flint and cold steel you employ,
The tinder of feeling you never can light;
Nor e'er give a mite to the poor little boy,
Who cries, Buy my matches, from morning till night.

And you, ye proud fair of this ocean girt land,
With beauty external so gifted by fate;
Whose smiles can enrapture, whose frowns can command,
Prove also your mental endowments are great.
The crumbs of your table, which lapdogs destroy,
Might comfort our orphan, and yield him delight;
Then, O, give a mite to the poor little boy,
Who cries, Buy my matches, from morning till night.



THE BIRD.

THE bird in yonder cage confin'd,
Sings but to lovers young and true ;
Then pray approach if you can find
The picture suit, ah ! no, not you.

Good nature only wakes the lay,
A father kind the feat may do ;
Then pray approach if you can say
The picture suits, ah ! no, not you.

ERE AROUND THE HUGE OAK.

ERE around the huge oak that o'ershadows yo
 The fond ivy had dar'd to entwine;
 Ere the church was a ruin that nods on the hi
 Or a rook built his nest on the pine.

Could I trace back the time to a far distant da
 Since my forefathers toil'd in this field;
 And the farm I now hold on your honour's est
 Is the same that my grandfather till'd.

He, dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name;
 Which unsullied descended to me;
 For my child I've preserv'd it, unblemish'd by s
 And it still from a spot shall be free.*



CATHERINE OGHEE.

TUNE—"Katharine Oghe."

WHERE weeps the willow o'er the stream
 Thy silver stream, O Lucan!
 And sighs, as autumn's evening breeze
 Blows cold upon thy bosom;
 Beneath thy verdant bank, inlaid
 With wild-flowers, sweetest nosegay;
 The sweetest flower of all the vale
 There sleeps—my Catherine Oghee.

* There is a piety in these lines worthy of the virgin
 mid the burning recollections of friends and circumstar
 must be mutable, the mind sympathises with every obje
 with their once real existence; and, full of their relatio
 "days of other years," makes the pious resolution to pu
 of conduct which will render them ever unalienable.

How oft, alas! at evening star,
 We mark'd thy clear face dimple;
 How oft, beneath the moon's bright beam,
 We mark'd thy waters wimple!
 And whilst her bosom's dazzling snow
 My glowing cheek did pillow,
 Ah! what could match my joys beneath
 The hoar-leaf weeping willow?

I drank the music of her tongue,
 Inhal'd her balmy kisses;
 I hung around her ivory neck,
 Dissolv'd in chastest blisses:
 But, woe is me! that beam of love,
 The valley's sweetest nosegay,
 Now sleeps beneath thy primrose bank—
 My angel, Catherine Oghee.

Accurs'd the fiend, whose ruffian hand
 Did tear that beauteous blossom;
 Remorse with scorpion stings corode
 And canker in his bosom.
 For me remains the mournful joy,
 With wild-flowers, sweetest nosegay,
 When twilight comes, to deck the grave
 Where sleeps my Catherine Oghee.

And when young spring the sprouting lawn
 Shall star with amber showers,
 I'll seek the spot at early dawn,
 And plant the sweetest flowers;
 And when they hang their pensive heads
 Beneath the sultry sun's ray,
 My tears shall make them bloom again
 Their sweets round Catherine Oghee.

TASTE LIFE'S GLAD MOMENTS.

*Taste life's glad moments,
Whilst the wasting taper glows;
Pluck, ere it withers,
The quickly fading rose.*

MAN blindly follows grief and care,
He seeks for thorns, and finds his share;
Whilst violets to the passing air
Unheeded shed their blossoms.
Taste life's, &c.

When tim'rous nature veils her form,
And rolling thunder spreads alarm,
Then, ah ! how sweet, when lull'd the storm,
The sun smiles forth at even.
Taste life's, &c.

How spleen and envy anxious flies,
And meek content, in humble guise,
Improves the shrub, a tree shall rise,
Which golden fruits will yield him.
Taste life's, &c.

Who fosters faith in upright breast,
And freely gives to the distress'd,
There sweet contentment builds her nest,
And flutters round his bosom.
Taste life's, &c.

And when life's path grows dark and strait,
And pressing ills on ills await,
Then friendship, sorrow to abate,
The helping hand will offer.
Taste life's, &c.

She dries his tears, she strews his way,
E'en to the grave, with flow'rets gay;
Turns night to morn, and morn to day,
And pleasure still increases.

Taste life's, &c.

Of life she is the fairest band,
Joins brothers truly hand in hand;
Thus onward to a better land
Man journeys light and cheerly.

*Taste life's, &c. **



WOES MY HEART THAT WE SHOU'D SUNDER.

With broken words and downcast eyes,
Poor Colin spoke his passion tender;
And parting with his Lucy, cries,
Ah woes my heart that we shou'd sunder.
To others I am cold as snow,
But kindle with thine eyes like tinder;
From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go;
It breaks my heart that we should sunder.

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range;
No beauty new my love shall hinder;
Nor time, nor place, shall ever change
My vows, tho' we're oblig'd to sunder.

* The poet here, by the most enchanting imagery, awakens to those immediate enjoyments which are always within our reach, by listening to the simple dictates of nature, reproaching that blind fatuity in man which urges him to sacrifice the pleasure of the moment to vague illusion, creating innumerable anxieties to himself, as if determined, since the nature of things will admit his being entirely happy, to make himself perfectly miserable.

Ye powers, take care of my dear lass,
 That as I leave her I may find her:
 When that bless'd time shall come to pass,
 We'll meet again, and never sunder.

The image of thy graceful air,
 And beauties which invite our wonder;
 Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,
 Shall still be present, tho' we sunder.
 Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,
 You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder;
 Then seal a promise with a kiss,
 Always to love me, tho' we sunder.



THE FAITH ON HER LIP I HAVE SWORN.

THE shadows of eve 'gan to steal o'er the earth,
 To Eliza my heart I confess'd;
 Love sanction'd the moment to hope that gave birth;
 On her lip a soft kiss I impress'd.
 I saw her warm cheek like heav'n's canopy glow,
 When Aurora empurples the morn.
 She loves me!—oh Heaven!—let me never forego
 The faith on her lip I have sworn.

This bosom, tho' fervid with youth and with health,
 In all else shall persuasion control:
 Bid me fly from the charm of ambition or wealth,
 Or the joys of the bright sparkling bowl!
 But Eliza, dear maid! till in earth I'm laid low,
 In my heart shall her image be borne:
 While she loves me, by Heav'n! I will never forego
The faith on her lip I have sworn.

HOW SWEET IN THE WOODLANDS.

How sweet in the woodlands, with fleet hound and horn,
To waken shrill echo, and taste the fresh morn;
But hard is the chace my fond heart must pursue,
For Daphne, fair Daphne, is lost to my view.

Assist me, chaste Dian, the nymph to regain,
More wild than the roebuck and wing'd with disdain;
In pity o'ertake her, who wounds as she flies:
Tho' Daphne's pursu'd, 'tis Myrtilla that dies.



THE EXCISEMAN.

To a village that skirted the sea,
An Exciseman one midsummer came;
But prudence between you and me,
Forbids me to mention his name.
Soon Michael he chanc'd to espy,
A cask on his napper he bore,
With six gallons of brandy, or nigh;
And where is the head can bear more?

Says the Exciseman, Let's see your permit.
Say's Mike, T'ant convenient to show it.
T'other cried, Sir, I'm not to be bit,
For you've smuggl'd that stuff, and you know it:
Your hogs to a fine market you've brought;
For seeing you've paid no excise,
As customs have settl'd you ought,
I seizes your tub as my prize.

Now don't be so hard, said poor Mike:
Th' Exciseman was deaf to complaint.
Why then, take it, said Mike, if you like,
For I've borne it till ready to faint.

Four miles in hot sun-shine they trudg'd,
 Till on them they'd scarce a dry rag;
 Th' Exciseman his labour ne'er grudg'd,
 But cheerfully carried the cag.

To the custom-house in the next town,
 'Twas yet some three furlongs or more,
 When says Michael, Pray set your load down,
 For this here, sir, is my cottage door.
 T'other answer'd, I thank you, friend, no;
 My burden, just yet, I shan't quit.
 Then, says Michael, before you do go,
 I'll get you to read my permit.

Your permit! Why not show it before?
 Because it came into my nob,
 By your watching for me on the shore,
 That your worship was wanting a job:
 Now, I'd need of a porter, d'ye see,
 For that load made my bones fit to crack;
 And so, sir, I thank you for me,
 And wish you a pleasant walk back.



THE SAILOR'S ADIEU.

WHENCE comes this keen, this cutting smart?
 Why doth the tear unbidden start?
 Why beats my sad, my sinking heart—
 Thus heavily?
 Eliza—'tis because I part—
 My life!—from thee.

*Tost on the rude and foaming wave,
 O'er which the howling tempests rave,*

In distant climes I go to brave
 The furious sea—
 My doom, perhaps, a watery grave,
 Far—far from thee.

Oh say, thou all on earth I prize!
 Wilt thou my absence mourn with sighs,
 And Heav'n invoke, with uplift eyes,
 To speed my way?
 Wilt thou?—but see, the signal flies!
 I must not stay.

By storms that sweep the deep abyss—
 By plighted vows—by all our bliss—
 By this embrace—and this—and this—
 Dear girl! be true!
 Remember love's last parting kiss!
 Adieu! adieu!



THE FATHER OF NANCY.

THE father of Nancy a forester was,
 And an honest old woodman was he,
 And Nancy a beautiful, innocent lass,
 As the sun in his circuit could see.
 She gather'd wild-flowers, and lilies, and roses,
 And cry'd thro' the village—Come buy my sweet posies.

The charms of this fair one a villager caught,
 A noble and rich one was he:
 Great offers he made, but by Nancy was taught,
 That a poor girl right honest might be.
She still gather'd wild-flowers, &c.

The father of Nancy a forester was,
 And a poor little stroller was she;
 But her lover, so noble, soon married the lass :
 She's as happy as maiden could be:
 No more gather'd wild-flowers, and lilies and roses,
 Nor cry'd thro' the village—Come buy my sweet pos



THE FRIEND AND PITCHER.

THE wealthy fool, with gold in store,
 Will still desire to grow richer:
 Give me but these, I ask no more,
 My charming girl, my friend and pitcher.

*My friend so rare, my girl so fair,
 With such what mortal can be richer ;
 Give me but these, a fig for care,
 With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher*

From morning sun I'd never grieve
 To toil, a hedger or a ditcher,
 If that, when I came home at eve,
 I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.

My friend so rare, &c.

Though Fortune ever shuns my door,
 (I know not what can thus bewitch her),
 With all my heart can I be poor,
 With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.

My friend so rare, &c.

THE TEAR.

On beds of snow the moon-beam slept,
 And chilly was the midnight gloom,
 When by the damp grave Ellen wept;
 Sweet maid! it was her Lindor's tomb.

A warm tear gush'd, the wintry air
 Congeal'd it as it flow'd away:
 All night it lay an ice-drop there,
 At morn it glitter'd in the ray!

An angel, wand'ring from his sphere,
 Who saw this bright, this frozen gem,
 To dew-ey'd Pity brought the tear,
 And hung it on her diadem. *



MARY, I BELIEV'D THEE TRUE.

MARY, I believ'd thee true,
 And I was blest in thus believing;
 But now I mourn that e'er I knew,
 A girl so fair, and so deceiving.

This piece, which were we to call merely beautiful, it would get little credit on our poetical taste, is from the pen of THOMAS MOORE, the celebrated living poet of Ireland. There is a degree of description, and an originality of thought runs through which is attainable only by uncommon talents. It is surely possible for the diadem of Pity to be decorated with a brighter than the lively imagination of this poet has supplied it

Few have ever lov'd like me,
 Oh ! I have lov'd thee too sincerely;
 And few have e'er deceiv'd like thee,
 Alas! deceiv'd me too severely!

Fare thee well !—yet think a while,
 On me, whose bosom bleeds to doubt the
 Who now would rather trust that smile,
 And die with thee, than live without thee

Fare thee well !—I'll think of thee !
 Thou leav'st me many a bitter token ;
 For see, distracting woman ! see,
 My peace is gone, my heart is broken.
 Fare thee well !



LET'S BE JOVIAL.

LET's be jovial, fill our glasses,
 Madness 'tis for us to think,
 How the world is rul'd by asses,
 And the wise are sway'd by chink.

Then never let vain care oppress us,
 Riches are to them a snare ;
 We're ev'ry one as rich as Cræsus,
 While the bottle drowns our care.

Wine will make us red as roses,
 And our sorrows quite forget ;
 Come let's fuddle all our noses,
 Drink ourselves quite out of debt.

When grim death comes looking for us,
 We are roving o'er our bowls ;
 Bacchus, joining in the chorus,
 Death, begone ! here's nought but soul

God-like Bacchus thus commanding,
Trembling death away shall fly,
Ever after, understanding
Drinking souls can never die,



THE NOSEGAY.

L'd for my love a fresh nosegay one day,
Smil'd as I flew to her side;
K'd the soft sunbeam of pleasure's bright ray,
While thus I half playfully cry'd:
Beauties and sweets, gentle maid, are like yours,
As nosegay thy excellence tells;
Near to the eye, like thy beauty allures,
Its thorn, like thy virtue repels.

Softest *carnation* that blooms by its side,
Thy bosom is pity's soft glow;
Thy's fair purity, image and pride,
Embles that bosom of snow.
Like a violet I found, where, retreating from view,
Shrank from the popular gaze;
Thy retirement reminds me of you,
Sweet, yet so heedless of praise.

Like a *rose* so simple, so sweet to the sense,
Gentle and delicate hue;
Thou art all thy talents, devoid of pretence,
Modest, so exquisite too.
Like a *woodbine*, where love hies those treasures to seek,
Thou art a type of affection like mine;
Thy unnotic'd *flow'r* my wishes best speak,
Thy *heart's-ease* for ever be thine.

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

RECITATIVE.

O'ER Nelson's tomb, with silent grief oppress'd
 Britannia mourn'd her hero, now at rest.
 But those bright laurels ne'er shall fade with ye
 Whose leaves are water'd by a nation's tears.

AIR.

'Twas in Trafalgar's bay,
 We saw the Frenchmen lay,
 Each heart was bounding then;
 We scorn'd the foreign yoke,
 Our ships were British oak,
 Hearts of oak our men.
 Our Nelson mark'd them on the wave,
 Three cheers our gallant seamen gave,
 Nor thought of home or beauty;
 Along the line this signal ran,—
 England expects, that every man
 This day will do his duty.

And now the cannons roar
 Along the affrighted shore,
 Our Nelson led the way.
 His ship the Vict'ry nam'd;
 Long be that Vict'ry fam'd!
 For vict'ry crown'd the day!
 But dearly was that conquest bought,
 Too well the gallant hero fought,
 For England, home, and beauty;
 He cried, as 'midst the fire he ran,
 England expects, that ev'ry man
 This day will do his duty.

At last the fatal wound,
 Which spread dismay around,
 The Hero's breast receiv'd;

Heav'n fights on our side,
 The day's our own, he cried;
 Now, long enough I've liv'd !
 In honour's cause my life was past,
 In honour's cause I fall at last,
 For England, home, and beauty !
 Thus ending life as he began,
 England confess'd, that ev'ry man
 That day had done his duty.



THE DARK-EY'D MAID.

My dark-ey'd maid ! by moonlight hour
 Thou'lt seek alone our wonted bow'r ;
 Thy hand of snow will strew the ground,
 With balmy leaves and blossoms round,
 And oft two lips of flame will sigh,
 " Forgetful lover ! art thou nigh ?"
 Then, as the night-breeze stirs a bough—
 " I hear his step—he hastens now !"
 Alas ! for hopes by fate betray'd,
 No lover seeks his dark-ey'd maid !

My dark-ey'd maid ! then wilt thou weep ;
 And sigh and sob thy heart to sleep—
 Should fancy tempt thee with a dream,
 She but renews thy waking theme :
 And thou wilt murmur words of bliss,
 And pout thy lips to print a kiss—
 And stretch thy circling arms in air,
 And seem to clasp thy lover there !
 Alas ! for dreams by fate betray'd,
 No lover clasps his dark-ey'd maid.

FOR EVER, FORTUNE.

TUNE—"Logan Braes."

FOR ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove,
 An unrelenting foe to love,
 And when we meet a mutual heart,
 Come in between, and bid us part?
 Bid us sigh on from day to day,
 And wish, and wish the soul away;
 Till youth and genial years are flown,
 And all the life of life is gone?

But busy, busy still art thou,
 To bind the loveless, joyless vow,
 The heart from pleasure to delude,
 To join the gentle to the rude.
 For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,
 And I absolve thy future care;
 All other blessings I resign,
 Make but the dear Amanda mine.



BEGONE, DULL CARE.

BEGONE, dull care, I prithee begone from me;
 Begone, dull care, thou and I can never agree.
 Long time hast thou been tarrying here,
 And fain thou would'st me kill;
 But, i'faith, dull care,
 Thou never shalt have thy will.

Too much care will make a young man gray;
 And too much care will turn an old man to clay
 My wife shall dance, and I will sing,
 So merrily pass the day,
 For I hold it one of the wisest things
 To drive dull care away.

SIGH NOT FOR LOVE.

Al! sigh not for love, if you wish not to know
Every torment that waits on us mortals below;
If you fain would avoid all the dangers and snares,
That attend human lot, and escape all its cares,
Sigh not for love!

If cheerfulness smile on the glass as you sip,
And you wish not to dash the sweet cup from your lip;
If life's rill you'd see sparkle, with pleasure's gay beam,
Nor destroy the bright bubbles that rise on the stream,
Sigh not for love!

If you dread the sharp pangs that assail the fond heart,
If you wish to shun sorrow, and mirth would impart;
If you prize a calm life, with contentment and ease,
If pleasure can charm you, and liberty please,
Sigh not for love!



TOM STARBOARD.

Tom Starboard was a lover true,
As brave a tar as ever sail'd;
The duties ablest seamen do,
Tom did, and never yet had fail'd.
But wreck'd, as he was homeward bound,
Within a league of England's coast,
Love sav'd him, sure, from being drown'd,
For all the crew but Tom were lost.

His strength restor'd, Tom hied with speed,
True to his love as e'er was man;
*Nought had he sav'd, nought did he need,
Rich he in thoughts of lovely Nan.*

But scarce five miles poor Tom had gain'd,
 When he was press'd; he heav'd a sigh,
 And said, tho' cruel was his lot,
 Ere flinch from duty he would die.

In fight Tom Starboard knew no fear,
 Nay, when he'd lost an arm, resign'd,
 Said, Love for Nan, his only dear,
 Had sav'd his life, and fate was kind,
 The war being ended, Tom return'd;
 His lost limb serv'd him for a joke;
 For still his manly bosom burn'd
 With love—his heart was heart of oak.

Ashore, in haste Tom nimbly ran
 To cheer his love, his destin'd bride,
 But false report had brought to Nan,
 Six months before, that Tom had died.
 With grief she daily pin'd away,
 No remedy her life could save;
 And Tom arriv'd the very day
 They laid his Nancy in her grave.



THE THORN.

From the white-blossom'd sloe my dear Chloe requ
 A sprig her fair breast to adorn:
 No, by Heaven! I exclaim'd, may I perish,
 If ever I plant in that bosom a thorn.

Then I show'd her a ring, and implor'd her to ma
 She blush'd like the dawning of morn;
 Yes, I'll consent, she reply'd, if you'll promise,
 That no jealous rival shall laugh me to scorn.
No, by Heaven! &c.

CHEROKEE INDIAN DEATH SONG.

THE sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,
But glory remains when their lights fade away.
Begin, ye tormentors, your threats are in vain,
For the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow ;
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low.
Why so slow ? Do you wait till I shrink from the pain ?
No ! the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
And the scalps which we bore from your nation away :
Now the flame rises fast ; ye exult in my pain ;
But the son of Alknomook can never complain.

Go to the land where my father is gone :
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son.
Death comes as a friend, to relieve me from pain ;
And the son of Alknomook has scorn'd to complain !



THE GIRL OF MY HEART.

I HAVE parks, I have grounds,
I have deer, I have hounds,
And for sporting a neat little cottage,
I have youth, I have wealth,
I have strength, I have health,
Yet I mope like a beau in his dotage.
What can I want ?—'Tis the girl of my heart,
To share those treasures with me,
For had I the wealth which the Indies impart,
No pleasure would it give me,
Without the lovely girl of my heart.
The sweet lovely girl of my heart.

My domain far extends,
And sustains social friends,
Who make music divinely enchanting;
We have balls, we have plays,
We have routs, public days,
And yet still I find something is wanting;
What should it be, but the girl of my heart,
To share those treasures with me!
For had I the wealth which the Indies impart
No pleasure would it give me,
Without the lovely girl of my heart.
Then give me the girl of my heart.



SAID A SMILE TO A TEAR.

SAID a smile to a tear,
On the cheek of my dear,
And beam'd like the sun in spring weather
In sooth, lovely tear,
It strange must appear,
That we should be both here together.

I come from the heart,
A soft balm to impart,
To yonder sad daughter of grief:
And I, said the smile,
That heart now beguile,
Since you gave the poor mourner relief.

Oh! then said the tear,
Sweet smile, it is clear,
We are twins, and soft pity our mother;
And how lovely that face,
Which together we grace,
For the woe and the bliss of another!

LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

O'er barren hills and flow'ry dales,
O'er seas and distant shores,
With merry songs and jocund tales,
I've pass'd some pleasant hours;
Tho' wand'ring thus, I ne'er could find,
A girl like blythsome Sally;
Who picks, and culls, and cries aloud,
"Sweet lilies of the valley."

From whistling o'er the harrow'd turf,
From nestling of each tree,
I chose a soldier's life to wed,
So social, gay, and free:
Yet tho' the lasses love me well,
And often try to rally,
None pleases me like her who cries,
"Sweet lilies of the valley."

I'm now return'd, of late discharg'd,
To see my native soil;
From fighting in my country's cause,
To plough my country's soil:
I care not which, with either pleas'd,
So I possess my Sally,
That little merry nymph, who cries,
"Sweet lilies of the valley."



THE TRUMPET SOUNDS A VICTORY.

He was fam'd for deeds of arms,
She a maid of envy'd charms;
Now to him her love imparts;
One pure flame pervades both hearts:

Honour calls him to the field,
 Love to conquest now must yield;
 Sweet maid! he cries, again I'll come to thee,
 When the glad trumpet sounds a victory!

Battle now with fury glows!
 Hostile blood in torrents flows!
 His duty tells him to depart,
 She press'd her hero to her heart.
 And now the trumpet sounds to arms,
 Amid the clash of rude alarms;
 Sweet maid! he cries, &c.

He with love and conquest burns,
 Both subdue his mind by turns;
 Death the soldier now enthralls!
 With his wounds the hero falls!
 She disdaining war's alarms,
 Rush'd, and caught him in her arms.
 O death! he cries, thou'rt welcome now to me
 For hark! the trumpet sounds a victory!



COOLUN.

Oh! the hours that I've pass'd in the arms of my
 Can never be thought on but with a sad tear;
 Oh! forbear, Oh! forbear, then to mention her
 It recalls to my mem'ry the cause of my pain.

How often to love me, she fondly has sworn,
 And when parted from me, wou'd ne'er cease to
 All hardships for me she would cheerfully bear,
 And at night on my bosom forget all her care.

To some distant clime together we'll roam,
 And forget all the hardship we meet with at home
Fate, now be propitious, and grant me thine aid
Give me my Pastora, and I'm more than repaid

PARTING MOMENTS.

hang on your bosom, distracted to lose you,
 wells my sad heart, and fast my tears flow,
 not of coldness they fall to accuse you;
 ever upbraid you? Oh, no, my love, no!
 would please me, at home could you tarry,
 'er feel a wish from Maria to go;
 gives pleasure to you, my dear Harry,
 I blame your departure? Oh, no, my love, no!

o not, dear Hal, while abroad you are straying,
 t heart which is mine on a rival bestow;
 anish that frown, such displeasure betraying;
 you think I suspect you? Oh, no, my love, no!
 eve you too kind for one moment to grieve me,
 plant in a heart which adores you such woe;
 should you dishonour my truth, and deceive me,
 ould I e'er cease to love you? Oh, no, my love, no!



WHEN THE ROSY MORN APPEARING.

WHEN the rosy morn appearing,
 Paints with gold the verdant lawn,
 Bees, on banks of thyme disporting,
 Sip the sweets, and hail the dawn.

Warbling birds, the day proclaiming,
 Carol sweet the lively strain;
 They forsake their leafy dwelling,
 To secure the golden grain.

See, content, the humble gleaner,
 Take the scatter'd ears that fall:
 Nature, all her children viewing,
 Kindly bounteous, cares for all.

THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

ON Richmond hill there lives a lass,
More bright than May-day morn,
Whose charms all other maids surpass,
A rose without a thorn.
This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
Has won my right good will;
I'd crowns resign, to call her mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond hill.

Ye zephyrs gay, that fan the air,
And wanton through the grove,
Go, whisper to my charming fair,
I die for her and love.

This lass so neat, &c.

How happy will that shepherd be,
Who calls this nymph his own:
O may her choice be fixed on me,
Mine's fixed on her alone.
This lass so neat, &c.



TO ANACREON IN HEAVEN.

To Anacreon in Heaven, where he sat in full glee,
A few sons of harmony sent a petition,
That he their inspirer and patron would be;
When this answer arriv'd from the jolly old Grec
Voice, fiddle, and flute,
No longer be mute,
I lend you my name, and inspire you to boot;
And besides I'll instruct you like me to entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

The news through Olympus immediately flew,
When Old Thunder pretended to give himself airs
If these mortals are suffer'd their scheme to pursue,
The devil a goddess will stay above stairs.

Hark! already they cry,
In transports of joy,
Away to the sons of Anacreon we'll fly,
And there with good fellows we'll learn to entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

The yellow-hair'd god, and his nine fusty maids,
From Helicon's banks will incontinent flee,
Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades,
And the biforked hill a mere desert will be.

My thunder, no fear on't,
Shall soon do its errand,
And, d——me! I'll swinge the ringleaders, I warrar
I'll trim the young dogs for thus daring to twine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

Apollo rose up, and said, Prithee ne'er quarrel,
Good king of the gods, with my vot'ries below;
Your thunder is useless,—then showing his laurel,
Cried, *Sic evitabile fulmen*, you know!
Then over each head
My laurels I'll spread,
So my sons from your crackers no mischief shall
dread,

While snug in their club-room they jovially twine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

Next Momus got up with his risible phiz,
And swore with Apollo he'd cheerfully join:
The full tide of harmony still shall be his,
But the song, and the catch, and the laugh shall be
mine.

Then Jove be not jealous
Of these honest fellows.

Cried Jove, We relent, since the truth you n
 tell us;
 And swear by old Styx, that they long shall entwine
 The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

Ye sons of Anacreon, then join hand in hand ;
 Preserve unanimity, friendship, and love:
 'Tis yours to support what's so happily plann'd;
 You've the sanction of gods, and the fiat of Jov
 While thus we agree,
 Our toast let it be,
 May our club flourish happy, united, and free!
 And long may the sons of Anacreon entwine
 The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.



IS THERE A HEART THAT NEVER LOV'D.

Is there a heart that never lov'd,
 Nor felt soft woman's sigh?
 Is there a man can mark unmov'd,
 Dear woman's tearful eye?
 Oh! bear him to some distant shore,
 Or solitary cell,
 Where nought but savage monsters roar,
 Where love ne'er deign'd to dwell.

For there's a charm in woman's eye,
 A language in her tear,
 A spell in every sacred sigh,
 To man—to virtue dear.
 And he who can resist her smiles,
 With brutes alone should live,
 Nor taste that joy which care beguiles—
 That joy her virtues give.

REST, WEARY TRAVELLER.

Rest, weary traveller! rest thee to-day,
Where the cottager's welcome, invites thee to stay;
And what to the heart is more grateful and dear,
Than the welcome that waits on the cottager's fare?

Rest, weary traveller!

And bright is the smile hospitality wears,
When the stranger at evening arrives at the door;
And sweet is the accent which cheerfulness bears,
Which thus bids him enter, and wander no more.

Wander no more!



A BLOOMING FLOWER.

A blooming flower my Julia chose
Her lovely breast to deck;
Less fragrant than her breath the rose,
Less beauteous than her cheek.
A bee, attracted by the flow'r,
The honey flew to sip;
He left the charmer of an hour,
And perch'd on Julia's lip.

Too soon my fair one felt the smart,
She struck the spoiler down;
Whilst gentle pity rul'd her heart,
Rage taught her brow to frown.
Have mercy, lovely maid, said I,
The trembling thief forgive;
If all *who thee adore* must die,
O think how few would live.

THE CHILD OF A TAR.

IN a little blue garment, all ragged and torn,
With scarce any shoes to his feet,
His head quite uncover'd, a look quite forlorn
And a cold stony step for his seat.
A boy cheerless sat, and as passengers pass'd,
With a voice that might avarice bar,
Have pity, he cry'd, let your bounty be cast
To a poor little child of a tar.

No mother I have, and no friend I can claim,
Deserted and cheerless I roam;
My father has fought for his country and fame
But, alas! he may never come home.
Pinch'd by cold and by hunger, how hapless n
Distress must all happiness mar;
Look down on my sorrows, and pity the fate
Of a poor little child of a tar.

By cruelty drove from a neat rural cot,
Where once with contentment he dwelt;
No friend to protect us, my poor mother's lot
Alas! too severely she felt:
Bow'd down by misfortune, death made her h
And snatch'd her to regions afar;
Distress'd and quite friendless, she left me to
A poor little child of a tar.

Thus plaintive he mourn'd, when a sailor that
Stopp'd a moment to give him relief;
He stretch'd forth his hand, and a look on him
A look full of wonder and grief.
What, William! he cry'd, my poor little boy;
With wealth I've return'd from the war,
Thy sorrows shall cease, nor shall grief more
The poor little child of a tar.

I'LL LOVE THEE EVER DEARLY.

LET others breathe the melting sigh,
 And swear they love to madness;
 To them I'll leave the tearful eye,
 And all such sober sadness.
 And tho' no pray'rs, nor vows are mine,
 Than this I swear sincerely;
 While love and honest truth are thine,
 I'll love thee ever dearly.

Then lady, tho' I scorn the wiles
 That love too oft discovers;
 Ne'er spurn the heart that woo's in smiles,
 For smiles were made for lovers.
 Then tho' no pray'rs, nor vows are mine,
 Than this I swear sincerely;
 While love and honest love are thine,
 I'll love thee ever dearly.



LASH'D TO THE HELM.

IN storms, when clouds obscure the sky,
 And thunders roll, and lightnings fly,
 In midst of all these dire alarms,
 I think, my Sally, on thy charms.
 The troubled main,
 The wind and rain,
 My ardent passion prove;
 Lash'd to the helm,
 Should seas o'erwhelm,
 I'd think on thee, my love.

*When rocks appear on every side,
 And art is vain the ship to guide;*

In varied shapes when death appears,
 The thought of thee my bosom cheers:
 The troubled main,
 The wind and rain,
 My ardent passion prove,
 Lash'd to the helm,
 Should seas o'erwhelm,
 I'd think on thee, my love.

But should the gracious pow'rs be kind,
 Dispel the gloom and still the wind,
 And waft me to thy arms once more,
 Safe to my long-lost native shore,
 No more the main
 I'd tempt again,
 But tender joys improve;
 I then with thee
 Should happy be,
 And think on nought but love.



QUEEN MARY'S LAMENTATION.

I sigh and lament me in vain,
 These walls can but echo my moan,
 Alas! it increases my pain,
 When I think of the days that are gone.
 Thro' the grate of my prison I see
 The birds as they wanton in air,
 My heart it now pants to be free,
 My looks they are wild with despair.

Above, tho' oppress'd by my fate,
 I burn with contempt for my foes,
 Tho' fortune has alter'd my state,
 She ne'er can subdue me to those.

False woman! in ages to come
Thy malice detested shall be;
And when we are cold in the tomb,
Some heart still will sorrow for me.

Ye roofs, where cold damps and dismay
With silence and solitude dwell,
How comfortless passes the day!
How sad tolls the evening bell!
The owls from the battlements cry,
Hollow winds seem to murmur around,
"O Mary, prepare thee to die,"
My blood it runs cold at the sound.



BEWARE OF LOVE.

DEAR in the fountain of this beating heart,
Free as the vital streams from thence that flow,
Dear as my life, with which I'd sooner part,
Than forget to thee the gratitude I owe.
Unvarying with the varied change,
Through coast or climate as we range,
No, no, no, no, no mother, no,
I'll ne'er forget the love, the gratitude I owe.

Blythe as the rays that cheer the blushing morn,
Puls'd in this heart, dear sister, dost thou move
Blest with each charm that can thy sex adorn;
Yet sister, oh!—dear sister, beware of love.
Unvarying with the varied change,
Through coast or climate as we range:
Yes, sister yes, dear sister yes,
Beware of love!

THE ARETHUSA.

TUNE—"The Princess Royal."

COME all ye jolly sailors bold,
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,
While British glory I unfold,

Huzza to the Arethusa !

She is a frigate tight and brave,
As ever stemm'd the dashing wave ;

Her men are staunch

To their fav'rite launch ;

And when the foe shall meet our fire,
Sooner than strike we'll all expire,
On board of the Arethusa.

'Twas with the spring fleet she went out,
The English Channel to cruize about,
When four French sail, in show so stout,
Bore down on the Arethusa.

The fam'd Belle Poole straight a-head did lie
The Arethusa seem'd to fly ;

Not a sheet or a tack,

Or a brace did she slack,

Tho' the Frenchmen laugh'd, and thought it s
But they knew not the handful of men how t
On board of the Arethusa.

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France ;
We with two hundred did advance,

On board of the Arethusa.

Our Captain hail'd the Frenchmen, Ho !
The Frenchmen they cried out, Hallo !

Bear down, d'ye see,

To our Admiral's lee :

No, no, says the Frenchmen, that can't be.
Then I must lug you along with me,

Says the saucy Arethusa.

The fight was off the Frenchmen's land,
 We forc'd them back upon the strand;
 For we fought till not a stick would stand,
 Of the gallant Arethusa.
 And now we've driven the foe ashore,
 Never to fight with Britons more.
 Let each fill a glass
 To his favourite lass;
 A health to our Captain and officers true,
 And all that belong to the jovial crew,
 On board of the Arethusa.




THE DECEITFUL MAID.

WHEN Charles was deceiv'd by the maid he lov'd,
 We saw no cloud his brow o'er casting,
 But proudly he smil'd as if gay and unmov'd,
 Tho' the wound in his heart was deep and lasting;
 And often, at night, when the tempest roll'd,
 He sung, as he pac'd the dark deck over,
 'Blow, wind, blow! thou art not so cold
 As the heart of a maid that deceives her lover!'

Yet he liv'd with the happy, and seem'd to be gay,
 Tho' the wound but sunk more deep for concealing;
 And Fortune threw many a thorn in his way,
 Which, true to one anguish, he trod without feeling!
 And, still by the frowning of Fate unsubdu'd,
 He sung, as if sorrow had plac'd him above her,
 'Frown, Fate, frown! thou art not so rude
 As the heart of a maid that deceives her lover!'

At length his career found a close in death,
 The close he long wish'd to his cheerless roving,
 For Victory shone on his latest breath,
And he died in a cause of his heart's approving.

But still he remember'd his sorrow,—and still
He sung, till the vision of life was over,—
“Come, death, come! thou art not so chill
As the heart of the maid that deceiv'd her love



THE WILLOW TREE.

Oh, take me to your arms, my love,
For keen the wind doth blow;
O take me to your arms, my love,
For bitter is my woe.
She hears me not, she cares not,
Nor will she list to me;
And here I lie, in misery,
Beneath the willow tree.

My love has wealth and beauty,
The rich attend her door;
My love has wealth and beauty,
But I, alas! am poor.
The ribbon fair that bound her hair,
Is all that's left to me;
While here I lie, in misery,
Beneath the willow tree.

I once had gold and silver,
I thought 'em without end;
I once had gold and silver,
I thought I had a friend;
My wealth is lost, my friend is false,
My love is stole from me,
And here I lie, in misery,
Beneath the willow tree.

BONAPARTE'S FAREWELL.

TUNE—"Captain O'Kean."

FAREWELL to the land, where the gloom of my glory
 Arose and o'ershadowed the earth with her name,—
 She abandons me now,—but the page of her story,
 The brightest or blackest, is filled with my fame.
 I have warred with a world which vanquished me only
 When the meteor of Conquest allured me too far,—
 I have coped with the nations which dread me thus lonely,
 The last single captive to millions in war!

Farewell to thee, France—when thy diadem crowned me,
 I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth,—
 But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,
 Decayed in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth.
 Oh! for the veteran hearts that were wasted
 In strife with the storm, when their battles were won,—
 Then the eagle, whose gaze in that moment was blasted,
 Had still soared with eyes fixed on victory's sun!

Farewell to thee, France—but when liberty rallies
 Once more in thy regions, remember me then—
 The violet grows in the depth of thy valleys,
 Though withered, thy tears will unfold it again—
 Yet, yet, I may baffle the hosts that surround us,
 And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice—
 There are links which must break in the chain that has
 bound us;
 Then turn thee, and call on the chief of thy choice! *

* It will probably be known to the most of our readers that these admirable verses are from the pen of Lord Byron. They were written, and first made their appearance in the public prints, at the time when Napoleon was in Plymouth sound, on board the *Bellerophon*. There is no doubt that the Noble author intended (as he has said as much to his friends) merely to depict what he

conceived might be Bonaparte's sentiments and feelings on leaving that country he had so long governed, and not to embody his own feelings and regrets on the occasion ; and few will deny that he has succeeded most happily. To those who have paid but an ordinary attention to the bold, decisive, and romantic characters of the man who could be subdued only by the united powers of all Europe, in alliance with the storms and frosts of a Russian winter, it will appear, that the sentiments here put into his mouth by the poet, are all in perfect unison with the most prominent trait in that character ; and that even the language, (the rhyme, of course being left out of the question) is such as he was in the habit of using every day. We are not certain whether the generalities of our readers entertain similar opinions with ourselves respecting this extraordinary character. One thing, however, must be pretty obvious to the most of them, and that is, that the mists of political prejudice which caused him to be regarded by many as the most detestable monster in existence, are now gradually dispersing ; and mankind are beginning to blush for their former credulity, and to look mighty silly at having been so easily deceived. On this account we are certain that we need not apologise to any of our readers for laying before them the following philosophical attempt, by a writer of considerable eminence, to ascertain the proper medium through which the character of Bonaparte ought to be estimated, and the causes of those piqued prejudices, or antipathies, which have hitherto, in a greater or less degree, influenced every one, who has formed any judgment at all of his character.

“ It is a trite observation, that no true judgment is formed of a man but by history and posterity, and that the only way to get at something of their truth is to try and reach their dispassionateness. How far they themselves make mistakes, is another question ; but the observation still holds good. Now what has hindered a dispassionate judgment of Bonaparte, in these times is still more connected with violent and predisposing causes than usual. It is self-love perhaps that leads or misleads us at all times in our opinions of others ; but this principle has been doubly intense in influencing the judgment on Bonaparte, let it have been *what it might*. All powerful enemies excite parties for ar

em, but such as are generally of a fugitive nature, death or that set of Ministers, and unconnected with theories. But besides these parties in the case of Napoleon of him has been connected, immediately or with all sorts of previous parties, and those of the most violent description. The French revolution, more or every body upon thinking for himself; the violent which it was accompanied inflamed the natural theories of the spectators; the most abstract and speculative, that used to be confined to the closet, and treated as matters of private and quiet difference, became with the character and success of those that were active in the world; and political partizanship assumed all the fierceness of a theological controversy, in which difference nothing less than damnation. Bonaparte, in rising from the French revolution, and attracting to himself the great sole attention of Europe, drew with it also the violence of speculative likings or dislikings, and became the object of all parties vented their respective notions, even on the questions with which his situation was connected. It thus became admirable or detestable, according as the disputants found their creed concerned in his fortune. He gave a blow to kings, no matter for what purpose, absolute republicans, or democrats, or objectors to excess in any way, set up a shout of applause, and were to think personally well of him:—if he gave a blow to no matter with how royal a hand, all the royalists, or avowed defenders of things as they used to be, exulted over the overthrow of their prophecies, and denounced in him the enemy of jacobinism. By degrees, the feelings of both were almost transferred from their first subject of dispute to personal proceedings and character, and nothing but the old questions remained. This however remained; and here lies the secret of all the extremes to which love and hatred have gone respecting him. People would not think of him, for or against, according as he annoyed friends or antagonists;—the liberty men learnt to forget attacks on liberty for the sake of his humiliation of

its opponents; while the Courtiers, for the same reason, would not put up even with his revival of courts;—the former agreed to overlook in him the usual vices of conquerors; the latter could see in him none of their virtues;—the one class reprobated and cried out against the hereditary sovereigns, for doing the very same things which they glossed over in him; the other reprobated and cried out against him for doing what they glossed over in the hereditary sovereigns:—in short, the whole previous question, as to any direct treatment and consistency, became a mere matter of jargon and forgetfulness before the piques and passions to which his personal importance gave rise; and all parties were content, at the expense of the principles they had originally set out with, to indulge their respective revenges;—the liberty men to see the old despots punished without caring much for the new;—the hereditary men, to see them stand their ground at any rate without any longer thinking it necessary to limit them;—and those, who in the progress of the dispute had gone from one extreme to the other, and of course were the most violent, to see confusion brought upon the heads of their old friends, more especially those who gave them the most galling sense of their infirmities,—the moderate part of them. The very best, as well as the worst of these people, have for years past been doing nothing but indulging their egotism, while they flattered themselves with having an ardour for the right. It was not wrong principles that enraged them, but the mere fact of contradiction; otherwise they would oftener have denounced the former in their friends, as they put up with the latter from their antagonists; but contradiction has invariably made them furious; while to vices of all sorts, their own party, they have been equally as considerate. Heaven save us from these gentry over their wine and walnuts!

“ In the mean time, Bonaparte had not the twentieth part to do with all this, of what was supposed. He had become indeed an apostate from liberty, and so far the lovers of freedom ought to have denounced him; and on the other hand, he had fallen in with the old royal habits and distinctions, and so far the other party should have liked him; but very few indeed of the one *denounce him*; and none of the others, that we are aware of, *gave him the smallest approbation*;—the latter perhaps c

less afford to make any concession. But after all, he was not a twentieth part so much an apostate from liberty, or a compiser with despotism, as he was a regularly bred soldier, full the enthusiasm of the ancient conquerors, and anxious above things to tread in their steps. He was a soldier by early education; liberty helped him on as a soldier; a soldier he remained when on the throne; a soldier, and chiefly to be criticised as such both in his right actions and his wrong, he continued to the last. Those therefore who praised him for humiliating kings, and those who denounced him for being 'the child and champion of jacobinism,' were, in the main, pretty nearly equal in their mistake; was as a soldier and a conqueror that he was to be considered, as a man, who would improve the condition of society in his progress as far as it could contribute to his glory, who probably, he ever thought at all of vindicating his actions to himself, thought himself an instrument in the hands of Providence for that purpose, but who at the same time held liberty and tyranny to be very subordinate things, and looked principally and almost entirely to the enjoyment of the science of war, to the admiration of his contemporaries, and to the leaving behind him a name like the Cæsars and Alexanders. It is as idle to call such a man personally to account, or to praise him, for the political features of his age, as it is to affect to consider him as responsible for the particular actions against individuals, which in other princes his cast have been sunk in their sovereign rank. Those who praise the Cæsars and Alexanders may praise him also; and it is those only who take their stand impartially and at all times against greatness in that shape, that have a right to reproach him.

"How such men *ought* to be considered is another question. The philosophy that endeavours to go back to first causes will see in them perhaps the habits and excuses of common humanity—the more practical philosophy of life, if it is generously disposed, will, we think, take part against them, at least in their prosperity; but then at all times it will do its best to be consistent and impartial, and not reproach one faulty individual, to the impunity of others, perhaps even while praising them. They who set about to excuse men of violence should act rather

Montaigne than Boileau,—excuse the whole of them at once pick out the bright side of some eminent character, whom it is no interest to praise, rather than do away all the decency of the objections by adulating one sort of conquerors, and perhaps aligning their betters. Boileau, who flattered Louis the 14th in the last style of abject servility, undertook at the same time, when he got into his spirit of theme writing, to represent Alexander as a madman or highwayman, and to say that he would have been a fit subject for the hands of a Lieutenant of Police. We have seen writers, with nothing, it is true, of Boileau but the servile flattery living monarchs in the same way, and saying the same pretty little patibulary things of Napoleon. Montaigne, on the other hand,—a man to whom Boileau, with all his wit and reverses, was a school-boy,—does not appear to have spoken a flattering untruth of any living Prince of his time; yet he gives a very different character of Alexander, and goes indeed a remarkable length in excusing him. Montaigne referring to the causes above-mentioned, probably wished to make the best of a human being, who had excited his interest, and who was certainly distinguished in many things above his fellows;—Boileau thought that with a still greater philosophy, he stripped him of his pretensions, and yet he went and clothed his own monarch with them instead. For our parts, with all our reverence for the former wisdom, we agree neither with the one nor the other:—at least we do not think Alexander so distinguished from other men in natural greatness, and are not inclined to palliate his faults except in common with those of his fellow-creatures; but on the other hand, we think him no more a highwayman than Louis the 14th or any other princely robber, and would neither hang him in effigy, nor Bonaparte in reality, unless we could prevail on ourselves to stretch the noose also to the Usurpers of Poland, Saxony, Lombardy, Finland, and Norway.”

THE LITTLE WANDERER.

Lost and bewilder'd in the storm,
 A wandering infant see;
 Without a hut to keep her warm.
O! pity—pity me.

Hark! how the thunder rolls above;
The forked lightning, see,
Darts terror thro' the peaceful grove:
O! pity—pity me.

No mother now with tender care,
To take me on her knee;
No father by to check this tear :
O! pity—pity me.

Kind Heaven! to thee I lowly bend,
And beg upon my knee;
That thou'lt some friendly stranger send
To guide and pity me.



THE BAY OF BISCAY O.

LOUD roar'd the dreadful thunder !
The rain in deluge show'rs !
The clouds were rent asunder,
By lightning's vivid pow'rs!
The night both drear and dark,
Our poor devoted bark,
Till next day,
There she lay,
In the bay of Biscay O!

Now dash'd upon the billow,
Our op'ning timbers creak;
Each fears a wat'ry pillow,
None stop the dreadful leak!
To cling to slipp'ry shrouds,
Each breathless seaman crowds,
As she lay,
Till the day,
In the bay of Biscay O!

At length the wish'd-for morrow
 Broke thro' the hazy sky;
 Absorb'd in silent sorrow,
 Each heav'd the bitter sigh:
 The dismal wreck to view,
 Struck horror to the crew,
 As she lay,
 On that day,
 In the bay of Biscay O!

Her yielding timbers sever,
 Her pitchy seams are rent;
 When Heav'n, all bounteous ever,
 Its boundless mercy sent!
 A sail in sight appears,
 We hail her with three cheers!
 Now we sail,
 With the gale,
 From the bay of Biscay O!



THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

For England, when with fav'ring gale,
 Our gallant ship up channel steer'd,
 And scudding under easy sail,
 The high blue western land appear'd;
 To heave the lead the seaman sprung,
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,
 By the deep nine!

And bearing up to gain the port,
 Some well-known object kept in view,
 An abbey tow'r, a harbour fort,
 Or beacon to the vessel true;
 While oft the lead the seaman flung,
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,
 By the mark seven!

And, as the much-lov'd shore we near,
 With transport we behold the roof,
 Where dwells a friend, or partner dear,
 Of faith and love a matchless proof;
 The lead once more the seaman flung,
 And to the watchful pilot sung,
 Quarter less five!

Now to her birth the ship draws nigh;
 We shorten sail—she feels the tide—
 Stand, clear the cable! is the cry;
 The anchor's gone—we safely ride.
 The watch is set, and through the night,
 We hear the seaman, with delight,
 Proclaim—All's well!



FAIR MODEST FLOWER.

TUNE—"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon."

FAIR modest flower, of matchless worth!
 Thou sweet, enticing, bonny gem,
 Blest is the soil that gave thee birth,
 And blest thine honour'd parent stem.
 But doubly blest shall be the youth,
 To whom thy heaving bosom warms;
 Possess'd of beauty, love and truth,
 He'll clasp an angel in his arms.
 Tho' storms of life were blowing snell,
 And on his brow sat brooding care,
 Thy seraph smile would quick dispel
 The darkest gloom of black despair.
 Sure Heaven hath granted thee to us,
 And chose thee from the dwellers there,
 And sent thee from celestial bliss,
 To show what all the Virtues are.*

* Written by Mr. William Reid, Glasgow.

THE BEAUTIFUL MAID.

WHEN absent from her, whom my soul holds most d
What medley of passions invade!
In this bosom what anguish, what hope, and what fi
I endure for my beautiful maid.


In vain I seek pleasure to lighten my grief,
Or quit the gay throng for the shade;
Nor retirement, nor solitude yield me relief,
When away from my beautiful maid.



YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

YE mariners of England,
Who guard our native seas,
Who for these thousand years have brav'd
The battle and the breeze;
Your glorious standard launch again,
And match another foe,
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow.
*While the stormy winds do blow,
While the stormy winds do blow,
While the battle rages long and loud,
And the stormy tempests blow.*

The spirits of your fathers,
Will start from every wave;
The deck it was their field of fame,
The ocean was their grave;
Where Blake, the boast of freedom, fought,
Your manly hearts will glow,
As you sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow.
While the stormy winds, &c.



Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-wave,
Her home is on the deep:
With thunder from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,
As she sweeps through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow.
While the stormy winds, &c.

The meteor-flag of England
Must yet terrific burn,
Till the stormy night of war depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then to our faithful mariners
The social can shall flow,
Who swept through the deep,
While the stormy winds did blow.

*While the stormy winds did blow,
While the stormy winds did blow,
While the battle raged long and loud,
And the storms of war did blow.*

THE SPOTLESS MAID.

THE spotless maid is like the blooming rose,
Which on its native stem unsully'd grows;
But if some hand the tender stalk invades,
Lost is its beauty, and its colour fades.

Whoever leaves a virtuous maid behind,
Tho' distant—still he views her in his mind;
Reflection tells, that absence must improve
The dear delight of meeting those we love.

HOPE TOLD A FLATTERING TALE.

HOPE told a flatt'ring tale,
That joy would soon return ;
Ah! nought my sighs avail,
For love is doom'd to mourn.

Ah! where's the flatt'rer gone?
From me for ever flown ;
The happy dream of love is o'er,
Life, alas! can charm no more.



TOGETHER LET US RANGE THE FIELDS.

TOGETHER let us range the fields,
Impearl'd with the morning dew,
Or view the fruits the vineyard yields,
Or the apples clustering bough ;
There in close embow'rd shades,
Impervious to the noontide ray,
By tinkling rills—or rosy beds,
We'll love the sultry hours away.



DEAREST ELLEN, I'LL LOVE YOU NO MORE.

WHEN the rose-bud of summer its beauties bestowing,
On winter's rude banks all its sweetness shall pour ;
And the sunshine of day in night's darkness be glowing
Oh! then dearest Ellen, I'll love you no more.

When of hope, the last spark which thy smile us'd to
cherish,

In my bosom shall die, and its splendour be o'er ;
And the pulse of this heart which adores you shall peri-
Oh! then dearest Ellen, I'll love you no more.

THE DEATH OF WOLFE.

In a mouldering cave, a wretched retreat,
Britannia sat wasted with care;
She wept for her Wolfe, then exclaim'd against fate,
And gave herself up to despair.
The walls of her cell she had sculptur'd around
With th' exploits of her favourite son;
Nay, even the dust, as it lay on the ground,
Was engrav'd with some deeds he had done.

The Sire of the gods, from his crystalline throne,
Beheld the disconsolate dame,
And, mov'd with her tears, sent Mercury down,
And these were the tidings that came:
Britannia, forbear, not a sigh nor a tear
For thy Wolfe so deservedly lov'd;
Thy grief shall be chang'd into tumults of joy,
For Wolfe is not dead, but remov'd.

The Sons of the Earth, the proud giants of old,
Have fled from their darksome abodes;
And, such is the news that in Heaven is told,
They are marching to war with the gods.
A council was held in the chamber of Jove,
And this was their final decree,
That Wolfe should be call'd to the army above;
And the charge was entrusted to me.

To the plains of Quebec with the orders I flew;
Wolfe begg'd for a moment's delay:
He cried, Oh, forbear! let me victory hear,
And then the command I'll obey.
With a darkening film I encompass'd his eyes,
And bore him away in an urn,
Lest the fondness he bore for his own native shore,
Might tempt him again to return.

BARBADOES' BELLS.

Come let us dance and sing,
While loud Barbadoes' bells shall ring,
Love scrapes the fiddle-string,
And Venus plays the lute:
Hymen gay,
Foots away,
Happy at our wedding-day:
Cocks his chin,
And figures in,
To tabor, fife, and flute.
Come, let us, &c.

Since then each anxious care,
Is vanish'd into empty air,
Ah! how can I forbear
To join the jocund dance!
To and fro,
Couples go,
On the light fantastic toe,
Whilst with glee,
So merrily,
The rosy hours advance.
Come, let us, &c.

When first the swelling sea
Hither brought my love and me,
What then my fate would be,
Little did I think:
Doom'd to know
Care and woe,
Happy still is Yarico,
Since her love
Will constant prove,
And nobly scorn to shrink.
Come, let us, &c.

S'bobs now I'm fix'd for life,
My fortune's fair, tho' black's my wife;
Who fears domestic strife?

Who cares now a souse?

Merry cheer,

My dingy dear,

Shall find with her factotum here,

Night and day,

To frisk and play

About the house with Wouse.

Come, let us, &c.

Let Patty say a word—
A chamber-maid should sure be heard;
Sure men are grown absurd,

Thus taking black for white;

To hug and kiss

A dingy Miss,

Will hardly suit an age like this,

Unless here

Some friends appear,

Who like this wedding night.

Come, let us, &c.



THE WOODLAND MAID.

THE woodland maid, my beauty's queen!
In nature's simple charm array'd,
This heart subdues;—that matchless mien
Still binds me to the woodland maid.

Let others sigh for mines of gold,
For wide domain, for gay parade;
! would unmov'd such toys behold,
Possess'd of thee, sweet woodland maid.

THE WAY-WORN TRAVELLER.

FAINT and wearily the way-worn traveller,
 Plods uncheerily, afraid to stop;
 Wandering drearily, a sad unraveller
 Of the mazes toward the mountain's top:
 Doubting, fearing,
 While his course he's steering,
 Cottages appearing
 As he's nigh to drop;
 Oh! how briskly then the way-worn traveller
 Treads the mazes toward the mountain's top

Though so melancholy day has pass'd by,
 'Twould be folly now to think on't more:
 Blythe and jolly he the cag holds fast by,
 As he's sitting at the goatherd's door,
 Eating, quaffing,
 At past labours laughing;
 Better far, by half, in
 Spirits than before.
 Oh! how merry then the rested traveller
 Seems while sitting at the goatherd's door.



TELL HER I'LL LOVE HER.

TELL her I'll love her while the clouds drop rain,
 Or while there's water in the pathless main:
 Tell her I'll love her till this life is o'er,
 And then my ghost shall visit this sweet shore;
 Tell her I only ask she'll think of me—
 I'll love her while there's salt within the sea.
 Tell her all this, tell it o'er and o'er,
 I'll love her while there's salt within the sea.
 Tell her all this, tell it o'er and o'er—
 The anchor's weigh'd, or I would tell her more!

JUST LIKE LOVE.

Just like love is yonder rose;
Heav'nly fragrance round it throws,
Yet tears its dewy leaves disclose,
And in the midst of briers it blows,
Just like love!

Cull'd to bloom upon the breast,
Since rough thorns the stem invest,
They must be gather'd with the rest,
And with it to the heart be prest,
Just like love!

And when rude hands the twin-buds sever,
They die, and they will blossom never,
Yet the thorns be sharp as ever,
Yet the thorns be sharp as ever,
Just like love!



YE DESTROYERS OF MAN.

TUNE—"Sadi the Moor," or "Erin go Bragh."

Ye destroyers of man, cried Mary distracted,
(For the press-gang had dragged her dear Jack away)
Ye've robb'd me of him who my offspring protected,
The offspring of sorrow by that fatal day.
Despisers of peace! humanity spurning;
Involv'd by your strife in the abyss of mourning,
No prospect I have of my dear Jack's returning,
By the blood-hounds of war, alas! made a prey.

Thus enfrenzied by grief she rush'd from her dwelling
Retracing the steps of her Jack to the shore;
Regardless of life, or the tide's stormy swelling,
The surge from the beach Mary rapidly bore.

From the tender, brave Jack her danger espying,
 Sprung forward, to save her intrepidly trying,
 Till o'erpow'r'd by the waves they both sunk, and dy—
 Their poor wretched babes saw a parent no more !

In liberty's land, thus her dictates abusing,
 Humanity weeps for the fate of the tar;
 (The safeguard of Britain) her freedom refusing
 To its glory in peace, its bulwark in war.
 Be just then my country, to gratitude rise,
 The worth of your tars,—their utility prize,
 Who death midst your battles triumphant despise—
 Are proud for their country to carry a scar. *

* In these lines, our attention is drawn to that peculiar kind of oppression which has been entailed upon a deserving class of men by the corruption of the times; and we cannot too forcibly express our "abhorrence of a species of licensed injury, which repugnant to the feelings of every heart capable of reflection and susceptible of humanity. We refer to the detestable practice of impressing men—a practice our Constitution is ashamed of; founded in the abuse of power, and supported by the flimsy plea of precedent—as if precedent, though it were older than time, could sanction wrongs, or wipe the wrinkles from the distorted front of error. It would be superfluous to enumerate the advantages we derive from our seamen. The luxuries—conveniences of life; the extent of our commerce; the certain and accumulation of our knowledge; the perfection of our art and even our character as a nation—are furnished, promoted, influenced, by the number and activity of our mariners. Indeed we can scarcely open our eyes without beholding some monument of their value, as citizens—of their claim to our esteem and gratitude, as men. Is not that Government defective in its principles, or corrupt in its administration, which cannot afford equal protection to all its citizens? which builds the safety of one class on the oppression of another? which, as a body, commits crimes for which an individual would suffer death? Thus, *FOR THE GOOD OF THE PUBLIC*, the seaman is plundered—not of

THE FARMER.

COME each jolly fellow
 That loves to be mellow,
 Attend unto me, and sit easy:
 One jorum in quiet,
 My boys, we will try it,
 Dull thinking will make a man crazy:

or gold—but of what is infinitely more dear to him, his
 and his happiness. Hurried with impunity from every
 which ties him to the world, to life, and to felicity—he is
 usually confined to the worst of dungeons, for no crime but
 he was a mariner: and if not immolated, a hapless victim, on
 ar of war, he only regains his liberty when it can be of no
 him—Enfeebled in body, debased in mind, a burden to so-
 and a curse to himself, he lives in pain, and dies in wretch-
 . From viewing the consequence, let us return to a near-
 section of the perpetration, of what unbiassed reason must
 nce a crime. Imagine the joy of a crew, returning from a
 and dangerous voyage, when the distant azure of their
 mountains first rises to their delighted view. Each sea-
 soul is in his eye. Already he anticipates the happy meet-
 Eagerly he nears the wished-for port, and, in imagination,
 a friend—a parent—a spouse—or a sweetheart—to his throbb-
 ing breast. But, mark!—in the midst of his felicity, within
 of happiness, a band of ruffians rush aboard, and drag him
 ivity. They, who deserve universal detestation, and se-
 punishment, are rewarded for their savage atrocity, by
 protectors of innocence—the patrons of industry—and the
 sors of wrong; while the aggrieved—the injured, helpless
 r, who merited his country's protection and esteem, is torn
 ill that he loves, and consigned to the aggravated horrors
 sted hope, deplorable slavery, and destructive war. Can
 justice?—Posterity shall hear—but will posterity believe
 the same country, which gave liberty to Africa, saw with
 ence—nay, with approbation, thousands of her sons lan-
 in unmerited bondage?"

For here I am king,
Let us drink, laugh, and sing,
Let no man appear as a stranger;
But show me the ass
That refuses his glass,
And I'll order him hay in a manger.

By plowing and sowing,
By reaping and mowing,
Dame Nature supplies me with plenty;
I have a cellar well stor'd,
And a plentiful board,
And my garden affords every dainty:
I have all things in season,
Both woodcock and pheasant;
I am here as Justice of Quorum;
In my cabin's far end,
I've a bed for a friend,
With a clean fire-side and a jorum.

Were it not for my seeding,
You'd get but poor feeding;
You would surely be starv'd without me:
I am always content
When I've paid my rent,
And happy when friends are about me:
Draw close to the table,
My boys, while you're able,
Let me hear no words of complaining,
For the jingling of glasses,
All music surpasses,
I love to see bottles a-draining.

Let the mighty and great
Roll in splendor and state,
I envy them not I declare it;
I'll eat my own lamb,
My own chickens and ham,
And shear my own sheep, and I'll wear it.

I have lawns and I've bowers,
 I have fruit and I've flowers,
 The lark is my daily alarmer ;
 So my jolly boys, now,
 That follow the plough,
 Drink long life and success to the farmer.



SALLY ROY.

FAIR Sally, once the village pride,
 Lies cold and wan in yonder valley ;
 She lost her lover, and she died,
 Grief broke the heart of gentle Sally.
 Young Valiant was the hero's name,
 For early valour fir'd the boy,
 Who barter'd all his love for fame,
 And kill'd the hopes of Sally Roy.

Swift from the arms of weeping love,
 As rag'd the war in yonder valley,
 He rush'd his martial power to prove,
 While faint with fear sunk lovely Sally.
 At noon she saw the youth depart,
 At eve she lost her darling joy ;
 Ere night the last throb of her heart
 Declar'd the fate of Sally Roy.

The virgin train in tears are seen,
 When yellow moonlight fills the valley,
 Slow stealing o'er the dewy green,
 Towards the grave of gentle Sally !
 And while remembrance wakes the sigh,
 Which weans each feeling heart from joy,
 The mournful dirge, ascending high,
Bewails the fate of Sally Roy.

THE BOSOM OF LOVE.

TUNE—"The Woodpecker."

How sweet to recline on the bosom we love,
 And breathe all our cares in her innocent ear,
 And when the soft passion her kind heart doth move
 How precious now glistens the slow falling tear:
 'Tis a pleasure from Heaven, a joy from above,
 That raises our souls far from scenes that are here

When life's busy scene threatens clouds o'er our head
 And frail fickle fortune now leaves us to mourn,
 We lean on love's bosom, when friendship is dead,
 And blest in our love, we forget we're forlorn:
 Every care is at rest—all our sorrow is fled,
 But the thought that love's bosom should from us
 be torn.

And when in the calm vale of years we recline,
 On that breast which thro' life's stormy sea with us
 strove,
 How blest is the thought that whene'er we decline,
 We decline to the grave on the bosom we love:
 Of all thy choice blessings, kind Heav'n be it mine,
 Thro' life's varied scene, the soft bosom of love.



WHEN THY BOSOM HEAVES THE SIGH.

WHEN thy bosom heaves the sigh,
 When the tear o'erflows thine eye,
 May sweet hope afford relief,
 Cheer thy heart, and calm thy grief:
 So the tender flow'r appears,
 Drooping wet with morning tears,
 Till the sun-beam's genial ray
 Chase the heavy dew away.

TARRY AWHILE.

TARRY awhile with me, my love,
O tarry awhile with me;
O'er hills and dales, thro' woods and vales,
Why wander away from me, my love?

Thus sung a young shepherd by love sore oppress,
When the maid of his heart he thus fondly address:
The gayer delights you may fondly pursue,
But you'll find no such pleasure, no lover so true.

Then tarry awhile, &c.

Thus again and again he repeated his lays,
While the lasses around all join'd in his praise:
By her soft timid glances, embolden'd he grew;
She consented to love, now she found he was true.

Then tarry awhile, &c.



IN TATTER'D WEED.

In tatter'd weed, from town to town,
Is hapless Primrose doom'd to stray;
Compell'd, a wretched wand'rer known,
To seek her home from day to day.
Barefoot, as she strolls forlorn,
O'er the flint or pointed thorn,
Silent must her sorrow be,
Her madrigal—Sweet Charity.

At evening will the village hind
In rapture listen to her song;
And buy her toys, in hopes to find
What future joys to him belong.
Barefoot, &c.

A SAILOR'S ADVICE.

LIFE's like a ship, in constant motion,
Sometimes high and sometimes low;
Where ev'ry hand must brave the ocean,
Whatsoever winds may blow.
If unassail'd by storm or shower,
Wafted by the gentle gales,
Let's not lose the favouring hour
Whilst success attends our sails.

But if the wayward winds should bluster,
Let us not give way to fear;
But let us all our patience muster,
And learn from reason how to steer.
Let judgment ever keep you steady,
That's a ballast seldom fails;
If dangers rise, be ever ready
To manage well the swelling sails.

Trust not too much your own opinion,
Whilst your vessel's under weigh;
Let good example bear dominion,
That's a compass will not stray.
When thundering tempests make you shudder,
And Boreas o'er the surface rails,
Let good discretion guide the rudder,
And Providence attend the sails.

Then, when you're safe from danger, riding
In some welcome port or bay,
Let hope be the anchor you confide in,
And care awhile in slumbers lay:
Then, when each can's with liquor flowing,
And good fellowship prevails,
Let each heart with rapture glowing,
Drink success unto our sails.

GENERAL ABERCROMBIE.

RECITATIVE.

'Twas on the spot in ancient lore oft nam'd,
 Where Isis and Osiris once held sway,
 O'er kings who sleep in pyramidic pride;
 But now for British valour far more fam'd,
 Since Nelson's band achiev'd a glorious day,
 And, crown'd with laurel, Abercrombie died.

AIR.

roseate colours the dawn had not shed,
 the field which stern slaughter had tinted too red,
 as dark—save each flash at the cannon's hoarse
 sound,
 on the brave Abercrombie receiv'd his death wound;
 comrades, with grief unaffected, deplore,
 to Britain's renown he gave one laurel more.

h a mind unsubdu'd, still the foe he defied,
 the steed which the Hero of Acre supplied;
 feeling he soon to Fate's summons must yield,
 gave Sydney the sword he no longer could wield.
 comrades, with grief unaffected, deplore,
 to Britain's renown he gave one laurel more.

standard of Albion, with victory crown'd,
 v'd over his head as he sank on the ground,
 e me hence, my brave comrades, the vet'ran did cry,
 duty's complete, and contented I die.



GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee,
 But while fame elates thee,
 Oh! still remember me:

H

When the praise thou meetest,
To thine ear is sweetest,

Oh! then remember me:
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee,
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh! then remember me.

When at eve thou rovest,
By the star thou lovest,

Oh! then remember me:
Think when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
Oh! then remember me:
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its ling'ring roses,
Once so lov'd by thee;
Think on her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
Oh! then remember me.

When around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,

Oh! then remember me;
And at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh! then remember me:
Then should music stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let mem'ry bring thee,
Strains I us'd to sing thee,
Oh! then remember me.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

No cheering sun-beam's friendly ray,
Shone on the dark and cloudy day,
When I, an outcast from my birth,
Sprung up the humblest flower on earth,
No parent stalk to prope its form,
No shelter from the winter's storm—
Such was the fate, bereft of joy,
Of Theodore, the orphan boy.

'Twas your dear hand, by pity led,
First rais'd the lily's drooping head,
Foster'd the bud bedew'd with tears,
Then saw it blossom into years :
And whilst your smiles such pow'r can give,
Still will it flourish, bloom, and live ;
Ah ! do not then the hopes destroy
Of Theodore, the orphan boy.



HER MOUTH, WITH A SMILE.

HER mouth, with a smile,
Devoid of all guile,
Half open to view,
Is the bud of the rose,
In the morning that blows,
Impearl'd with the dew.

More fragrant her breath
Than the flower-scented heath,
At the dawning of day,
The hawthorn in bloom,
The lily's perfume,
Or the blossoms of May.

THE LAD THAT I LOVE.

How sweet are the flowers that grow by yon fountain,
 And sweet are the cowslips that spangle the green,
 And sweet is the breeze that blows over the mountain,
 Yet none is so sweet as the lad that I love.

Then I'll weave him a garland,
 A fresh flowing garland,
 With lilies, and roses,
 And sweet blooming posies;
 A garland I'll give to the lad that I love.

It was down in the vale, where the sweet Torragh flows,
 Its murmuring stream ripples thro' the dark grove,
 I own'd what I felt, all my passion confiding,
 To ease the fond sighs of the lad that I love.
 Then I'll weave, &c.



THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE.

TUNE—"Erin go Bragh."

THE sun was departed, the mild zephyr blowing,
 Bore over the plain the perfume of the flow'rs;
 In soft undulations the streamlet was flowing,
 And calm meditation led forward the hours:
 I struck the full chord, and the ready tear started,
 I sung of an exile, forlorn, broken hearted:
 Like him, from my bosom all joy is departed,
 And sorrow has stol'n from the lyre all its pow'rs.

I paus'd on the strain, when fond mem'ry, tenacious,
 Presented the form I must ever esteem;
 Retrac'd scenes of pleasure, alas! how fallacious;
 Evanescent all, all, as the shades of a dream.

Let still, as they rush'd thro' oppress'd recollection,
 The silent tear fell, and the pensive reflection,
 Immers'd my sad bosom in deeper dejection,
 On which cheering hope scarcely glances a beam.

In vain into beauty all nature is springing,
 In vain smiling spring does the blossoms unfold :
 In vain round my cot the wing'd choristers singing,
 When each soft affection is dormant and cold:
 'E'en sad as the merchant, bereav'd of his treasure,
 So slow beats my heart, and so languid its measure,
 So dreary, so lonely, a stranger to pleasure,
 Around it affliction her mantle hath roll'd.

But meek resignation supporting the spirit,
 Unveils a bright scene to the uplifted eye;
 A scene which the patient and pure shall inherit,
 Where hearts bleed no more, and the tear shall be dry.
 There souls, which on earth in each other delighted,
 By friendship, by honour, by virtue united,
 Shall meet, and their pleasures no more shall be blighted,
 But perfect and pure as their love be their joy.



FROM HOPE'S FOND DREAM.

From hope's fond dream tho' reason wakes,
 In vain she points with warning hand;
 I dread advice I cannot take,
 Love's powerful spells my steps command.

The bird thus fascination binds,
 When darting from the serpent's eyes;
 The fatal charm too late he finds,
He struggles, and admiring dies.

O LOVELY ROSE.

OH take these odour-breathing flowers,
 These flowers, the sisters of thy bloom;
 Tho' not the sweetest in the bow'rs,
 Can half thy sweetness e'er assume.
 What are the beauties they disclose,
 Compar'd with thine, O lovely Rose?

Tho' in the crown we offer here,
 No gems in splendid richness blaze;
 Tho' simple flow'rs alone appear,
 It has its worth, it merits praise.
 Form'd by our grateful heart, it shows
 The worth of thee, O lovely Rose!



THE POST CAPTAIN.

WHEN Steerwell heard me first impart
 Our brave commander's story,
 With ardent zeal his youthful heart
 Swell'd high for naval glory;
 Resolv'd to gain a valiant name,
 For bold adventures eager,
 When first a little cabin-boy on board the *Fam*
 He would hold on the jigger,
 While ten jolly tars, with musical Joe,
 Hove the anchor a-peak, singing yoe heave yoe
 Yoe, yoe, yoe, yoe, yoe, yoe heave yoe.
 While ten jolly tars, &c.

To hand top-gallant-sails he learn'd,
 With quickness, care, and spirit;
His generous master then discern'd,
 And priz'd his dawning merit:

He taught him soon to reef and steer,
 When storms convulse the ocean,
 Where shoals made skilful veterans fear,
 Which mark'd him for promotion :
 As none to the pilot e'er answer'd like he,
 When he gave the command, hard a-port, helm a-lee,
 Luff, boys, luff, keep her near,
 Clear the buoy, make the pier.
 None to the pilot, &c.

For valour, skill, and worth renown'd,
 The foe he oft defeated,
 And now, with fame and fortune crown'd,
 Post captain he is rated ;
 Who, should our injur'd country bleed,
 Still bravely would defend her :
 Now blest with peace, if beauty plead,
 He'll prove his heart as tender.
 Unaw'd, yet mild to high and low,
 To poor and wealthy, friend or foe ;
 Wounded tars share his wealth,
 All the fleet drink his health :
 Priz'd be such hearts, for aloft they will go,
 Which always are ready compassion to show
 To a brave conquer'd foe.



LULLABY.

PEACEFUL slumb'ring on the ocean ?
 Seamen fear no danger nigh ;
 The winds and waves in gentle motion,
 Sooth them with their lullaby.

Is the wind tempestous blowing ?
 Still no danger they descry ;
The guiltless heart its boon bestowing,
Sooths them with its lullaby.

SHEPHERDS TELL ME.

YE shepherds tell me, have you seen
My Flora pass this way?
In shape and feature, beauty's queen,
In pastoral array.

Shepherds, tell me, &c.

A wreath around her head she wore,
Carnation, lily, and the rose;
And in her hand a crook she bore,
And sweets her lips disclose.

Shepherds, tell me, &c.

The beauteous wreath that decks her head,
Forms her description true;
Hands lily white, lips crimson red,
And cheeks of rosy hue.

Shepherds, tell me, &c.



LIRA LIRA LA.

LITTLE thinks the townsman's wife,
While at home she tarries,
What must be the lass's life,
Who a soldier marries;
Now with weary marching spent,
Dancing now before the tent,
Lira lira la, lira lira la,
With her jolly soldier.

In the camp at night she lies,
Wind and weather scorning,
Only griev'd her love must rise,
And quit her in the morning;

But the doubtful skirmish done,
 Blythe she sings, at set of sun,
 Lira lira la, lira lira la,
 With her jolly soldier.

Should the captain of her dear,
 Use his vain endeavour,
 Whisp'ring nonsense in her ear,
 Two fond hearts to sever;
 At his passion she will scoff,
 Laughing, she will put him off,
 Lira lira la, lira lira la,
 For her jolly soldier.



MY HEART WITH LOVE IS BEATING,

TUNE—" *The maid of Lodi.*"

MY heart with love is beating,
 Transported by your eyes;
 Alas! there's no retreating,
 In vain a captive flies.
 Then why such anger cherish?
 Why turn thine eyes away?
 For if you bid me perish,
 Alas! I must obey.

Could deeds my heart discover,
 Could valour gain your charms,
 I'd prove myself a lover,
 Against a world in arms.
 Proud fair! thus low before you
 A prostrate warrior view,
 Whose whole delight and glory,
 Are centr'd all in you.

THE DYING THRUSH.

A DYING thrush young Edward found,
As flutt'ring in a field of snow;
Its little wings with ice were bound,
Awhile its heart forgot to glow:
With eager haste he homeward ran,
The quiv'ring charge to me resign'd;
Oh! save it, Celia, if you can,
Protect it from the wintry wind.

My bosom press'd the trembling thing,
And bade its little pris'ner live;
But ah! that bosom felt a sting,
The panting warbler ne'er could give.
With fond concern, young Edwy cried—
Can Celia save the tender thrush?
Perhaps, I said—and foolish sigh'd,
Which shame converted to a blush!

He cried, my Celia, why that sigh?
And why that blush?—the bird is free;
But pity beams in Celia's eye,
Ah! let it, fair one, beam on me!
My heart approv'd his pleasing claim,
Which fain to hide the rebel strove;
For pity bore a dearer name,
'Twas now converted into *love*?



THO' LOVE IS WARM AWHILE.

THO' love is warm awhile,
Soon it grows cold;
Absence soon blights the smile,
When he grows old!

Dearest, thy love was mine,
My ev'ry thought was thine;
Thus did our hearts entwine
Ere love was cold!

But could thy bosom prove
Faithful, my fair!
Could'st thou still fondly love,
Still absence bear?
Oh! it was sweet to be
Lov'd, as I was, by thee;—
But if thou'rt lost to me,
Welcome despair!



THE COTTAGER'S DAUGHTER.

I me, ye swains, have you seen my Pastora?
Have you met the sweet nymph in your way?
Ident as Venus, and blythe as Aurora,
Neptune's bed rising to hail the new day.
do I wander, and long time have sought her,
airest, the rarest, for ever my theme;
as in form, tho' a cottager's daughter,
dwells on the borders of Aln's winding stream.

dlings so gay, and young squires have sought her,
k her fair hand in the conjugal chain,
of ambition, the cottager's daughter
nc'd them their flattery and offers were vain.
rst I beheld her, I fondly besought her;
part did her homage, and love was her theme;
'd to be mine, the sweet cottager's daughter,
'wells on the borders of Aln's winding stream.

Then why thus alone does she leave me to languish?
 Pastora to splendour could ne'er yield her hand;
 Ah, no! she returns to remove my fond anguish,
 O'er her heart love and truth retain the command
 The wealth of Golconda could never have bought her
 For love, truth, and constancy, still is her theme;
 Then give me, kind Hymen, the cottager's daughter,
 That dwells on the borders of Aln's winding stream



CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS, MY KATY.

TUNE—"Roy's Wife."

*Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
 Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
 Well thou know'st my aching heart,
 And canst thou leave me thus for pity?*

Is this thy plighted, fond regard,
 Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?
 Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
 An aching, broken heart, my Katy?
Canst thou, &c.

Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
 That fickle heart of thine, my Katy!
 Thou may'st find those will love thee dear—
 But not a love like mine, my Katy. *
Canst, &c.

* This charming little piece is by BURNS, which he informs us he composed while making two or three turns across his ro and taking so many pinches of Irish blackguard. In this the traits of their favourite bard will be easily recognised by amateurs of rustic poetry, although out of his native garb:

THE HEATH.

THE heath this night must be my bed,
 The bracken curtain for my head,
 My lullaby the warder's tread,
 Far, far from love and thee, Mary;
 To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
 My couch may be my bloody plaid,
 My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid!
 It will not waken me, Mary!

I may not, dare not, fancy now
 The grief that clouds thy lovely brow:
 I dare not think upon thy vow,
 And all it promised me, Mary.

Following appearance, in reply, of a young and beautiful
 shwoman, in the costume of Scottish minstrelsy, is nothing
 of enchanting.

*Stay my Willie—yet believe me,
 Stay my Willie—yet believe me,
 For, ah! thou know'st na' every pang
 Wad wring my bosom shouldst thou leave me.*

Tell me that thou yet art true,
 And a' my wrongs shall be forgiven,
 And when this heart proves fause to thee,
 Yon sun shall cease its course in heaven.
Stay, my Willie, &c.

But to think I was betrayed,
 That falsehood e'er our loves should sunder!
 To take the flow'ret to my breast,
 And find the guilefu' serpent under.
Stay, my Willie, &c.

Could I hope thou'dst ne'er deceive,
 Celestial pleasures might I choosae 'em,
 I'd alight, nor seek in other spheres
 That heav'n I'd find within thy bosom:
Stay, my Willie, &c.

No fond regret must Norman know;
 When bursts Clan-Alpin on the foe,
 His heart must be like bended bow,
 His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come, with feeling fraught;
 For, if I fall in battle fought,
 Thy hapless lover's dying thought
 Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.
 And if return'd from conquer'd foes,
 How blythely will the evening close,
 How sweet the linnet sing repose,
 To my young bride and me, Mary!



FAREWELL THOU STREAM.

TUNE—"The last time I came o'er the muir."

FAREWELL thou stream that winding flows
 Around Eliza's dwelling!
 O mem'ry! spare the cruel throes
 Within my bosom swelling:
 Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
 And yet in secret languish,
 To feel a fire in ev'ry vein,
 Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
 I fain my griefs would cover:
 The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
 Betray the hapless lover.
 I know thou doom'st me to despair,
 Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me;
 But, oh! Eliza, hear one prayer,
 For pity's sake forgive me!

The music of thy voice I heard,
 Nor wist while it enslav'd me;
 I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
 Till fears no more had sav'd me:
 Th' unwary sailor thus aghast,
 The wheeling torrent viewing;
 'Mid circling horrors sinks at last
 In overwhelming ruin.

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THE GENERAL TOAST.

Here's to the maiden of blushing fifteen,  
 Now to the widow of fifty;  
 Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,  
 And then to the housewife that's thrifty.

*Let the toast pass, drink to the lass,  
 I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.*

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,  
 Now to the damsel with none, sir;  
 Here's to the maid with her pair of blue eyes,  
 And now to the nymph with but one, sir.

*Let the toast pass, &c.*

Here's to the maid with her bosom of snow,  
 Now to her that's as brown as a berry;  
 Here's to the wife with her face full of woe,  
 And now to the damsel that's merry.

*Let the toast pass, &c.*

For let them be clumsy, or let them be slim,  
 Young or ancient, I care not a feather;  
 So fill us a bumper quite up to the brim,  
 And e'en let us toast them together.

*Let the toast pass, &c.*

## THE FLIGHT OF LOVE.

YOUNG Love liv'd once in an humble shed,  
Where roses breathing,  
And woodbines wreathing,  
Around the lattice their tendrils spread,  
As wild and sweet as the life he led.  
His garden flourish'd,  
For young Hope nourish'd  
The infant buds with beams and showers;  
But lips, tho' blooming, must still be fed,  
And not even Love can live on flowers.

Alas! that Poverty's evil eye  
Should e'er come hither,  
Such sweets to wither!  
The flowers laid down their heads to die,  
And Hope fell sick, as the witch drew nigh.  
She came one morning,  
Ere Love had warning,  
And rais'd the latch, where the young god lay;  
Oh ho! (said Love,) is it you? good bye;  
So he op'd the window, and flew away!



## POLACCA.

No more, by sorrow chas'd, my heart  
Shall yield to fell despair;  
Now joy repels the envenom'd dart,  
And conquers ev'ry care.

So in our woods the hunted boar,  
On native strength relies;  
The forests echo with his roar,  
In turn the hunter flies.

## THE SAILOR'S EPITAPH.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,  
The darling of our crew ;  
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,  
For death has brought him to.  
His form was of the manliest beauty,  
His heart was kind and soft ;  
Faithful below he did his duty,  
And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,  
His virtues were so rare ;  
His friends were many, and true-hearted,  
His Poll was kind and fair ;  
And then he'd sing so blythe and jolly,  
Ah ! many's the time and oft ;  
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,  
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,  
When He who all commands,  
Shall give, to call life's crew together,  
The word to pipe all hands.  
Thus death, who kings and tars despatches,  
In vain Tom's life has doff'd ;  
For, tho' his body's under hatches,  
His soul is gone aloft.



## THE SOLDIER TIR'D.

THE soldier, tir'd of war's alarms,  
Forswears the clang of hostile arms,  
And scorns the spear and shield ;  
But if the brazen trumpet sounds,  
He burns with conquest to be crown'd,  
And dares again the field.

## AH! WHAT A PITY.

My love's the gayest of the throng,  
The first of swains of cot or city;  
But now he's gone, and left poor I  
Alone to weep, ah! what a pity.

With him, in mirth, the hours pass'd by,  
He woo'd in words so soft and pretty;  
But now he's gone, and left poor I  
Alone to weep, ah! what a pity.



## HEARTS OF OAK.

Come, cheer up my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,  
To add something more to this wonderful year;  
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves,  
For who are so free as we sons of the waves.

Hearts of oak are our ships,

Jolly tars are our men;

We always are ready,

Steady, boys, steady,

We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay,  
They never see us but they wish us away;  
If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore,  
For if they wont fight us what can we do more.

Hearts of oak, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes!  
They frighten our women, our children and beaux;  
But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,  
*Still Britons* they'll find to receive them on shore.

Hearts of oak, &c.

'll still make 'em run, and we'll still make 'em sweat,  
spite of the devil and Brussels Gazette:  
an cheer up my lads, with one heart let us sing,  
soldiers, our sailors, our statemen, and king.  
Hearts of oak, &c.

~~~~~

THE VOICE OF HER I LOVE.

How sweet, at close of eve,
The harp's responsive sound;
How sweet the vows that ne'er deceive,
And deeds by virtue crown'd.
How sweet to sit beneath some tree,
In some delightful grove;
But ah ! more soft, more sweet to me,
The voice of her I love.

Whene'er she joins the village train,
To hail the new-born day ;
Mellifluous notes compose each strain,
Which zephyrs waft away.
The frowns of fate I calmly bear,
In humble sphere I move ;
Content and blest whene'er I hear
The voice of her I love.

~~~~~

## HOPE, THOU HAST DECEIV'D ME.

HOPE ! no more, thou soft beguiler,  
Shalt thou rule my anguish'd breast ;  
Fond deceiver ! treach'rous smiler !  
*Yielder of unreal rest !*  
*Ah, Hope ! thou hast deceiv'd me !*

Clad in beauties all adorning,  
 Once I pictur'd out my way;  
 Cheerful was the radiant morning  
 Of a sad and pensive day.  
 Ah, Hope, &c.

Though thou deck thy brow, enticer,  
 With an amaranthine wreath;  
 Reason whispers, kind adviser!  
 Ev'ry flow'r has thorns beneath.  
 Ah, Hope, &c.

Though far wafted on thy pinion,  
 Through the realms of bliss I stray;  
 Still thou'rt faithless, thy dominion,  
 Reason, teach me to obey.  
 For Hope, &c.



### THE STORM.

CEASE, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer,  
 List ye landsmen all to me,  
 Messmates, hear a brother sailor  
 Sing the dangers of the sea,  
 From bounding billows first in motion,  
 When the distant whirlwinds rise,  
 To the tempest-troubled ocean,  
 Where the seas contend with skies.

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,—  
 By top-sail sheets and halyards stand!  
 Down top-gallants quick be hauling!  
 Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand!

Now it freshens, set the braces;  
Quick the top-sail sheets let go;  
Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces;  
Up your top-sails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down-beds sporting,  
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,  
Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,  
Free from all but love's alarms,—  
Round us roars the tempest louder;  
Think what fear our mind enthralls:  
Harder yet, it yet blows harder;  
Now again the boatswain calls.

The top-sail yards point to the wind, boys,  
See all clear to reef each course;  
Let the foresheets go; don't mind, boys,  
Though the weather should be worse.  
Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get;  
Reef the mizen; see all clear:  
Hand up! each preventer-brace set;  
Man the fore-yard; cheer, lads, cheer!

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring!  
Peals on peals contending clash!  
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring!  
In our eyes blue light'nings flash!  
One wide water all around us,  
All above us one black sky!  
Diff'rent deaths at once surround us,  
Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

The foremast's gone, cries ev'ry tongue out,  
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck:  
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out;  
Call all hands to clear the wreck.

Quick the lanyards cut to pieces;  
 Come, my hearts, be stout and bold;  
 Plumb the well, the leak increases,  
 Four feet water in the hold.

While o'er the ship wild waves are beat  
 We for wives or children mourn;  
 Alas! from hence there's no retreating  
 Alas! from hence there's no return.  
 Still the leak is gaining on us,  
 Both chain-pumps are chok'd below,  
 Heav'n have mercy now upon us!  
 For only that can save us now!

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys;  
 Let the guns o'erboard be thrown;  
 To the pump come every hand, boys;  
 See our mizen-mast is gone;  
 The leak we've found, it cannot pour  
 We've lighten'd her a foot or more;  
 Up, and rig a jury foremast;  
 She rights, she rights, boys! wear off  
 Now once more on joys we're thinking  
 Since kind fortune spar'd our lives:  
 Come, the can, boys, let's be drinking  
 To our sweethearts and our wives.  
 Fill it up, about ship wheel it;  
 Close to th' lips a brimmer join:  
 Where's the tempest now? who feels it  
 None! our danger's drown'd in wine



#### THE COTTAGE IN THE VALE.

A SIMPLE swain, of rustic mould,  
 Ambition's lure I flee;  
 The palace deck'd with gems and gold  
 Presents no charms for me.

**Oh** ! let me seek contentment's bower,  
Where woodbines scent the gale,  
**And** laughing health glads ev'ry hour  
The cottage in the vale.

**The** dearest girl my heart loves best,  
Whose hand will soon be mine,  
**Lives** near this spot ; thus doubly blest,  
For splendour should I pine?  
**No**, no, her steps again I'll trace,  
To tell the tender tale,  
For soon she'll with her presence grace  
The cottage in the vale.



THE BEGGAR GIRL.

**Over** the mountain and over the moor,  
Hungry and barefoot I wander forlorn;  
**My** father is dead, and my mother is poor,  
**And** she grieves for the days that will never return.

*Pity, kind gentlefolks, friends to humanity,  
Cold blows the wind, and the night's coming on ;  
Give me some food for my mother in charity ;  
Give me some food, and then I'll begone.*

**Will** me not lazy-back, beggar, and bold enough ;  
**Gain** would I learn both to knit and to sew ;  
**I** two little brothers at home,—when they're old  
enough,  
**They** will work hard for the gifts you bestow.

*Pity, kind gentlefolks, &c.*

**Think**, while you revel, so careless and free,  
**Secure** from the wind, and well clothed and fed ;  
**Would** fortune so change it, how hard it would be,  
**To** beg at a door for a morsel of bread.

*Pity, kind gentlefolks, &c.*

## FRIEND OF MY SOUL.

FRIEND of my soul ! this goblet sip,  
'Twill chace that pensive tear;  
'Tis not so sweet as woman's lip,  
But oh ! 'tis more sincere.  
Like her delusive beam,  
'Twill steal away thy mind;  
But like affection's dream,  
It leaves no sting behind.

Come, twine the wreath, thy brows to shade  
These flowers were cull'd at noon;  
Like woman's love the rose will fade,  
But ah ! not half so soon.  
For though the flower's decay'd,  
It's fragrance is not o'er;  
But once when love's betray'd,  
The heart can bloom no more.



## LOVE AND GLORY.

YOUNG Henry was as brave a youth  
As ever grac'd a martial story;  
And Jane was fair as lovely truth;  
She sigh'd for love, and he for glory.

With her his faith he meant to plight,  
And told her many a gallant story;  
Till war, their honest joys to blight,  
Call'd him away from love to glory.

Brave Henry met the foe with pride;  
Jane follow'd—fought—ah ! hapless story,  
In man's attire, by Henry's side,—  
She died for love, and he for glory.

DOWN IN A VALLEY.

n't you remember a poor peasant's daughter,  
in neat russet gown, and apron so blue,  
who won the affections of many that sought her,  
Down in a valley where sweet violets grew.

Her blush on her cheek was modesty dawning,  
Her lips were untainted the rose's sweet hue,  
Unclouded by sorrow, she pass'd night and morning,  
Down in a valley where sweet violets grew.

Her soft matchless beauties dame nature had given,  
Were pure as the crystalline drop of the dew,  
Which painted sweet innocence mild as the heav'n,  
Down in a valley where sweet violets grew.

Alas! hapless sorrow, soon frost-nipt her beauty,  
She droop'd as a blossom when robb'd of its hue,  
'till love forc'd to yield to filial duty,  
Down in a valley where sweet violets grew.



THE BEWILDER'D MAID.

Dawn broke the light and sweet breath'd the morn,  
When a maiden I saw sitting under a thorn,  
Her hair hang loose on her bare neck of snow,  
Her eyes look'd bewilder'd, her cheek pale with woe.  
Oh! whence is thy sorrow, sweet maiden, said I,  
The green grave shall answer: she said with a sigh;  
The merry lark so sweetly did sing o'er her head,  
It she thought on her grief and the battle; she said.

The breeze murmur'd by, when she look'd up forlorn,  
Hark, hark, didst thou hear, 'twas the voice of the morn,  
Vol. II. K

They say that in battle my love met his death,  
 But ah! 'twas this hawthorn that robb'd his sweet b  
 Come here, gentle Robin, live safe from the storm  
 In my bosom now sing there my true-love lies was  
 Ah! Robin be constant, my true-love was brave,  
 Robin shall sit and sing o'er his grave.



### FAREWELL MY SOUL'S BEST TREASURE.

FAREWELL my soul's best treasure,  
 But assail'd by pleasure,

Oh! still remember me.

Where'er the sprightly measure,  
 Calls the sons of pleasure,

Oh! still remember me.

Scenes with splendour shining,  
 Tho' to share inclining,  
 Shun without repining,

Tho' so hard the task may be,  
 Ah! shun without repining,  
 And still remember me.

Should some gay flatterer woo thee,  
 Say soft things unto thee,

Oh! then remember me.

And when he dares implore thee,  
 Tells thee, he adores thee,

Oh! still remember me.

None would happy make thee,  
 And should ill o'ertake thee,  
 All would soon forsake thee,

Lost would my Clarissa be,  
 Oh! all would soon forsake thee,  
 Then still remember me.

## MY NATIVE COT.

DEAR to my soul are thy scenes, lovely vale,  
Where balmy the dew, and where fragrant the gale;  
Where gleaming, serene, and benignant the skies,  
And lovely those plains where my native cot lies.

How sweet to remembrance the actions of youth !  
The soul all impassion'd with love and with truth ;  
In the spring-time of life—no tears and no sighs;  
And lovely the plains where my native cot lies.

O, dear are thy rocks, and thy wild-waving woods ;  
The mountain that rises, the torrent that floods ;  
The songster that warbles, the wild fowl that flies,  
And lovely the plains where my native cot lies.

While the white billow dashes thy soft sandy shore,  
And the cat'ract resounds with its loud rolling roar,  
Be thine ev'ry blessing—these blessings to prize,  
And lovely the plains where my native cot lies.



## HOW BLEST HAS MY TIME BEEN.

How blest has my time been, what days have I known,  
If wedlock's soft bondage made Jessie my own !  
Joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,  
If freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain,  
That freedom, &c.

O' walks, grown with woodbines, as often we stray,  
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play,  
How pleasing their sport is, the wanton ones see,  
How borrow their looks from my Jessie and me.  
And borrow, &c.

To try her sweet temper oft times am I seen  
 In revels all day with the nymphs on the green;  
 Though painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,  
 And meets me at night with complacence and smiles,  
 And meets me, &c.

What though on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,  
 Her ease and good-humour bloom all the year through;  
 Time still as he flies adds increase to her truth,  
 And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth,  
 And gives, &c.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,  
 And cheat with false vows the too credulous fair,  
 In search of true pleasure how vainly you roam!  
 To hold it for life, you must find it at home.  
 To hold it, &c.



### MY LOVE IS BREATHING A PRAYER FOR ME.

SEE the ship in the bay is riding,  
 Dearest Ellen I go from thee;  
 Boldly go, in thy love confiding,  
 O'er the deep and the trackless sea.  
 When thy lov'd form no more is near me,  
 When thy sweet smile no longer I see,  
 This soothing thought shall at midnight cheer me—  
 My love is breathing a prayer for me.

[Nor can Heaven,—a deaf ear lending  
 To its loveliest work below,—  
 The boon she begs, on her knees low bending,  
 Refuse in goodness to bestow.]

So then my Ellen, all doubts defying,  
Henry shall dauntless cross the wide sea,  
His heart on this firm anchor relying—  
My love is breathing a prayer for me.]

When the thunder of war is roaring,  
And the bullets around me fly;  
When the rage of the tempest pouring,  
Blends the billowy sea and sky;  
Then shall my heart, to fear a stranger,  
Cherish its fondest hopes for thee,  
This dear reflection disarming danger—  
My love is breathing a prayer for me.

[And when the din of war is over,  
And sweet peace sets the sailor free,  
With what joy shall your faithful lover  
Fly on love's fleetest wings to thee.  
Then with delight each other caressing,  
Day after day we shall happier be,  
And as my Ellen tells o'er each blessing,  
She still will whisper a prayer for me.]\*

\* The above copy of this song was handed to the Editor by one of his friends, with the following remarks appended to it. "You will observe that the two stanzas in brackets, that is, the second and fourth, are interpolations. They have no pretensions to merit of any kind; and I am afraid the original verses will be injured rather than benefited by an alliance with them. They are written merely for the purpose of eking out the pleasure arising from humming over a most beautiful and enchanting piece of music; but in the copy which you insert in your work, you may retain them or not, as you see cause."—The Editor will add, that, as many of his readers, like his correspondent, have thought, when humming over this tune to themselves, *the words were too soon done*, he trusts he will be excused *staining the interpolations*.

## DEATH OF CRAZY JANE.

'Twas at the hour, when night retreating  
 Bade the screech-owl seek her nest;  
 Gloomy vapours slow were fleeting;  
 Morning glimmer'd in the east—  
 On the heath, her wild woes telling  
 To the wind and beating rain,  
 Cold, unshelter'd, far from dwelling,  
 Trembling sat poor Crazy Jane.

Ah! she cried, Ye scenes around me,  
 Witnesses of Henry's art!  
 Witnesses he faithful found me—  
 How he broke this faithful heart!  
 Go, ye wild winds! try to move him!  
 Bid him heal this heart again!  
 Did he know how much I love him,  
 He would pity Crazy Jane!

Henry comes! I see him yonder  
 Dart like light'ning o'er the heath;  
 Ah, no! no!—my senses wander!  
 Since he comes not, welcome death!  
 Fainting, on the heath she laid her;  
 Soon, in pity to her pain,  
 Death, where love at first betray'd her,  
 Gave relief to Crazy Jane.



## I, WHO AM SORE OPPRESS'D WITH LOVE

I, who am sore oppress'd with love,  
 Must like the lonely turtle dove,  
 To hills and shady groves repair,  
 To vent my grief and sorrow there;

Must now, alas ! resolve to part  
At once with you and with my heart ;  
For do you think my heart can stay  
Behind, when you are gone away ?

No, no, my dear, whene'er we part,  
Take with you my poor bleeding heart ;  
But use it kindly, for you know  
How much it lov'd you long ago :  
You know to what a great degree,  
Sighing for you, it wasted me,  
When one sweet kiss could well repay  
My pains and troubles all the day.



GENERAL WOLFE'S SONG.

How stands the glass around ?  
For shame, you take no care, my boys !  
How stands the glass around ?  
Let mirth and wine abound ?  
The trumpets sound,  
The colours now are flying, boys,  
To fight, kill, or wound ?  
May we still be found  
Content with our hard fate, my boys,  
On the cold ground !

Why, soldiers ! why  
Should we be melancholy, boys !  
Why soldiers ! why !  
Whose business 'tis to die !  
What ! sighing ! fie ;  
Don't fear, drink on, be jolly, boys !  
'Tis he, you, or I,—  
Cold, hot, wet, or dry ;  
We're always found to follow, boys ;  
And scorn to fly !

'Tis but in vain,  
I mean not to upbraid you, boys;  
'Tis but in vain  
For soldiers to complain;  
Should next campaign  
Send us to him who made us, boys,  
We're free from pain;  
But if we remain,  
A bottle and good company  
Cure all again.



## THE WANDERING BOY.

WHEN the winter wind whistles along the wild moor  
And the cottager shuts on the beggar his door;  
When the chilling tear stands in my comfortless eye,  
Oh! how hard is the lot of the wandering boy.

The winter is cold, and I have no vest,  
And my heart it is cold as it beats in my breast;  
No father! no mother! no kindred have I—  
For I am a parentless, wandering boy.

Yet I had a home, and I once had a sire,  
A mother who granted each infant desire;  
Our cottage it stood in a wood-embower'd vale,  
Where the ring-dove would warble its sorrowful tale.

But my father and mother were summon'd away,  
And they left me to hard-hearted strangers a prey;  
I fled from their rigour, with many a sigh,  
And now, I'm a poor little wandering boy.

The wind it is keen, and the snow loads the gale,  
And no one will list to my innocent tale;  
I'll go to the grave where my parents both lie,  
And death shall befriend the poor wandering boy.

## HAIL: ENGLAND.

Hail England, dear England, true Queen of the West,  
 In thy fair swelling bosom, and ever-green vest;  
 Where nobly thou sitst in thy own steady light,  
 On the left of thee Freedom, and Truth on the right,  
 While the clouds, at thy smile, break apart and turn  
 bright!

O Muses, full-voiced, half encircle the seat,  
 And Ocean comes kissing thy princely white feet.

All hail! All hail!

Hail to the beauty, immortal and free,  
 The only true Goddess that rose from the sea,

Warm-hearted, high-thoughted, what union is thine  
 Of gentle affections and genius divine!

Thy sons are true men, fit to battle with care;  
 Thy daughters true women, home-loving and fair,  
 Whose figures unequal'd, and blushes as rare.

On the ground takes a virtue, that's trodden by thee,  
 And the slave that but touches it, starts and is free.

All hail! All hail!

Hail, Queen of Queens, there's no monarch beside,  
 As in ruling as thou dost, would double his pride.

The above song is from the pen of Mr. LEIGH HUNT, the  
 sensible and independent Editor of the Examiner. It was intro-  
 duced, we believe, in a poem written by him, and published in  
 1844, entitled the *Descent of Liberty*,—a production that has  
 been highly spoken of by several of the Reviews. Of the song  
 the author has observed, that it was “not written in allu-  
 sion to those existing circumstances, with which England has  
 connexion, and which appear to the author to be upon the  
 whole unfavourable, as far as intention goes, to eventual liberty;  
 in contemplation of that general character of the natives,  
 which keeps our country altogether the freest in Europe, and is  
 the true secret why it is victorious even when it may not be on  
 the best side of the question.

## WILLIAM TELL.

WHEN William Tell was doom'd to die,  
 Or hit the mark upon his infant's head—  
 The bell toll'd out, the hour was nigh,  
 And soldiers march'd with grief and dread  
 The warrior came, serene and mild,  
 Gaz'd all around with dauntless look,  
 Till his fond boy unconscious smil'd;  
 Then nature and the father spoke,  
 And, now, each valiant Swiss his grief partak'  
     For they sigh,  
     And wildly cry,  
 Poor William Tell! once hero of the lakes.

But soon is heard the muffled drum,  
 And straight the pointed arrow flies,  
 The trembling boy expects his doom,  
 All, all shriek out—"he dies! he dies!"  
 When lo! the lofty trumpet sounds!  
 The mark is hit! the child is free!  
 Into his father's arms he bounds,  
 Inspir'd by love and liberty!  
 And now each valiant Swiss their joy partakes,  
     For mountains ring,  
     Whilst they sing,  
 Live William Tell! the hero of the lakes.



## THE COTTAGE ON THE MOOR.

THO' distant on some foreign land,  
 Where golden waters roll,  
 Where Phœbus beats the sea-girt strand,  
 Or hides him near the pole.

Still to my mind my country dear,  
At each remove, returns;  
Tho' cold her clime, and bleak her year,  
For her my bosom burns.  
  
Tho' I had India's boasted store;  
Tho' rich Peru were mine;  
Give me the cottage on the moor,  
And all their wealth were thine.

~~~~~

THE MAID OF LODI.

I sing the maid of Lodi,
Who sweetly sung to me,
Whose brows were never cloudy,
Nor e'er distort with glee.
She values not the wealthy,
Unless they're great and good,
For she is strong and healthy,
And by labour earns her food.

And when her day's work's over,
Around a cheerful fire,
She sings, or rests contented;
What more can man desire?
Let those who squander millions
Review her happy lot,
They'll find their proud pavillions
Far inferior to her cot.

Between the Po and Parma
Some villains seiz'd my coach,
And dragg'd me to a cavern,
Most dreadful to approach;

By which the maid of Lodi
Came trotting from the fair;
She paus'd to hear my wailings,
And see me tear my hair.

Then to her market basket
She tied her poney's rein;
I thus by female courage
Was dragg'd to life again.
She led me to her dwelling,
She cheer'd my heart with wine,
And then she deck'd a table,
At which the gods might dine.

Among the mild Madonas
Her features you may find;
But not the fam'd Corregios
Could ever paint her mind.
Then sing the maid of Lodi,
Who sweetly sung to me;
And when this maid is married,
Still happier may she be.

~~~~~

#### HER HAIR IS LIKE THE GOLDEN CLUE

Her hair is like the golden clue,  
Drawn from Minerva's loom;  
Her lips carnation dropping dew,  
Her breath is a perfume.

Her brow is like the mountain snow,  
Gilt by the morning beam;  
Her cheeks like living roses blow,  
Her eyes like azure stream.

Adieu, my friend, be I forgot,  
And from thy mind defac'd;  
But may that happiness be thine  
Which I can never taste.

## THE HUMBLE ROOF.

**WHEN** first this humble roof I knew,  
 With various cares I strove;  
**My** grain was scarce, my sheep were few,  
 My all of life was love.  
**By** mutual toil our board was dress'd,  
 The spring our drink bestow'd;  
**But** when her lips the brim had press'd  
 The cup with nectar flow'd.  
**Content** and peace the dwelling shar'd,  
 No other guest came nigh;  
**In** them was giv'n, though gold was spar'd,  
 What gold could never buy.  
**No** value has a splendid lot,  
 Which has not means to prove,  
**That**, from the palace to the cot,  
 The all of life is love.

## CANZONET.

**COULD** love be found in woman's breast  
 As fervent as my own,  
**This** weary soul might hope to rest  
**In** beauty's arms a welcome guest,  
**And** with her purer spirit share  
**The** load of life—too great to bear  
 Through this wide world alone!  
**Could** love be found in woman's breast,  
 Like mine averse to roam,  
**This** weary soul might hope to rest  
**In** beauty's arms, for ever blest,  
**And** my poor love, an outcast boy,  
**Might** then a kindred heart enjoy,  
 And find a lasting home!

ENGLISH SONGS.

WHEN THE FANCY STIRRING BOWL

WHEN the fancy stirring bowl  
Wakes its world of pleasure,  
Glowing visions gild my soul,  
And life's an endless treasure.  
Mem'ry decks my wasted heart,  
Fresh with gay desires;  
Rays divine my senses dart,  
And kindling hope inspires.  
Then who'd be grave,  
When wine can save  
The heaviest soul from sinking;  
And magic grapes  
Give angel's shapes  
To ev'ry girl we're drinking!

Here sweet benignity and love  
Shed their influence round me,  
Gather'd ills of life remove,  
And leave me as they found me.  
Tho' my head may swim, yet true  
Still to nature's feeling,  
Peace and beauty swim there too,  
And rock me as I'm reeling.  
Then who'd be grave, &c.

On youth's soft pillow tender truth,  
Her pensive lesson taught me;  
Age soon mock'd the dream of youth,  
And wisdom wak'd and caught me.  
A bargain then with love I knock'd.  
To hold the pleasing gipsy,  
When wise to keep my bosom lock'd,  
But turn the key when tipsy.  
Then who'd be grave, &c.

When time assuag'd my heated heart,  
The grey-beard blind and simple,  
Forgot to cool one little part,  
Just flush'd by Lucy's dimple.

**That** part's enough of beauty's type  
**To** warm an honest fellow ;  
**And** tho' it touch me not when ripe,  
**It** melts me still when mellow.  
 Then who'd be grave, &c.

**Life's** a voyage, we all declare,  
**With** scarce a port to hide in :  
**It** may be so with pride or care,  
**That's** not the sea I ride in :  
**Here** floats my soul in fancy's eye,  
**Here** realms of bliss discover,  
**Bright** worlds, that fair in prospect lie ;  
**To** him that's half seas over.  
 Then who'd be grave, &c.



WOMAN.

**WHEN** life looks lone and dreary,  
 What light can dispel the gloom ?  
 When time's swift wing grows weary,  
 What charin can refresh his plume ?  
 'Tis Woman, whose sweetness beameth  
 O'er all that we feel or see ;  
 And if man of heaven e'er dreameth,  
 'Tis when he thinks purely of thee,  
 Oh, Woman !

Let conquerors fight for glory,—  
 Too dearly the meed they gain ;  
 Let patriots live in story,—  
 Too often they die in vain.  
 Give kingdoms to those who choose 'em,  
 This world can offer to me  
 No throne like Beauty's bosom,  
 No freedom like serving thee,  
 Oh, Woman !

## LORD GREGORY.

Alas! ope, Lord Gregory, thy door!  
A midnight wanderer sighs;  
Hard rush the rains, the tempests roar,  
And lightnings cleave the skies.

Who comes with woe at this drear night—  
A pilgrim of the gloom?  
If she whose love did once delight,  
My cot shall yield her room.

Alas! thou heard'st a pilgrim mourn,  
That once was priz'd by thee:  
Think of the ring by yonder burn  
Thou gav'st to love and me.

But should'st thou not poor Marian know,  
I'll turn my feet and part:  
And think the storms that round me blow,  
Far kinder than thy heart.



## STREPHON AND LYDIA.

All lovely on the sultry beach,  
Expiring Strephon lay,  
No hand the cordial draught to reach,  
Nor cheer the gloomy way.  
Ill-fated youth! no parent nigh,  
To catch thy fleeting breath,  
No bride to fix thy swimming eye,  
Or smooth the face of death.

Far distant from the mournful scene,  
Thy parents sit at ease,  
Thy Lydia rifles all the plain,  
And all the spring to please.

Ill fated youth! by fault of friend,  
 Not force of foe, depress'd,  
 Thou fall'st, alas! thyself, thy kind,  
 Thy country, unredress'd! \*



## THE NEGRO GIRL.

YON poor Negro girl, an exotic plant,  
 Was torn from her dear native soil,  
 Reluctantly borne o'er the raging Atlant',  
 And brought to Britannia's isle.  
 Though Fatima's mistress be loving and kind,  
 Poor Fatima still must deplore:  
 She thinks on her parents left weeping behind,  
 And sighs for her dear native shore.

She thinks on her Zadi, the youth of her heart,  
 Who from childhood was loving and true,  
 How he cried on the beach, when the ship did depart—  
 'Twas a sad everlasting adieu:

\* In an interleaved copy of Johnson's Musical Museum, now the possession of Miss Eliza Bayley of Manchester, the following account of the above song is given, in the hand-writing of BERT BURNS.—“The Strephon and Lydia, mentioned in this g, were perhaps the loveliest couple of their time. The gentleman was commonly known by the name of Beau Gibson. The was the “Gentle Jean,” celebrated in Mr. Hamilton of Igour's poems. Having frequently met at public places, they formed a reciprocal attachment, which their friends thought generous, as their resources were by no means adequate to their needs and habits of life. To elude the bad consequences of such connexion, Strephon was sent abroad with a commission, and died in Admiral Vernon's expedition to Carthage.”

The shell-woven gift which he bound round her an  
The rude seamen unfeeling tore,  
Nor left one sad relic her sorrows to charm,  
When far from her dear native shore.

And now, all dejected, she wanders apart,  
No friend, save retirement, she seeks;  
The sigh of despondency bursts from her heart,  
And tears dew her thin sable cheeks;  
Poor hard-fated girl, long, long she may mourn!  
Life's pleasures to her are all o'er,  
Far fled ev'ry hope that she e'er shall return,  
To revisit her dear native shore.



#### THE LARK FROM EARTH DELIGHTED SPRING

The lark from earth delighted springs,  
And sings of love with dawning day;  
Of love sweet Philomela sings,  
Beneath the moon's pale silver ray.

With op'ning leaves, when Phœbus shines,  
The sun-flow'r courts his passing beam;  
The woodbine round the oak-tree twines,  
And willows kiss the gliding stream.

Since ev'ry breath that fills the gale,  
And ev'ry sound that wakes the grove;  
Still echo love's delightful tale,  
And ev'ry zephyr whispers love.

Then let us use the golden hour,  
Ere fate the fairy scene dispels;  
For ah! when age usurps his pow'r,  
The heart no more with rapture swells.

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

COME, join with me, ye rural swains,  
 And wake the reed to cheerful strains,  
 Since winter now has fled our plains,  
     With all his rueful store:  
 No more the furious, blust'ring sky,  
 From Greenland's dreary mountains high,  
 (Where worlds of ice tumultuous lie)  
     Extends the mighty roar.

With dark'ning rage o'er yon rude Forth,  
 No more the chill bleak breathing north,  
 Grim throws the fleecy tempest forth,  
     Thick thro' the black'ning sky,  
 Till o'er each hill and sullen vale,  
 A universal white prevail,  
 And deep beneath the snowy veil,  
     The sad creation lie.

The hoary tyrant now has fled,  
 Young blooming spring our fields o'erspread,  
 Hope, wealth, and joy are by her led,  
     An all-enliv'ning train.  
 Along yon dale, or daisied mead,  
 Soon as young morn uplifts her head,  
 The hind yokes in the willing steed,  
     Blythe whistling o'er the lawn.

The stately grove and thick'ning wood,  
 That winter's furious blasts withstood,  
 Unfold the verdant leafy brood,  
     High waving in the air;  
 While o'er the mountain's grassy steep,  
 Are heard the tender bleating sheep,  
 Around the wanton lambkins leap,  
     At once their joy and care.

Amid the bow'r, with woodbines wove,  
 Throughout the flower-enamell'd grove,  
 The humming bees unwearied rove,  
     Gay blooming sweets among;  
 The chearful birds, of varied hue,  
 Their sweet meand'ring notes pursue;  
 High soars the lark, and lost to view,  
     Pours forth his grateful song.

The wand'ring brook—the glitt'ring rill,  
 The Cuckoo's note heard from the hill,  
 The warb'ling thrush and black-bird shrill,  
     Inspire with rapt'rous glee:  
 Then join the choir, each nymph and swain,  
 Thro' ev'ry grove, and flow'ry plain,  
 Till hills resound the joyful strain,  
     Harmonious to each tree. \*



### DARK LOURS THE NIGHT.

DARK lours the night o'er the wide stormy main,  
 Till mild rosy morning rise cheerful again:  
 Alas! morn returns to revisit the shore,  
 But Connel returns to his Flora no more.

\* This song is from the pen of Mr. WILSON, whose poetic talents and history our readers have been made in some degree acquainted with in the Scottish department of this work; and we are happy to correct a mistake we had fallen into in Volume page 317, in stating Mr. NELSON as the printer of a poetic satire, which he has been kind enough to inform us is not the case. We would be sorry to be the propagators of calumny of any kind, much more of unfounded statements, and therefore gladly make all the reparation in our power by this acknowledgment.

er see on yon mountain, the dark cloud of death  
 er Connel's lone cottage lies low on the heath,  
 hile bloody and pale, on a far distant shore,  
 e lies to return to his Flora no more.

e light fleeting spirits that glide o'er yon steep,  
 would ye but waft me across the wild deep!  
 here fearless I'd mix in the battle's loud roar—  
 d die with my Connel, and leave him no more.



#### MY YOUNG AND BLOOMING BRIDE.

'Twas on the Wolga rolling dark,  
 With strong and heavy tide,  
 Young Loskoff launch'd his little bark  
 To leave his blooming bride.  
 Go not, my love, to-day from home,  
 'Tis Mosca that implores;  
 See how the angry waters foam,  
 Hark, how the tempest roars.  
 I heed not winds, or waves, said he,  
 Nor fear the swelling tide!  
 At night I will return to thee,  
 My young and blooming bride.

Night came, and Mosca still was seen  
 Upon the beaten shore:  
 The storm is past, the sky serene,  
 But he returns no more.  
 The moon-beam on the waters play'd,  
 Reflected by her tear;  
 The night-bird scream'd as on she stray'd,  
 Her bosom throbb'd with fear!  
 At length his form upon the wave  
 Her straining eye descri'd;  
*She sunk, and clasp'd him in the grave,*  
*A young and blooming bride!*

## THE LAST SHILLING.

As pensive one night in my garret I sat,  
 My last shilling produc'd on the table,  
 That advent'rer, cried I, might a hist'ry relate,  
 If to think and to speak it were able;  
 Whether fancy or magic 'twas play'd me the fraud,  
 The face seem'd with life to be filling,  
 And cried, instantly speaking, or seeming to speak,  
 Pay attention to me thy last shilling.

I was once the last coin of the law, a sad limb,  
 Who in cheating was ne'er known to falter;  
 'Till at length brought to justice, the law cheated him,  
 And he paid me to buy him a halter;  
 A Jack tar, all his rhino but me at an end,  
 With a pleasure so hearty and willing,  
 Though hungry himself, to a poor distress'd friend,  
 Wish'd it hundreds, and gave his last shilling.

'Twas the wife of his messmate, whose glist'ning eye  
 With pleasure ran o'er, as she view'd me;  
 She chang'd me for bread, as her child she heard cry,  
 And at parting, with tears she bedew'd me:  
 But I've other scenes known, riot leading the way,  
 Pale want their poor families chilling;  
 Where rakes in their ravels, the piper to pay,  
 Have spurn'd me, their best friend and last shilling.

Thou thyself hast been thoughtless, for profligates be  
 But to-morrow all care shalt thou bury;  
 When my little hist'ry, thou offerest for sale:  
 In the interim, spend me and be merry!  
 Never, never, cried I, thou'rt my mentor, my muse  
 And grateful, thy dictates fulfilling,  
 I'll hoard thee in my heart. Thus men counsel refrain  
*Till the lecture comes from the last shilling.*

## THE DESERTED MAID.

MY heaves that soft bosom, my maiden so fair?  
 Why starts thus the tear in thine eye?  
 Ere thy soul is not canker'd, or worn out with care,  
 That you vent yourself thus with a sigh.  
 O! grey beard, thou'rt old, the fair maiden replied,  
 And forget'st in the days that are gone,  
 How to frail ones like me you have ogled and sighed,  
 And left them to grieve when alone.

Long'd for a lover—a lover there came,  
 He vow'd, and I lov'd in return;  
 A year soon flew over—he still was the same,  
 And still my love stronger did burn.  
 O rash judging woman! how soon are thy joys,  
 How soon are thy hopes from thee torn!  
 'Twas but yesterday's sun that had made me rejoice,  
 And now he has left me to mourn.



## THE LAST WORDS OF MARMION.

## RECITATIVE.

THE war, that for a space did fail,  
 Now, trebly thund'ring, swell'd the gale,  
 And Stanley! was the cry.

## AIR.

A light on Marmion's visage spread,  
 And fir'd his glaring eye;  
 With dying hand above his head,  
 He shook the fragment of his blade,  
 And shouted victory!

*"Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley, on!"  
 Were the last words of Marmion.*

## TALK NOT OF LOVE.

TALK not of love, it gives me pain,  
 For love has been my foe;  
 He bound me with an iron chain,  
 And plung'd me deep in woe.

But friendship's pure and lasting joys,  
 My heart was form'd to prove;  
 There, welcome win and wear the prize,  
 But never talk of love.

Your friendship much can make me blest,  
 Oh, why that bless destroy!  
 Why urge the only one request  
 You know I will deny!

Your thought, if love must harbour there,  
 Conceal it in that thought;  
 Nor cause me from my bosom tear  
 The very friend I sought. \*

\* We owe this piece to BURNS's mysterious correspondent, much admired CLARINDA. It is a noble production, and certainly justifies the unceasing compliment he pays her in his letters, her refined taste and great mental endowments. The work certainly much indebted to this amiable woman for those elements which, besides exhibiting many points of our Bard's character, much to his praise, indisputably prove his merits as prose writer to be of the highest kind. This is not the only time his fair friend had engaged the muses to their correspondence as the reader will see by the following extract from No. V of his letters to that lady:—"Your last verses to me have delighted me, that I have got an excellent old Scots air, suits the measure, and you shall see them in print in the *St Musical Museum*. The latter half of the first stanza would have been worthy of Sappho; I am in raptures with it.—The air *The Banks of Spey*, and is most beautiful."

**AH SURE A PAIR WERE NEVER SEEN.**

*TUNE—"Highland Laddie."*

**AH** sure a pair were never seen!  
 So elegantly form'd by nature;  
**The** youth excelling so in mien,  
 The maid in ev'ry graceful feature.  
**O** how happy are such lovers,  
 When kindred beauties each discovers;  
**For** surely she was made for thee,  
 And thou to bless this charming creature.

**So** mild your looks, your children thence,  
 Will early learn the task of duty,  
**The** boys with all their father's sense,  
 The girls with all their mother's beauty.  
**O** how charming to inherit,  
 At once such graces and such spirit!  
**Thus** while you live may fortune give,  
 Each blessing equal to your merit.



**THE HEART THAT CAN FEEL FOR ANOTHER.**

**Jack** Stedfast and I were both messmates at sea,  
 And plough'd half the world o'er together,  
 And many hot battles encounter'd have we,  
 Strange climates, and all kinds of weather.  
 But seamen you know, are inur'd to hard gales,  
 Determin'd to stand by each other;  
 And the boast of a tar, wheresoever he sails,  
 Is the heart that can feel for another.

**When** often suspended 'twixt water and sky,  
 And death yawn'd on all sides around us,  
**Jack** Stedfast and I scorn'd to murmur or sigh,  
 For danger could never confound us.

Smooth seas and rough billows, to us were the same,  
 Convinc'd we must brave each and t'other;  
 And like jolly sailors, in life's chequer'd game,  
 Give the heart that can feel for another.

Thus smiling at peril, at sea or on shore,  
 We box the old compass right cheerly;  
 Toss the cann, boys, about—and a word or two more,  
 Yes, drank to the girls we lov'd dearly.  
 For sailors, pray mind me, tho' strange kind of fish,  
 Love the girls just as dear as their mother;  
 And what's more, they love, what I hope you all wish,  
 'Tis the heart that can feel for another.



#### ROSES WILL FADE.

OH! roses are sweet on the beds where they grow,  
 Fresh spangled with dews of the morn;  
 On nature's kind bosom in safety they glow,  
 Protected by many a thorn.  
 There awhile in full richness exists the sweet flower,  
 Till its fast falling leaves drop around;  
 Then soon of the charms of the pride of the bower,  
 There's nought but the thorns can be found.  
 Ah! roses are sweet, but sweet roses will fade!

So fares it with beauty in life's early prime,  
 When arm'd with stern rigour the breast;  
 It blooms in cold pride, fresh and sweet for a time,  
 Then sinks into age still unblest;  
 Beware then, ye Maids, with too cautious an art,  
 How you guard your soft breast from Love's woes,  
 Lest apathy, spreading like thorns round your heart,  
 You at last drop alone like the rose:  
 For roses are sweet, but sweet roses will fade!

ANNA'S URN.

ENCOMPASS'D in an angel's frame,  
 An angel's virtues lay :  
 Too soon did heav'n assert its claim,  
 And call'd its own away.  
 My Anna's worth, my Anna's charms,  
 Can never more return !  
 What then shall fill these widow'd arms?  
 Ah me! my Anna's urn!

Can I forget that bliss refin'd,  
 Which, bless'd with her, I knew?  
 Our hearts in sacred bonds entwin'd,  
 Were bound by love too true.  
 That rural train, which once were us'd  
 In festive dance to turn,  
 So pleas'd, when Anna they amus'd,  
 Now weeping deck her urn.

The soul escaping from its chain,  
 She clasp'd me to her breast,  
 "To part with thee is all my pain!"  
 She cried, then sunk to rest!  
 While mem'ry shall her seat retain,  
 From beauteous Anna torn,  
 My heart shall breathe its ceaseless strain  
 Of sorrow o'er her urn.

There, with the earliest dawn, a dove  
 Laments her murder'd mate :  
 There Philomela, lost to love,  
 Tells the pale moon her fate.  
 With yew and ivy round me spread,  
 My Anna there I'll mourn ;  
 For all my soul, now she is dead,  
 Concentres in her urn.

## DRINK TO ME ONLY.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,  
 And I will pledge with mine;  
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,  
 And I'll not look for wine.  
 The thirst that in my soul doth rise,  
 Doth ask a drink divine;  
 But might I of Jove's nectar sip,  
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
 Not so much hon'ring thee,  
 As giving it a hope, that there  
 It would not wither'd be.  
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
 And sent it back to me;  
 Since when, it grows and smells, I swear,  
 Not of itself, but thee.



## WE BRETHREN FREE MASONS.

WE brethren Free-Masons, let's mark the great n  
 Most ancient and loyal, recorded by fame,  
 In unity met, let us merrily sing,  
 The life of a mason's like that of a King.

No discord, no envy, amongst us shall be,  
 No confusion of tongues, but let us agree;  
 Not like building of Babel, confound one another  
 But fill up your glasses, and drink to each brothe

A tower they wanted to lead them to bliss;  
 I hope there's no brother but knows what it is;  
 Three principal steps in our ladder there be,  
 A myst'ry to all but those that are free.

t the strength of our reason keep the square of our  
 heart,  
 d virtue adorn ev'ry man in his part;  
 e name of a Cowan we'll not ridicule,  
 t pity his folly, and count him a fool.  
 t's lead a good life, whilst power we have,  
 id when that our bodies are laid in the grave,  
 e hope with good conscience to heav'n to climb,  
 id give Peter the pass-word, the token, and sign.  
 int Peter he opens, and so we pass in,  
 a place that's prepar'd for all those free from sin;  
 that heav'nly lodge which is til'd most secure,  
 place that's prepar'd for all masons that's pure.



THE NEGRO BOY.

WHEN avarice enslaves the mind,  
 And selfish views alone bear sway,  
 Man turns a savage to his kind,  
 And blood and rapine mark his way.  
 Alas! for this poor simple toy,  
 I sold a blooming Negro Boy.  
 His father's hope, his mother's pride,  
 Though black yet comely to the view,  
 I tore him helpless from their side,  
 And gave him to a ruffian crew.  
 To fiends, that Afric's coast annoy,  
 I sold the blooming Negro Boy.  
 From country, friends, and parents torn,  
 His tender limbs in chains confin'd,  
 I saw him o'er the billows borne,  
 And mark'd his agony of mind.  
 But still to gain this simple toy,  
 I gave away the Negro Boy.

In isles that deck the western wave,  
 I doom'd the hapless youth to dwell,  
 A poor, forlorn, insulted slave,  
 A beast that Christians buy and sell;  
 And in their cruel tasks employ,  
 The much-enduring Negro Boy.

His wretched parents long shall mourn,  
 Shall long explore the distant main,  
 In hopes to see the youth return,  
 But all their hopes and sighs are vain :  
 They never shall the sight enjoy  
 Of their lamented Negro Boy.

Beneath a tyrant's harsh command  
 He wears away his youthful prime,  
 Far distant from his native land,  
 A stranger in a foreign clime,  
 No pleasing thoughts his mind employ,  
 A poor dejected Negro Boy.

But He who walks upon the wind,  
 Whose voice in thunder's heard on high,  
 Who doth the raging tempest bind,  
 Or wing the lightning through the sky;  
 In his own time will sure destroy  
 The oppressors of a Negro Boy. \*

\* This beautiful song was composed on occasion of an African Prince, who lately arrived in England, having been asked what he had given for his watch? to which he replied, What I will never give again—I gave a fine Negro Boy for it.

If an untutored Indian is susceptible of such poignant feelings of remorse for the share he has taken in this horrid traffic, what must his reflections be, who, contrary to the express dictates of morality, and the religion to which he has been brought up, violates all they hold sacred, in being more than a participator in it? *How* ever he become alive to those strong natural ties he has

## FLY NOT YET.

FLY not yet, 'tis just the hour,  
 When pleasure, like the midnight flower,  
 That scorns the eye of vulgar light,  
 Begins to bloom for sons of night,  
 And maids who love the moon.

'Twas just to bless these hours of shade,  
 That beauty and the moon were made;  
 'Tis then the soft attractions glowing,  
 Set the tides and goblets flowing.

Oh stay! Oh stay!

Joy so seldom weaves a chain  
 Like this to-night, that oh! 'tis pain  
 To break its link so soon.

Fly not yet, the fount that played  
 In days of old, through Ammon's shade,  
 Though icy cold by day it ran,  
 Yet, like the sons of mirth, began

To burn when night was near,  
 And so should woman's heart and looks  
 By day be cold as winter brooks,  
 Nor kindle, till the night returning,  
 Bring the genial hour for burning,

Oh stay! Oh stay!

When did morning ever break  
 And find such beaming eyes awake  
 As those which sparkle here.

so brutally ruptured, if ever he conceive the pangs he has  
 loaned to the parent bereft of the hope of his age, or th  
 al-damp he has thrown over the ardour of youthful conn  
 Howed only to survive in bleeding, tenacious memory—/  
 ial advantages he may have secured to himself, will  
 in only the copious sources of wretchedness, by constan  
 r at the circumstances under which they have been'

## THE WISH.

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen  
 And the meadows their beauty have lost;  
 When nature's disrob'd of her mantle of green,  
 And the streams are fast bound with the frost;  
 While the peasant, inactive, stands shiv'ring with cold  
 As bleak the winds northerly blow;  
 When the innocent flock runs for ease to the fold  
 With their fleeces all cover'd with snow:

In the yard while the cattle are fodder'd with straw  
 And send forth their breath like a stream;  
 And the neat-looking dairy-maid sees she must die  
 Fleaks of ice that she finds in her cream:  
 When the sweet country maiden, as fresh as the rose,  
 As she carelessly trips, often slides,  
 And the rustics loud laugh, if by falling she shows  
 All the charms which her modesty hides:

When the birds to the barn-door hover for food,  
 As with silence they rest on the spray,  
 And the poor tired hare in vain seeks the wood,  
 Lest her footsteps her course should betray:  
 When the lads and the lasses, in company join'd,  
 In a crowd round the embers are met,  
 Talk of fairies and witches that ride on the wind,  
 And of ghosts, till they're all in a sweat:

Heav'n grant in this season it may be my lot,  
 With the nymph whom I love and admire,  
 Whilst the icicles hang from the eaves of my cot,  
 I may thither in safety retire;  
 Where in neatness and quiet, and free from surprise  
 We may live, and no hardships endure,  
 Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,  
 But such as each other may cure.

THE MANSION OF PEACE.

RECITATIVE.

Soft zephyr, on thy balmy wing,  
Thy gentlest breezes hither bring;  
Her slumbers guard, some hand divine,  
Ah ! watch her with a care like mine.

AIR.

A rose from her bosom had stray'd,  
I'll seek to replace it with art;  
But no—'twill her slumbers invade,  
I'll wear it (fond youth) next my heart.

Alas ! silly rose, had'st thou known  
'Twas Daphne that gave thee thy place,  
Thou ne'er from thy station hadst flown—  
Her bosom's the mansion of peace.



WHILE THE LADS IN THE VILLAGE.

While the lads in the village shall merrily ah,  
Sound the tabor, I'll hand thee along,  
And I say unto thee, that merrily ah,  
Thou and I will be first in the throng.  
Just then, when the youth who last year won the do'  
And his mate, shall the sports have begun;  
When the gay voice of gladness resounds from each t  
And thou long'st in thy heart to make one.

While the lads, &c.

Those joys that are harmless, what mortal can bla  
'Tis my maxim, that youth should be free ;  
And to prove that my words and my deeds are the  
Believe thou shalt presently see.

While the lads, &c.

## THOUGH I AM NOW A VERY LITTLE LAD.

TUNE—"The White Cockade."

THOUGH I am now a very little lad,  
 If fighting men cannot be had,  
 For want of a better I may do  
 To follow the boys with a rat-tat-too.  
 I may seem tender, yet I'm tough,  
 And though not much of me, I'm right good at  
 Of this I'll boast, say more who can,  
 I never was afraid to face my man.  
     I'm a chicka-biddy—see  
     Take me now, now, now,  
     A merry little he  
     For your row, dow, dow,  
 Brown Bess I'll knock about, oh, there's my joy!  
 With my knapsack at my back like a roving boy.

In my tartan plaid a young soldier view,  
 My philabeg, and dirk, and bonnet blue,  
 Give the word and I'll march where you command  
 Noble serjeant with a shilling then strike my hand  
 My captain when he takes his glass,  
 May like to toy with a pretty lass,  
 For such a one I've a roguish eye,  
 He'll never want a girl when I am by.  
     I'm a chicka-biddy, &c.

Though a barber has never yet mowed my chin,  
 With my great broad sword I long to begin,  
 Cut, slash, ram, dam, oh, glorious fun,  
 For a gun pip pop change my little pop gun.  
 The foes should fly like geese in flocks,  
 Even Turks I'd drive like Turkey-cocks;  
 Wherever quartered I shall be,  
 Oh! zounds! how I'll kiss my landlady.  
     I'm a chicka-biddy, &c.

## AH THE SHEPHERD'S MOURNFUL FATE.

IN the shepherd's mournful fate,  
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,  
To bear the scornful fair one's hate,  
Nor dare disclose his anguish!  
Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,  
My secret soul discover;  
While rapture trembling through mine eyes,  
Reveals how much I love her.  
The tender glance, the reddening cheek,  
O'erspread with rising blushes,  
A thousand various ways they speak  
A thousand various wishes.

For, oh! that form so heavenly fair,  
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,  
That artless blush, and modest air,  
So fatally beguiling.  
Thy every look, and every grace,  
So charm whene'er I view thee;  
Till death o'ertake me in the chase,  
Still will my hopes pursue thee.  
Then when my tedious hours are past,  
Be this last blessing given,  
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,  
And die in sight of Heaven.

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PEACE OF MIND ADIEU.

LOUD the trump of war was blowing,
Glory call'd me to the fray;
When my love, with tears o'erflowing
Cried, awhile delay:

Gentle youth, thy steed detaining,
 Stay, and hear my fond complaining,
 See how tears my cheeks are staining,
 Gentle youth, ah stay !

Break not thus your hands with wringing,
 Sweetest maid repress that tear;
 Soon from the battle laurels bringing,
 Shalt thou see me here:
 Laurels bought with blood alarm me,
 Glory cannot tempt nor charm me,
 Ah ! there's nought on earth can harm me,
 Art thou safe my dear ?

Vain were prayers, vain were sorrow,
 Swiftly from her sight I flew,
 Crying, If I live to-morrow,
 I'll return to you.
 Since that hour which saw us sever,
 Ne'er have I beheld her, never,
 At that hour I bade for ever,
 Peace of mind adieu !



PRAY GOODY.

PRAY, Goody, please to moderate the rancour of your
 tongue,
 Why flash those marks of fury from your eyes,
 Remember when the judgment's weak the prejudice
 is strong,
 A stranger why will you despise?
 Ply me, try me,
 Prove e'er you deny me,
 If you cast me off, you'll blast me,
 Never more to rise.
 Pray, Goody, please, &c.

THE ROOF OF STRAW.

As whistling o'er the fallow land,
 When rosy day declines,
 I view the cot where, hand in hand,
 Content and mirth entwines.
 The great may boast of wealth secure,
 While thousands stand in awe;
 But happier is the peasant poor
 Beneath his roof of straw.

When toil of day is nearly o'er,
 I to my cottage steer;
 And, thanks to Heav'n, I have in store
 A jug of good brown beer.
 This lesson still in charity,
 I never will withdraw;
 For rich and poor shall welcome be
 Beneath my roof of straw.

No sculptur'd stones adorn my hall,
 Nor carpets grace my floor;
 The ivy shades my clay-built wall,
 And decorates my door:
 And yet contentment still is found,
 The all-prevailing law,
 Where honeysuckles blow around
 My lowly roof of straw.



THE SWEET SOCIAL HOUR.

TUNE—" *Ere around the huge oak.*"

3 fav'rites of fortune their treasure may boast,
 And may tempt us to bow at their shrine;
 3 gay thoughtless lover his mistress will toast,
 And, transported, believe her divine.

Diana, she points to the joys of the field,
And offers a scene of delight;
But all (say the vot'ries of Bacchus) must yield,
When the charms of the bottle invite.

Yet pleasures, when varied, appear like a dream,
Though her traits are so often espied;—
But sons of true mirth, ye may drink of the stream,
If fair virtue—if reason preside.

How few are the minds in this mortal estate,
Who are blest with content's happy score!
Good friends too I've known, when was humble their
fate,
But, exalted, they knew me no more.

The beauty of women I feel with a glow,
And of love I have tasted the pow'r;
Yet, amid the enjoyments I wish for below,
Gods, give me the sweet social hour!



POOR LITTLE JANE.

THE wind it blows cold, I'm wet with the rain,
Bestow a small trifle on poor little Jane,
Dejected I wander throughout this gay city,
With sonnets of love, and many a ditty;
Tho' I'm singing all day, yet my heart's fit to break,
Have pity, dear ladies, for sweet mercy's sake.

No father, no mother, depriv'd of a home,
Kind friends I have none, unheeded I roam:
I sing thro' the streets as I wander along,
And tears will obtrude in the midst of my song:
Oh, buy then some ballads, my heart's fit to break,
Have pity, dear ladies, for sweet mercy's sake.

With hunger I'm fainting and ready to die,
My tears are unfeign'd, and this heart-rending sigh.
No true's my sad tale, it's not form'd to deceive,
N^o give a small pittance, an orphan relieve.
O more can I sing, for my heart's fit to break,
Ave pity, dear ladies, for sweet mercy's sake.

MARIA.

'Twas near a thicket's calm retreat,
Under a poplar tree,
Maria chose her wretched seat,
To mourn her sorrows free.
Her lovely form was sweet to view,
As dawn at op'ning day,
But, ah! she mourn'd her love not true,
And wept her cares away.

The brook flow'd gently at her feet,
In murmurs smooth along;
Her pipe, which once she tun'd most sweet,
Had now forgot its song.
No more to charm the vale she tries,
For grief has fill'd her breast,
Those joys which once she us'd to prize,
But love has robb'd her rest.

Poor hapless maid, who can behold
Thy sorrows so severe;
And hear thy love-lorn story told
Without a falling tear?
Maria, luckless maid, adieu,
Thy sorrows soon must cease,
For heav'n will take a maid so true
To everlasting peace.

HAL THE WOODMAN.

STAY, traveller, tarry here to-night,
The rain yet beats, the wind is loud,
The moon too has withdrawn her light,
And gone to sleep behind a cloud.
'Tis seven long miles across the moor;
And should you from our cottage stray,
You'll meet, I fear, no friendly door,
No soul to tell the ready way.

Come, dearest Kate; the meal prepare,
This stranger shall partake our best;
A cake and rasher be his fare,
With ale that makes the weary blest.
Approach the hearth; there take a place;
And, till the hour of rest draws nigh,
Of Robin Hood, and Chevy Chase,
We'll sing, then to our pallets hie.
Had I the means, I'd use you well:
'Tis little I have got to boast;
But should you of our cottage tell,
Say, Hal the Woodman was your host.



LOVE HAS EYES.

Love's blind, they say,
O never, nay;
Can words Love's grace impart?
The fancy, weak,
The tongue may speak,
But eyes alone the heart:
In one soft look what language lies!
O, yes, believe me, Love has eyes.

Love's wing'd, they cry—
 O, never, I—
 On pinions love to soar;
 Deceivers rove,
 But never love,
 Attach'd he moves no more:
 Can he have wings who never flies?
 And yes, believe me, Love has eyes.



OLD TOWLER.

BRIGHT Chanticleer proclaims the dawn,
 And spangles deck the thorn,
The lowing herds now quit the lawn,
 The lark springs from the corn;
Dogs, huntsmen, round the window throng,
 Fleet Towler leads the cry,
Arise the burden of my song,
 This day a stag must die.
 With a hey, ho, chevvy,
 Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy,
 Hark, hark, tantivy,
 This day a stag must die.

The cordial takes its merry round,
 The laugh and joke prevail,
The huntsman blows a jovial sound,
 The dogs snuff up the gale;
The upland wilds they sweep along,
 O'er fields, through brakes they fly,
The game is rous'd—too true the song,
 This day a stag must die.

With a hey, ho, &c.

Poor stag, the dogs thy haunches gore—
The tears run down thy face,
The huntsman's pleasure is no more,
His joys were in the chase.
Alike the gen'rous sportsman burns,
To win the blooming fair,
But yet he honours each by turns,
They each become his care.
With a hey, ho, &c.



BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came on board,
Oh! where shall I my true-love find?
Tell me ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among your crew

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well known voice he heard,
He sigh'd and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing
And quick as lightning on the deck he stan

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest:
The noblest captain in the British fleet,
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear!
My vows shall ever true remain:
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again:

As ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
A faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a mistress find;
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to far India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white;
Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return;
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread,
No longer must she stay on board;
They kiss'd, she sighed, he hung his head:
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land,
Adieu, she cried, and wav'd her lily hand.



THE OAK OF OUR FATHERS.

The oak of our fathers to freedom was dear,
Its leaves were his crown, and its wood was his spe

Its head tower'd high, and its branches spread
For its roots were struck deep, and its head
sound :

The bees o'er its honey-dew'd foliage play'd,
And the beasts of the forest fed under its shade
Alas ! for the oak of our fathers that stood
In its beauty, the glory, and pride of the wood

Round its bark crept the ivy, and clung to it
It struck in its mouths, and its juices it drunk
Its branches grew sickly, depriv'd of their food
Its towering head droop'd, by its poison subdu'd
No longer the bees o'er its honey-dews play'd
Nor the beasts of the forest fed under its shade
Alas ! for the oak, &c.

The oak has receiv'd its incurable wound,
Guile has loosen'd the roots, though the head
sound ;
What the travellers at distance, green flourish
Are the leaves of the ivy that ruin'd the tree
Disfigur'd the trunk, in its ruin is seen,
A monument now, what its beauty has been.
Alas ! for the oak, &c.



FAITHLESS EMMA.

I WANDERED once at break of day,
While yet upon the sunless sea,
In wanton sighs the breeze delay'd,
And o'er the wavy surface play'd :
Then first the fairest face I knew,
First lov'd the eye of softest blue,
And ventur'd, fearful, first to sip
The sweets that hung upon the lip
Of faithless Emma.



So mix'd the rose and lily's white,
 That nature seem'd uncertain quite,
 To deck her cheek, what flower she'd choose,
 The lily, or the blushing rose.
 I wish I ne'er had seen her eye,
 Ne'er seen her cheek of doubtful dye,
 And never, never dar'd to sip,
 The sweets that hung upon the lip
 Of faithless Emma.

For though from rosy dawn of day,
 I rove along, and anxious stray,
 Till night, with curtain dark descend,
 And day no more its gleamings lend;
 Yet still like her's no cheek I find,
 Like her's no eye, save in my mind,
 Where still I fancy that I sip,
 The sweets that hung upon the lip
 Of faithless Emma.



HOW LOVELY THE HOUR.

How lovely the hour, when the sun, smooth declining,
 Retires to give place to the shadows of night;
 When each dew-drop that falls round the flow'rets are
 twining
 Sweet scents that arise with mild Luna's pale light.
 Oh! then comes my rapture, and then comes my glory,
 I fly from the world, but I fly not in vain;
 Dearer than Helen,* so blooming in story,
 Yes, Heavens, I view her! my Margaret again.

* Fair Helen of Kirkconnell Lea.

As the blush on the face ev'ry feature enlightens,
 So she from my bosom removes ev'ry care,
 The scene, else o'erclouded, before my eyes brightens
 And evening but shows me her beauties more fair,
 The time wing'd with pleasure seem'd short, when the
 morning
 Reveal'd her light form, gliding home by the rill;
 While the sun in its orbit all nature's adorning,
 True love for thee, Margaret, my bosom shall fill.'



CONTENT.

My days they roll pleasant and fair,
 My nights from uneasiness free;
 My mind's not distracted by care,
 No charms has ambition for me.
 With joy I salute the bright sun,
 When he shines in the eastern sky;
 Nor grieve when his race he has run;—
 Then who so contented as I?

My love she is gentle and kind,
 And vows she'll for ever prove true;
 An angel in person and mind—
 In truth she is rivall'd by few.

* This song is by the young poet whose first communication the reader of our work will find at page 338 of Vol. I. We are happy to think that he has, in some degree, realized the hope we there indulged of his powers. The present little effusion possesses considerable merit: there is a warmth of imagination, in some respects, an originality of thought, which pleases us, though, at the same time, we remark some youthful inaccuracies which we hope his after productions will be exempt from.

While innocence smiles in my home,
And love gives a charm to each joy,
From my humble roof'd cot I'll ne'er roam;
Then who so contented as I?



REMEMBER ME.

REMEMBER me, when far away
I journey through the world's wide waste;
Remember me at early day,
Or when the ev'ning shadows haste.
When high the pensive moon appears,
And night, with all her starry train,
Gives rest to human hopes and fears,
Remember I alone complain.

Remember me whene'er you sigh,
Be it at midnight's silent hour;
Remember me, and think that I
Return thy sigh, and feel its pow'r.
Whene'er you think on those away,
Or when you bend the pious knee,
Or when your thoughts to pleasure stray,
O then, dear maid, remember me.



RULE BRITANNIA.

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
Arose from, &c.
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung the strain:
Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
Must in, &c.
Whilst thou shalt flourish—ahalt flourish great and
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
More dreadful, &c.
As the loud blast—loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
All their attempts to bend thee down,
All their attempts, &c.
Will but arouse—arouse thy generous flame,
And work their woe, and thy renown.
Rule Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine,
Thy cities, &c.
All shall be—shall be subject to the main,
And every shore it circles thine.
Rule Britannia, &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair,
Shall to, &c.
Blest isle, with beauty—with matchless beauty crown'd
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule Britannia, &c.

THE
CKET ENCYCLOPEDIA,

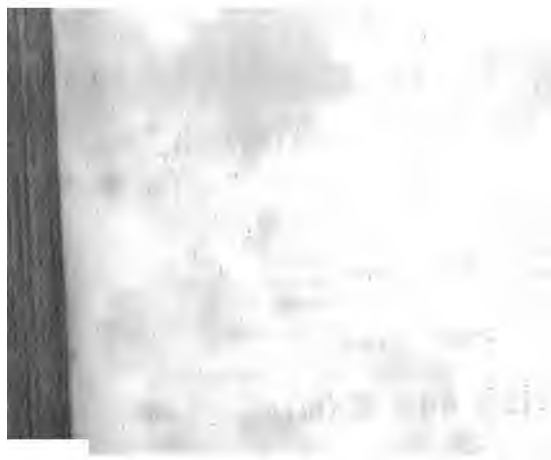
&c.



PART THIRD.

**Irish and Comic
SONGS.**





THE
POCKET ENCYCLOPEDIA,

&c.

~~~~~  
Irish and Comic Songs.  
~~~~~

ONE BOTTLE MORE.

For me, ye lads who have hearts void of guile,
Singing in the praises of old Ireland's isle,
Where true hospitality opens the door,
Friendship detains us for one bottle more;
Bottle more, arrah, one bottle more,
Friendship detains us for one bottle more.

England, your taunts on our country forbear;
Our bulls and our brogues we are true and sincere;
If but one bottle remains in our store,
We have generous hearts to give that bottle more.

Handy's, in Church-street, I'll sing of a set
Of Irish blades who together had met;
Bottles a-piece made us call for our score,
Nothing remained but one bottle more.

Bill being paid, we were loth to depart,
Friendship had grappled each man by the heart,
The least touch, you know, makes an Irishman
Roar,
The whack from shillelah brought six bottles more.

Slow Phæbus had shone through our window so br.
 Quite happy to view his blest children of light;
 So we parted with hearts neither sorry nor sore,
 Resolving next night to drink twelve bottles more



OH! WHEN I BREATH'D A LAST ADIEU.

TUNE—" *Within this village dwells a maid.*"

OH! when I breath'd a last adieu
 To Erin's vales and mountains blue,
 Where nurs'd by hope my moments flew,
 In life's unclouded spring;
 Though on the breezy deck reclin'd,
 I listen'd to the rising wind,
 What fetters could restrain the mind
 That rov'd on Fancy's wing?

She bore me to the woodbine bow'r,
 Where oft I pass'd the twilight hour,
 Where first I felt love's thrilling pow'r,
 From Kathleen's beaming eye:
 Again I watch'd her flushing breast;
 Her honey'd lip again was prest;
 Again, by sweet confessions blest,
 I drank each melting sigh.

Dost thou, Kathleen, my loss deplore,
 And lone on Erin's emerald shore,
 In memory trace the love I bore,
 On all our transports dwell?
 Can I forget the fatal day
 That call'd me from thy arms away,
 When nought was left me but to say
 " Farewell, my love—farewell!"

KITTY OF COLERAINE.

Beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping,
 With a pitcher of milk, from the fair of Coleraine,
 When she saw me she stumbl'd, the pitcher it tumbl'd,
 And all the sweet butter-milk water'd the plain.

What shall I do now, 'twas looking at you now,
 Sure, sure such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again,
 Was the pride of my dairy, O Blarney M'Cleary,
 Your sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine.

At down beside her, and gently did chide her,
 That such a misfortune should give her such pain,
 A kiss then I gave her, and before I did leave her,
 She vow'd for such pleasure she'd break it again.
 Was hay-making season, I can't tell the reason,
 Misfortunes will never come single 'tis plain,
 Very soon after poor Kitty's disaster,
 The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.



CUSHLAMACHREE.

As Erin, how sweetly thy green bosom rises,
 An emerald set in the ring of the sea;
 Each blade of thy meadows my faithful heart prizes,
 Thou queen of the west, the world's Cushlamachree.
 Thy gates open wide to the poor and the stranger;
 Where smiles hospitality, hearty and free;
 Where friendship is seen in the moment of danger,
 And the wand'rer is welcom'd with Cushlamachree.

Where sons they are brave, but the battle once over,
 In brotherly peace with their foes they agree;
 And the rosy cheeks of thy daughters discover
 The soul-speaking blush, that says Cushlamachree.

Then flourish for ever, my dear native Erin,
 While sadly I wander, an exile from thee!
 And firm as thy mountains, no injury fearing,
 May Heaven defend its own Cushlamachree.



THE IRISH SMUGGLERS.

From Brighton two Paddies walk'd under the cliff,
 For pebbles and shells to explore,
 When, lo! a small barrel was dropp'd from a ship,
 Which floated, at length, to the shore.
 Says Dermot to Pat, we the owner will bilk—
 To-night we'll be merry and frisky;
 I know it as well as my own mother's milk,
 Dear joy, 'tis a barrel of whisky.

Says Pat, I'll soon broach it, O fortunate lot!
 (Now Pat you must know, was no joker;)
 I'll go to Tom Murphy, who lives in the cot,
 And borrow his kitchen hot poker.
 'Twas said, and 'twas done—the barrel was bor'd,
 (No Bacchanals ever felt prouder,)
 When Paddy found out a small error on board—
 The whisky, alas! was gunpowder.

With sudden explosion, he flew o'er the ocean,
 And high in air, sported a leg;
 Yet instinct prevails when philosophy fails,
 So he kept a tight hold of the keg.
 But Dermot bawl'd out, with a terrible shout,
 I'm not to be chous'd, Mr. Wiseman,
 If you do not come down, I'll run into the town,
 And, by St. Patrick, I'll tell the exciseman.

THO' LEIXLIP IS PROUD.

TUNE—"Humours of Glen."

'Ho' Leixlip is proud of its close shady bowers,
 Its clear falling waters, its murm'ring cascades,
 Its groves of fine myrtle, its beds of sweet flowers,
 Its lads so well drest, and its neat pretty maids.
 As each his own village will still make the most of,
 In praise of dear Carton I hope I'm not wrong;
 Dear Carton, containing what kingdoms may boast of,
 'Tis Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my song.
 Be gentlemen fine, with their spurs and nice boots on,
 Their horses to start on the Curragh of Kildare,
 Or dance at a ball with their Sunday new suits on,
 Lac'd waistcoat, white gloves, and their nice powder'd
 hair:
 For Pat, while so blest in his mean humble station,
 For gold or for acres he never shall long;
 One sweet smile can give him the wealth of a nation,
 From Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my song.



LANGOLEE.

WHEN I took my departure from Dublin's sweet town,
 And for England's own self thro' the seas I did plough,
 For seven long days I was tost up and down,
 Like a quid of chew'd hay in the throat of a cow;
 When afraid off the deck in the ocean to slip, Sir,
 I clung like a cat, a fast hold for to keep, Sir,
 Round about the big post that grows out of the ship, Sir,
 Och! I never thought more to sing Langolee.

Thus standing stock still all the while I was moving,
 Till Ireland's sweet coast I saw clean out of sight;
 Myself, the next day—a true Irishman proving,
 When leaving the ship on the shore for to light;

As the board they put out was too narrow for quarters,
 The first step I took I was in such a totter,
 That I jump'd upon land, to my neck up in water;
 Faith, that was not the time to sing Langolee.

But sure cold and hunger I never yet knew more,
 For my stomach and bowels did grumble and growl,
 So I thought the best way to get each in good humour
 Was to take out the wrinkles of both by my soul;
 Then I went to a house where roast meat they provide
 Sir,
 With a whirligig, which up the chimney I spy'd, Sir;
 Which grinds all their smoke into powder, beside, Sir;
 'Tis as true as I'm now singing Langolee.

Next I went to the landlord of all the stage coaches,
 That set sail for London each night in the week,
 To whom I obnoxiously made my approaches,
 As a birth aboard one I was come for to seek;
 But as for the inside, I'd no cash in my casket;
 So, says I, with your leave, may I make bold to ask it,
 When the coach is gone off, pray what time goes the
 basket?

For there I can ride and sing Langolee.

Then screwing his mouth up, The basket, says he, Sir,
 Goes after the coach a full hour or two;
 Very well, Sir, says I, that's the thing just for me, Sir;
 But the devil a word that he could me was true;
 For though one went before, and the other behind, Sir;
 They set off, cheek-by-jowl, at the very same time, Sir;
 So that same day at night we set out by moonshine, Sir,
 All alone, by myself, singing Langolee.

O, long life to the moon for a brave noble creature,
 That sarves us with lamp-light each night in the dark
 While the sun only shines in the day, which, by nature
 Wants no light at all, as you all may remark:

But as for the moon—by my shoul, I'll be bound, Sir,
 It would save the whole nation a great many pounds, Sir,
 To subscribe for to light her up all the year round, Sir,
 Or I'll never sing more about Langoolee.

~~~~~

JUDY O'FLANNIKIN.

TUNE—" *Humours of Limerick.*"

Oh, whack! Cupid's a mannikin,  
 Smack on my back he hit me a polter;  
 Good lack! Judy O'Flannikin!  
 Dearly she loves neat Looney Mactwolter.  
 Judy's my darling, my kisses she suffers;  
 She's an heiress, that's clear,  
 For her father sells beer;  
 He keeps the sign of the cow and the snuffers  
 She's so smart,  
 From my heart  
 I cannot bolt her.  
 Oh, whack! Judy O'Flannikin!  
 She is the girl for Looney Mactwolter.

Oh hone! good news I need a bit;  
 We'd correspond, but learning would choke her;  
 Mavronne! I cannot read a bit;  
 Judy can't tell a pen from a proker.  
 Judy's so constant I'll never forsake her;  
 She's as true as the moon,  
 Only one afternoon  
 I caught her asleep with a hump-back'd shoemaker:  
 Oh, she's smart!  
 From my heart  
 I cannot bolt her.  
 Oh, whack! Judy O'Flannikin!  
 She is the girl for Looney Mactwolter.

## SHANNON'S FLOW'RY BANKS.

IN summer when the leaves were green,  
And blossoms deck'd each tree,  
Young Thady then declar'd his love,  
His artless love to me:  
On Shannon's flow'ry banks we sat,  
And there he told his tale:  
O Patty, softest of thy sex,  
Oh let fond love prevail.

Ah, well-a-day, you see me pine  
In sorrow and despair,  
Yet heed me not, then let me die,  
And end my grief and care.  
Ah no, dear youth, I softly said,  
Such love demands my thanks;  
And here I vow eternal truth,  
On Shannon's flow'ry banks.

And then we vow'd eternal truth,  
On Shannon's flow'ry banks,  
And then we gather'd sweetest flow'rs,  
And play'd such artless pranks:  
But woe is me the press-gang came,  
And forc'd my Ned away,  
Just when we nam'd next morning fair  
To be our wedding-day.

My love, he cry'd, they force me hence,  
But still my heart is thine,  
All peace be your's my gentle Pat,  
While war and toil is mine.  
With riches I'll return to thee,  
I sob'd out words of thanks,  
And then we vow'd eternal truth  
On Shannon's flow'ry banks.

And then we vow'd eternal truth  
 On Shannon's flow'ry banks;  
 And then I saw him sail away  
 And join the hostile ranks.  
 From morn to eve, for twelve dull months,  
 His absence sad I mourn'd;  
 The peace was made, the ship came back,  
 But Thady ne'er return'd.

His beauteous face, and manly form,  
 Has won a nobler fair,  
 My Thady's false, and I, forlorn,  
 Must die in sad despair.  
 Ye gentle maidens see me laid,  
 While you stand round in ranks,  
 And plant a willow o'er my head,  
 On Shannon's flow'ry banks.



### THE MAID IN BEDLAM.

TUNE—"Gramachree."

One morning very early, one morning in the spring,  
 I heard a maid in Bedlam who mournfully did sing;  
 Her chains she rattl'd on her hands, while sweetly thus  
 Sung she,  
 Love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Cruel were his parents, who sent my love to sea,  
 And cruel, cruel was the ship that bore my love from me;  
 But I love his parents, since they're his, although they've  
 Ruin'd me;  
 And I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

O should it please the pitying pow'rs to call me  
     the sky,  
 I'd claim a guardian angel's charge around my love  
     to fly;  
 To guard him from all dangers, how happy should I be  
 For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it wondrous fine;  
 With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine;  
 And I'll present it to my love when he returns from  
     sea;  
 For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh, if I were a little bird, to build upon his breast!  
 Or if I were a nightingale, to sing my love to rest!  
 To gaze upon his lovely eyes, all my reward shall  
     be;  
 For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh, if I were an eagle, to soar into the sky!  
 I'd gaze around with piercing eyes where I my love  
     might spy;  
 But ah, unhappy maiden! that love you ne'er shall  
     see;  
 Yet I love my love, because I know my love loves me.



### PADDY'S TRIP FROM DUBLIN.

TUNE—"The Priest in his boots."

'Twas bus'ness requir'd I'd from Dublin be straying,  
 I bargain'd the captain to sail pretty quick,  
 But just at the moment the anchor was weighing,  
 A spalpeen, he wanted to play me a trick.

ys he, Paddy, go down stairs and fetch me some beer  
now;

Says I, by my shoul you're monstratically kind;  
hen you'll sail away, and I'll look mighty queer now,  
When I come up and see myself all left behind.

With my palliluh, whilliluh, whilliluh, palliluh,  
Whack, boderation, and Langolee.

A storm met the ship, and did so dodge her,  
Says the captain, We'll sink, or be all cast away;  
Thinks I, Never mind, 'cause I'm only a lodger,  
And my life is insur'd, so the office must pay.  
But a taef who was sea-sick kick'd up such a riot,  
Tho' I lay quite sea-sick and speechless, poor elf,  
Could not help bawling, You spalpeen, be quiet;  
Do you think that there's nobody dead but yourself?

With my palliluh, &c.

Well, we got safe on shore, every son of his mother,  
There I found an old friend, Mr. Paddy Macgee;  
Och Dermot, says he, is it you or your brother?  
Says I, I've a mighty great notion it's me.  
Then I told him the bull we had made of our journey,  
But to bull-making, Irishmen always bear blame;  
Says he, My good friend, though we've bulls in Hibernia,  
They've cuckolds in England, and that's all the same.

With my palliluh, &c.

But from all sorts of cuckoldom Heaven preserve us,  
For John Bull and Paddy Bull's both man and wife,  
And every brave fellow who's kill'd in their service  
Is sure of a pension the rest of his life.  
Then who, in defence of a pair of such hearties,  
Till he'd no legs to stand on, would e'er run away?  
Then a fig for the war, and \* \* \* \* Bonaparte!  
King George and the Union shall carry the day.

With my palliluh, &c.

## KATE KEARNEY.

O DID you not hear of Kate Kearney?  
She lives on the banks of Killarney;  
From the glance of her eye,  
Shun danger and fly,  
For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney.  
For that eye is so modestly beaming,  
You'd ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming;  
Yet oh! I can tell,  
How fatal the spell  
That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

Oh, should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,  
Who lives on the banks of Killarney,  
Beware of her smile,  
For many a wile  
Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.  
Though she looks so bewitchingly simple,  
There's mischief in ev'ry dimple;  
And who dares inhale  
Her mouth's spicy gale,  
Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

## ANSWER.

Oh, yes! I have seen this Kate Kearney,  
Who lives near the lake of Killarney;  
From her love-beaming eye  
What mortal can fly,  
Unsubdued by the glance of Kate Kearney?  
For that eye, so seducingly beaming,  
Assures me of mischief she's dreaming,  
And I feel 'tis in vain  
To fly from the chain  
That binds me to lovely Kate Kearney.

re when I've met this Kate Kearney,  
 he flow'r-mantled banks of Killarney,  
 Her smile would impart  
 Thrilling joy to my heart,  
 I gaz'd on the charming Kate Kearney.  
 the banks of Killarney reclining,  
 / bosom to rapture resigning,  
 I've felt the keen smart  
 Of love's fatal dart,  
 and inhal'd the warm sigh of Kate Kearney.



#### THE EXIL'D IRISHMAN'S LAMENTATION.

TUNE—"Erin go Bragh."

n were the fields where my forefathers dwelt, oh!  
 n ma vourneen, slan laght go bragh ! \*  
 gh our farm it was small, yet comforts we felt, oh !  
 n ma vourneen, slan laght go bragh !  
 ngth came the day when our lease did expire,  
 fain would I live where before liv'd my sire ;  
 h, well-a-day ! I was forc'd to retire :  
 n ma vourneen, slan laght go bragh.

all taxes I paid, yet no vote could I pass, oh !  
 n ma vourneen, slan laght go bragh !  
 ndiz'd no great man, and I feel it alas, oh !  
 n ma vourneen, slan laght go bragh !  
 d from my home, yea, from where I was born,  
 nge the wide world, poor, helpless, forlorn,  
 t back with regret, and my heart-strings are torn  
 n ma vourneen, slan laght go bragh.

\* Ireland my darling, for ever adieu.

With principles pure, patriotic, and firm,  
 Erin ma vourneen, slan laght go bragh !  
 Attach'd to my country, a friend to reform,  
 Erin ma vourneen, slan laght go bragh !  
 I supported old Ireland, was ready to die for't;  
 If her foes e'er prevail'd, I was well known to sigh for't;  
 But my faith I preserv'd, and am now forc'd to fly for't;  
 Erin ma vourneen, slan laght go bragh !



### IRISH PROVIDENCE.

TUNE—" *Sprig of Shillelah.*"

My darling, says Pat, to his spouse on his lap,  
 At this present writing we're not worth a rap,  
 With our faces so lean, and our duds on our backs  
 Our cow and our pig, my dear Norah, are dead,  
 Not a single paratoo is left us for bread ;  
 The science of ploughing my father taught me,  
 So I'll e'en try the water, and plough the salt sea,  
 With my Jill, sing Jack, sing Bibligo whack.

Says Norah, when you're on the ocean, my life,  
 Sure Providence then will take care of your wife;  
 For no babies have we, not a Jill nor a Jack.  
 But when Pat was away, what did Providence do,  
 Made the squire build for Norah, a cabin quite new;  
 He furnish'd it gaily to dry up her tears,  
 And he peopl'd it too in the space of three years.  
 With his Jill, sing Jack, &c.

But when Paddy return'd, how it gladden'd his heart,  
 To see his dear Norah so fine and so smart;  
 With her rings in her ears, and her silks on her back  
 And who furnish'd for you this cabin, says Pat?  
 'Twas Providence, says Norah, himself that did that.

hen Providence, Pat cried, as looking aroind,  
the neatest Upholsterer ever was found.

With his Jill, sing Jack, &c.

hen Norah, dear Norah, come tell me if you please,  
Whose four little chubby-cheek'd rascals are these,

These pretty gossoons, with their looks all so black?  
They are mine, Pat, by Providence sent do you see:  
Oh! botheration, says Pat, 'bout that don't humbug me;  
'or if Providence minds to send legs to your chairs,  
sure he'll never forget to send fathers for heirs,

With his Jill, sing Jack, &c.

Oh! Norah, when I've been upon the salt sea,  
By St. Patrick, you've been a big traitress to me;

May whisky console me, for I'm on the rack.  
For if Providence peoples my cabin with brats,  
While I'm sailing over live herrings and sprats,  
Mr. Deputy Providence never will do,  
So to him, and old Nick, I kick babies and you,  
With your Jill, sing Jack, &c.



### DO, HEAR ME NOW, PAT.

Do, hear me now, Pat—I beseech you be easy,  
And cease your palaver—'twill never go down.—

Ill ne'er be so foolish, so senseless and crazy,  
As think half the merits you give me, my own.

You flatter and praise me, and call me an angel,

And swear that my beauty has set you on fire;

Though well do you know that old Judy M'Whangel,

And Phelim O'Neil, were my mother and sire.

And ne'er liv'd the man in the sweet town of Newry  
 That e'er thought the one or the other divine;  
 For Judy was homely and plain, I assure you,  
 And plainer was Phelim, good father of mine!  
 Now, don't you begin to get wild and unruly,  
 But study for once to be honest and free,  
 And tell, if you can, how it follows so duly,  
 That Judy's own daughter a goddess should be?

What! dumb?—then I find you're an arrant deceiver  
 As faithless and false as the rest of your kind.—  
 You'd flatter poor woman, betray, and then leave her  
 A prey to the horrors you plant in her mind!—  
 Begone—'tis the man who has sense and discretion  
 For faults to allow, while to merit he's just,  
 And never will flatter to gain approbation—  
 'Tis he, and he only, that woman should trust.



#### AT THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT.

At the dead of the night when with whisky inspir'd,  
 And pretty Katty Flannigan my bosom had fir'd,  
 I tapped at her window, when thus she began,  
 'Oh! what the devil are you at? begone you naughty  
 man.'

I gave her a look as sly as a thief,  
 Or when hungry I'd view a fine sirloin of beef;  
 My heart is red hot, says I, but cold is my skin,  
 So pretty Mrs. Flannigan, oh, wont you let me in?

She opened the door, I sat down by the fire,  
 And soon was reliev'd from the wet, cold, and mire,  
 I pleas'd her so mightily, that long ere it was day,  
 I pleas'd poor Katty's tender heart, and so tripp'd aw

## CORPORAL CASEY.

WHEN I was at home, I was merry and frisky,  
 My dad kept a pig and my mother sold whisky;  
 My uncle was rich, but wou'd never be aisey,  
 Till I was enlisted to Corporal Casey;  
 Oh! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey!  
 My dear little Shelah, I thought would run crazy,  
 When I trudg'd away with tough Corporal Casey.

I march'd from Kilkenny, and as I was thinking  
 Of Shelah, my heart in my bosom was sinking;  
 It soon I was forc'd to look fresh as a daisy,  
 For fear of a drubbing from Corporal Casey.  
 Oh! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey!  
 The devil go with him! I ne'er could be lazy,  
 As stuck in my skirts so, ould Corporal Casey.

I went into battle, I took the blows fairly  
 But fell on my pate, but they bother'd me rarely;  
 And who should the first be that dropt? why, an't  
 please ye,  
 I was my good friend, honest Corporal Casey!  
 Oh rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey,  
 Thinks I, you are quiet, and I shall be aisey;  
 Eight years I fought without Corporal Casey!



## THE EXILE OF ERIN.

ERIN came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,  
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill,  
 His country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing,  
 To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill;  
 The day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,  
 It rose on his own native isle of the ocean,  
 Ere once in the flow of his youthful emotion,  
 He sung the bold anthem of Erin go Bragh.

O sad is my fate ! said the heart-broken stranger,  
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,  
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,  
A home and a country remain not for me.  
Ah ! never again in the green shady bowers,  
Where my fore-fathers liv'd shall I spend the sweet hours,  
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,  
And strike the sweet numbers of Erin go Bragh.

Oh, Erin ! my country, though sad and forsaken,  
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore ;  
But, alas ! in a far foreign land I awaken,  
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.  
Ah ! cruel fate ! wilt thou never replace me  
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me,  
Ah ! never again shall my brothers embrace me,  
They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood ?  
Sisters and sire did you weep for its fall ?  
Where is the mother that look'd on my child-hood ?  
And where is the bosom friend, dearer than all ?  
Ah, my sad soul ! long abandon'd by pleasure,  
Why didst thou doat on a fast fading treasure ?  
Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure,  
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

But yet all its fond recollections suppressing,  
One dying wish my fond bosom shall draw,  
Erin, an exile, bequeaths thee his blessing,  
Land of my forefathers—Erin go Bragh !  
Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,  
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean,  
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,  
Erin mavourneen, Erin go Bragh !

## WHY WEEP THUS, DEAR NORAH.

TUNE—"Crooghan a Venee."

weep thus, dear Norah, will Patrick deceive thee?—  
 re, dead to thy merits, his heart be unblest,  
 still-flowing Shannon shall recreant leave thee,  
 for woo thy bright form to his amorous breast.

poor son of fortune! thy Patrick must bend him  
 Where the bravest fall first 'mid the havoc of war,  
 r higher boon crave, than—may Heav'n defend him,  
 And Norah alone be his home-guiding star.

t into what climate soever he wander,  
 What fairy scenes tread in, what beauty may see,  
 ough Fortune her store of allurements should squander,  
 His heart shall be changeless to Ireland and thee.

all the flow'ry brimm'd Shannon, sweet stream, cease  
 to move me,  
 With that homely clean cot where I've spent my  
 best days,  
 d Norah far dearer than all that's there lovely,  
 To crown the bright vision that fancy would raise.

I fall, dearest maid, and thy love would condole me,  
 As far from the lap of green Erin I lie;  
 t this pious thought, which I swear to, console thee,  
 Twill be Heav'n and Norah divides my last sigh.

• better I augur: beside this pure fountain,  
 To anchor my hopes on thy bosom of snow;  
 hile the broad sun of eve as he dips by yon mountain,  
 Shall oft leave us happy and find us still so. \*

This chaste and elegant piece is from the pen of the gentle-  
 who wrote *THE MAN OF THE SEA*, vide Vol. I. p. 97, of this  
*We feel a peculiar satisfaction in being the medium of*

## THE MAID OF ERIN.

TUNE—" *The maid of Lodi.*"

My thoughts delight to wander  
 Upon a distant shore,  
 Where, lovely, fair, and tender,  
 Is she whom I adore ;  
 May Heav'n its blessings sparing,  
 On her bestow them free,  
 The lovely Maid of Erin !  
 Who sweetly sung to me.

Had fortune fix'd my station,  
 In some propitious hour,  
 The monarch of a nation,  
 Endow'd with wealth and pow'r ;

communicating such pieces to the public; for, if we are not taken in our judgment, they will be found worthy of being served, and will ultimately rank with those lyrics which are destined to become the themes of a future age. In the piece immediately before us every reader of taste will, we think, recognize the hand of a genuine poet—of one in whom the polish of an informed mind, and a correct taste, are united with a heart warmly alive, as well to the finer sympathies of life, as to the more striking features of external nature, and a fancy capable of embodying all the charms of both in the most soul-touching style. The sentiments of this piece breathe a sensibility which is peculiar only to the poet of nature, while there is spread over the expressions, the allusions, and the imagery, a sort of electric charm, that proves the whole to be the offspring of a very rare muse. In short, though we know it to be a hasty and imperfect performance, we may without hesitation assert, that it would do no discredit to the first lyrical bards of our country, and that the author, if he only equal them in industry and application, would have no day or other dispute with them their title to the laurels that

**That wealth and power sharing,  
My peerless queen should be  
The lovely Maid of Erin!  
Who sweetly sung to me.**

**Altho' the restless ocean  
May long between us roar,  
Yet while my heart has motion,  
She'll lodge within its core;  
For artless and endearing,  
And mild and young is she,  
The lovely Maid of Erin!  
Who sweetly sung to me.**

**When fate gives intimation,  
That my last hour is nigh,  
With placid resignation  
I'll lay me down and die;  
Fond hope my bosom cheering,  
That I in Heav'n shall see  
The lovely Maid of Erin!  
Who sweetly sung to me.**



#### MY MUSE, LET US WAKE.

TUNE—"Moll Roone."

**Muse, let us wake Erin's harp from its slumbers—  
he shades of our fathers are flitting around—  
ieves them to think that its sweet flowing numbers  
ould cease in fair Erin's green vallies to sound.  
ir sorrow is loud in the storm of the mountain,—  
swells in the din of the blustering gale;—  
heard in the plaints of the murmuring fountain,  
nd softly repines in the breeze of the vale.**

But waken the wild notes, and pleas'd they will hear  
 When silence no longer their melody shrouds;  
 And sweetly the sounds will enliven and cheer them  
 As, list'ning, they bend from their light fleecy clouds  
 'Twill joy them to hear us tell over the story  
 That sheds an immortal renown on their name,  
 How honour's star guided, and led them to glory,  
 Till, dying, they fell on the bosom of fame.

Their sons—'twill with heartfelt devotion inspire them  
 To see the bright annals of Erin unroll'd;—  
 They'll think of her wrongs, and the thought it will  
 them,  
 To copy the deeds of their fathers of old:  
 And heroes like these, who will never surrender  
 The honour and rights of their emerald isle,  
 Will guard her in peace, and in battle defend her,  
 Till freedom again on old Erin shall smile. \*

\* *My Muse, let us wake*, is by the gentleman who favoured with the supplement to "*See the ship in the bay is riding*," p. 1 of this Vol. There is a sublimity in the poetry which we find incredible, in what he styles his first assay with the lyric muse; certainly a delicacy and originality of thought runs through it which it would be difficult for ordinary genius even to sustain in this age of imitation, when all the graceful epithets have worn to threadbareness by every croaking scribbler who, in the last stages of his lunacy, conceives himself a poet. We are certainly warranted to indulge the hope, that, when the faculties are attempting to rouse, under this auspicious opening, have awakened to that power of which they seem susceptible, the airs of Erin will be the vehicles of the warmest sensibility,—the transcendent beauty of her landscape will receive a heightened glow from the improvement of her minstrelsy,—the pathos of music will be no longer condemned to grovel amid the wretched mechanism of bull-stringers, but her hero and her bard shall equal right slumber "on the bosom of fame."

## THE SONG OF THE LAST HARPER.

TUNE—"Erin go Bragh."

are the halls where your ancestors revell'd,  
 ite is the harp that enliven'd the day;  
 s that they dwelt in are awfully levell'd,  
 ns of their greatness are sunk in dec. y.  
 the chief that strode forward to glory?  
 the bard that told valour's dread story?  
 y are gone, and the years now before ye  
 ntly illumin'd by Fame's setting ray.

whilst life in this bosom is swelling,  
 neglect thee, the land of my birth?  
 ountains I'll hold with sweet Friendship my  
 lling,  
 mn forth thy praises, thou favourite earth.  
 all weave rosy garlands beside me,  
 nd thy shores shall with plenty provide me:  
 sperous hour, O my country I'll pride me,  
 e trials that point to the nations thy worth.

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THE MOON DIMM'D HER BEAMS.

TUNE—"Young Terrence M'Donough."

on dimm'd her beams in a feathery cloud,
 e sail'd thro' the star-studded vault of the sky,
 vly the moss-cover'd branches all bow'd
 e breezes of night moaning dismally by:
 er the long grass of her love's narrow bed,
 ew-sprinkled daughter of Dargo reclin'd;
 on the grey stone she rested her head,
 idly she sigh'd to each gust of the wind.

“ Oh! where is the warrior that awfully rose
 In his might like the wide-spreading oak on the heath
 Alas! the bright eye that flash'd fire on his foes
 For ever is clos'd in the slumber of death!
 In his hall not a string of the harp is now stir'd,
 The bards sit around, wrapt in silence and grief,
 And only the sobs of his father are heard :—
 Who shall comfort the sorrowing soul of the chief

Oh! where are the blood-crusted spear and the shield
 In indolent rest 'neath the wall they recline;
 And where are his dogs that were fierce in the field
 Round his grass-tufted hillock they lingering whine
 O hear me! thou spirit of Crothall, attend!
 In pity look down on the house of thy rest;
 For thee doth the fast-falling tear-drop descend,
 And thine the last sigh that escapes from my breast



WHEN WAR WAS HEARD.

TUNE—“ *The Hermit of Killarney.*”

When war was heard, and Erin's call
 Arous'd me from thy side,
 No danger could my heart appal,
 For thee I would have died.
 But when our moments sweetly flew,
 Beneath the spreading tree,
 The secret charm of life I knew,
 To live for love and thee.

When gloomy care disturb'd thy rest,
 Or sorrow dimm'd thine eye,
 Oh, did not then this tender breast
 Return thee sigh for sigh?

did delight thy bosom know,
 And love thine hours employ,
 shar'd the sympathetic glow,
 And mingled tears of joy.



AH! WHERE IS THE VOW.

TUNE—" *If the sea were ink.*"

on throws her shadowy light on the hill,
 silvers the grey-coated trees;
 ie silence of night the soft sounds of the rill
 orne on the wing of the breeze.
 iter of Cluthar, thy lover is here,
 ts at the thorn on the heath;
 ere is the vow that enchanted his ear,
 thou would'st be constant till death?

sweet are the notes of the harp as they roll,
 the hall of Nithona they rise,
 me to speak peace to my sorrowing soul,
 wipe the big drops from mine eyes:
 pair to the dark brow of Connel is dear;
 ts not to music's mild breath:
 ere is the vow that enchanted his ear,
 thou would'st be constant till death?

, whence is that shadow that sails o'er the plain,
 h the quivering beam of the moon?
 white-bosom'd maid—I shall view her again,
 love all our moments shall crown.
 iter of Cluthar, thy footstep is near!
 here is the thorn on the heath:
 est was the vow that enchanted mine ear,
 thou would'st be constant till death!

OH TOUCH, DEAR MAID.

TUNE—" *The Brown Maid.*"

Oh touch, dear maid, the trembling string,
 Bid magic strains of sweetness rise,
 And whilst of love you softly sing,
 I read it in those beaming eyes.

Hush, gentle breeze, that round her blows,
 Nor through those floating ringlets sigh:
 Hush, gentle stream, that babbling flows,
 Oh! let the melting accents die!

The song your lip so softly breath'd,
 Hath lull'd each throbbing pang of mine;
 The roses that your hand hath wreath'd,
 Have hid their blushes in my wine.

This rose imbib'd your lip's rich dew;
 How fondly then the gift I greet!
 The draught, dear maid, will taste of you,
 And oh, it will be doubly sweet!



OH! HUSH THE SOFT SIGH.

TUNE—" *Coolin.*"

Oh! hush the soft sigh, maid, and dry the sweet tear,
 In this bosom thy image shall ever be dear:
 Of Hope's pictur'd scenes how the colours decay,
 And love's fairy season as soon melts away.

When its balm-breathing dew I delighted to sip,
 Did I think a farewell would escape from that lip?
 By honour commanded, though far I should roam,
 The loadstone of love will attract me to home.

At noon, when the rose's warm blush thou shalt see,
Oh, think of the wreaths thou hast woven for me!
At night, when the moon in mild splendour shall move,
Oh, view that fair planet, and think how I love.



PADDY MACSHANE.

TUNE—" *Sprig of Shillelah.*"

In my own botheration don't alter my plan,
I'll sing seven lines of a tight Irishman,
Wrote by old Billy Shakespeare of Ballyporeen.
He said while a babe I lov'd whisky and pap,
That I mewled and puk'd in my grandmother's lap;
He jolted me hard just to hush my sweet roar,
When I slipp'd through her fingers down whack on
the floor,
What a squalling I made sure at Ballyporeen.

When I grew up a boy, with a nice shining face,
With my bag at my back, and a snail-crawling pace,
Went to school at old Thwackum's at Ballyporeen.
His wig was so fusty, his birch was my dread,
He learning beat out 'stead of into my head.
Master Macshane, says he, you're a great dirty dolt,
You've got no more brains than a Monaghan colt;
You're not fit for our college at Ballyporeen.

When eighteen years of age, was teas'd and perplext
To know what I should be, so a lover turn'd next,
And courted sweet Sheelah of Ballyporeen.
I thought I'd just take her to comfort my life,
Not knowing that she was already a wife:
She ask'd me just once that to see her I'd come,
When I found her ten children and husband at home,
A great big whacking chairman of Ballyporeen.

I next turn'd a soldier, I did not like that,
So turn'd servant, and liv'd with the great Justice!

A big dealer in p'ratoes at Ballyporeen,
With turtle and venison he lin'd his inside,
Ate so many fat capons, that one day he died.
So great was my grief, that to keep spirits up,
Of some nice whisky cordial I took a big sup,
To my master's safe journey from Ballyporeen.

Kick'd and toss'd so about like a weathercock ~~was~~,
I pack'd up my awls, and I went back again

To my grandfather's cottage at Ballyporeen.
I found him, poor soul! with no legs for his hose,
Could not see through the spectacles put on his nose,
With no teeth in his head, so death cork'd up his
He slipp'd out of his slippers, and faith I slipp'd in,
And succeeded poor Dennis of Ballyporeen.



OPE THY CASEMENT, LADY BRIGHT.

TUNE—" *The snow-breasted Pearl.*"

OPE thy casement, lady bright,

'Tis thy lover calls;

Pearly dews of night

Now hang on the moss-cover'd walls.

Though dark is the night, and the dews they are d

Yet I brave the rough blast from the hill;

O lady, 'tis for thee.

Breathe one soft word, lady bright,

To my raptur'd ear;

I will bless the night,

Though cold 'tis around me, and drear.

Oh, sweetly forgive me for chasing thy rest;

And the sigh of delight from my breast,

O lady, flies to thee.

MORNING A CRUEL TURMOILER IS.

TUNE—" *I was the boy for bewitching 'em.*"

MORNING a cruel turmoiler is,
Banishing ease and repose;
Noon-day a roaster and broiler is,
How we pant under his nose!
Evening for lover's soft measures,
Sighing and begging a boon;
But the blythe season for pleasures,
Laughing lies under the moon.

*Och! then you rogue Pat O'Flannaghan,
Kegs of the whisky we'll tilt,
Murtoch, replenish our can again,
Up with your heart-cheering lilt.*

Myrtles and vines some may prate about,
Bawling in heathenish glee,
Stuff I wont bother my pate about,
Shamrock and whisky for me!
Faith but I own I feel tender;
Judy, you jilt, how I burn!
If she wont smile, devil mend her!
Both sides of chops have their turn.

Och! then you rogue, &c.

Fill all your cups till they foam again,
Bubbles must float on the brim;
He that steals first sneaking home again,
Day-light is too good for him.
While we have goblets to handle,
While we have liquor to fill,
Mirth, and one spare inch of candle,
Planets may wink as they will.

*Och! then you rogue Pat O'Flannaghan,
Kegs of the crature we'll tilt,
Murtoch, replenish our can again,
Up with your heart-cheering lilt.*

WEAR WITH ME THE ROSY WREATH.

TUNE—" *Plansky Connor*."

WEAR with me the rosy wreath,
 Whilst melting strains around thee breathe;
 Oh ! life we'll but measure,
 By moments of pleasure,
 And banish the features of sorrow.
 Life we'll, &c.
 See the goblet streaming,
 Rapture's sun is beaming,
 Softly we'll stay
 The joys of to-day,
 Nor nourish a thought of the morrow.
 Softly we'll, &c.
 Fill then your cups around,
 Mirth shall with wine abound,
 Love shall enlighten each hour;
 Chasing dull care away,
 Bee-like we'll bear away
 Honey from life's blooming flower.
 Chasing dull care, &c.



GRAMACHREE MOLLY.

As down on Banna's banks I stray'd,
 One evening in May,
 The little birds, in blythest notes,
 Made vocal ev'ry spray;
 They sung their little tales of love,
 They sung them o'er and o'er;
 Ah Grammachree, ma Colleenouge,
 Ma Molly Ashtore!

The daisy pied, and all the sweets
The dawn of Nature yields,
The primrose pale, the violet blue,
Lay scatter'd o'er the fields:
Such fragrance in the bosom lies
Of her whom I adore.
Ah Gramachree, &c.

Laid me down upon a bank,
Bewailing my sad fate,
That doom'd me thus the slave of love,
And cruel Molly's hate.
How can she break the honest heart
That wears her in its core?
Ah Gramachree, &c.

You said you lov'd me, Molly dear!
Ah! why did I believe?
Yet who could think such tender words
Were meant but to deceive?
That love was all I ask'd on earth,
Nay, Heav'n could give no more;
Ah Gramachree, &c.

Oh had I all the flocks that graze
On yonder yellow hill,
Or lov'd for me the num'rous herds
That yon green pasture fill;
With her I love I'd gladly share
My kine and fleecy store;
Ah Gramachree, &c.

Two turtle doves above my head,
Sat courting on a bough,
Envied not their happiness,
To see them bill and coo.
Such fondness once for me she show'd,
But now, alas! 'tis o'er;
Ah Gramachree, &c.

IRISH AND COMIC SONGS.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear;
Thy loss I e'er shall mourn;
Whilst life remains in Strophæ's breast
'Twill beat for thee alone:
Though thou art false, may Heaven's
It choicest blessings pour;
Ah Gramachree, &c.



'TIS WHISKY I ADORE.

A PARODY ON THE FOREGOING.

As I went down by yon blind quay,
One evening in the spring,
The little merry tap-room bells
Melodiously did ring:
They rung their merry drunken note
They rung them o'er and o'er;
Ah Gramachree, Stol Rinky dear,
'Tis whisky I adore.

As I pass'd the fat landlady,
Full drunkenly I stalk'd;
Says she unto her husband, Tom,
Have you yon noggin chalk'd?
Oh yes, I did the noggin chalk,
I chalk'd it o'er and o'er;
Ah Gramachree, &c.

His humming stuff so pleased me,
That quickly I sat down,
And devil a step that I did stir,
Till I drank half a crown:
And if I had ten times as much,
I'd drink it o'er and o'er;
Ah Gramachree, &c.

Two fat mud-larks, before my face,
 Lay grunting in a sty;
 I envied them their happiness,
 So snugly they did lie.
 Such fondness once my wife show'd me,
 But now, alas! 'tis o'er;
 Ah Gramachree, &c.

At length, when home at night I came,
 My wife stood at the door;
 With pot-hooks long, and crooked nails,
 My eyes and face she tore:
 She roll'd me in the gutter too,
 She roll'd me o'er and o'er;
 Ah Gramachree, &c.



WHY DO YOU LOVELY VIRGINS MOURN.

TUNE—"The Brown Thorn."

WHY do you lovely virgins mourn,
 Like drooping lilies wet with dew?
 And why around yon marble urn,
 Spring's choicest roses do they strew?
 Alas! the sweetest rose is gone!
 By Shannon's stream it fell;
 The brightest star that ever shone,
 Hath bid the sickly earth farewell.

Of Roderick's noble race was she,
 The gentle maid we lov'd so much;
 And fair she was as eye could see,
 She boasted nature's finest touch;
 And mild and comely was the youth
 For whom she fondly sigh'd;
 Oh! timid love and heavenly truth
 Seem'd in this glowing pair allied.

But sad and fatal was the morn
 That e'er he join'd the martial throng;
 Alas! from thence was no return,
 And loud was heard the funeral song.
 Her eye was fix'd in silent grief,
 Nor long was sorrow's dream;
 For death soon brought the wish'd relief,
 And pluck'd the rose by Shannon's stream.



THE SPRIG OF SHILLELAH.

O LOVE is the soul of a neat Irishman,
 He loves all the lovely, loves all that he can,
 With his sprig of shillelah, and shamrock so green,
 His heart is good-humour'd, 'tis honest and sound,
 No malice or hatred is there to be found;
 He courts and he marries, he drinks, and he fights,
 For love, all for love, for in that he delights,
 With his sprig of shillelah, and shamrock so green.

Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook fair,
 An Irishman all in his glory is there;
 With his sprig of shillelah, and shamrock so green,
 His clothes spick and span new, without e'er a speck,
 A neat Barcelona tied round his neat neck;
 He goes to a tent, and he spends his half-crown,
 He meets with a friend, and for love knocks him down,
 With his sprig of shillelah, and shamrock so green.

At ev'ning returning, as homeward he goes,
 His heart soft with whisky, his head soft with blows
 From a sprig of shillelah, and shamrock so green,
 He meets with his Sheelah, who, blushing a smile,
 Cries, Get ye gone, Pat, yet consents all the while.
 To the priest soon they go; and nine months after that,
 A fine baby cries, How d'ye do, father Pat;
 With your sprig of shillelah, and shamrock so green!

the country, say I, that gave Patrick his birth,
 the land of the oak, and its neighbouring earth,
 where grows the shillelah, and shamrock so green.
 O sons of the Thames, the Tweed, and the Shan-
 non,
 O foes who would plant on their confines a
 monument;
 and happy at loyalty's shrine,
 O rose and the thistle long flourish and twine
 and a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.



THE WANDERING HARPER.

TUNE—" *The Unfortunate Rake.*"

O'er any a mountain I wearily measure,
 far have I wander'd on Erin's green shore;
 The harp is my only companion and treasure,
 and I am welcom'd at sweet hospitality's door.
 O sweet, gentle youths, whilst I sing you a ditty
 O'er the dear Connaught, the soil of my birth;
 O' the tears attend, whilst the tear-drop of pity
 Shall fall like a crystalline gem to the earth.

TUNE—" *Old Truagh.*"

O'er the wave dipt his lingering ray,
 O'er the dropping skies wept the absence of day,
 O'er the sunk on the ear were the sounds of the fray.

When o'er the heath flew the white-bosom'd fair,
 O'er the swelling breeze floated her hair,
 O'er the dark-rolling gaze spoke the soul of despair.

O'er the left her eye, nor no sigh 'scap'd her breast,
 O'er the ground her lay many a hero at rest,
 O'er the blood-glutt'd raven retir'd from his feast.

How weak was his groan, as it pass'd by her ear!
How low droop'd his head! The sad moment was
As 'neath an old oak lay the warrior so dear.

She shriek'd his lov'd name, as she sprung o'er the heath
All cold on her lip she receiv'd his last breath,
And clasp'd her soul's idol, but clasp'd him in death!



MOLLY MALONE.

By the big hill of Howth !
That's a bit of an oath,
That to swear by I'm loath,
To the heart of a stone ;
But be poison my drink,
If I sleep, snore, or wink,
Once forgetting to think,
Of your lying alone.
Och ! it's how I'm in love
Like a beautiful dove,
That sits cooing above,
In the boughs of a tree ;
For myself I'll soon smother
In something or other,
Unless I can bother

Your heart to love me,
Sweet Molly, Sweet Molly Malone,
Sweet Molly, Sweet Molly Malone.

I can see if you smile,
Though I'm off half a mile,
For my eyes all the while,
Keep along with my head :
And my head you must know,
When from Molly I go,
Takes its leave with a bow,
And remains in my stead.

Och ! it's how, &c.

Like a bird I could sing,
 In the month of the spring,
 But it's now no such thing,
 I'm quite bother'd and dead;
 Och! I'll roar and I'll groan,
 My sweet Molly Malone,
 Till I'm bone of your bone,
 And asleep in your bed.
 Och! it's how, &c.



MURPHY DELANEY.

TUNE—" *The Priest in his boots.*"

It was Murphy Delaney, so funny and frisky,
 Reel'd into a shebeen to get his skin full,
 And popp'd out again, pretty well lin'd with whisky,
 As fresh as a shamrock, and blind as a bull:
 When a trifling accident happen'd our rover,
 Who took the quay-side for the floor of his shed,
 And the keel of a coal-barge he just tumbled over,
 And thought all the while he was going to bed.
 And sing phililu, hubbubboo, whack, boderation,
 Every man in his humour, as Teague kiss'd the pig.

Some folks passing by, pull'd him out of the river,
 And got a horse-doctor his sickness to mend,
 Who swore that poor Murph' was no longer a liver,
 But dead as a devil, and there was an end.
 Then they sent for the coroner's jury to try him;
 But Murph' not much liking this comical strife,
 Fell to twisting and turning the while they sat by him,
 And came, when he found it convenient, to life.
 And sing phililu, &c.

Says he to the jury,—Your worships, a'nt please ye,
 I don't think I'm dead yet, so what is't you do?
 Not dead! says the foreman, you spalpeen be easy,
 Don't you think but the doctor knows better than
 you?

So then they went on with the business some further
 And examin'd the doctor about his belief;
 When they brought poor Delaney in guilty of murder,
 And swore they would hang him in spite of his teeth
 And sing phililu, &c.

Then Murphy laid hold of a clumsy shillelah,
 And laid on the doctor as sly as a post,
 Who swore that it couldn't be Murphy Delaney,
 But something alive, so it must be his ghost.
 Then the jury began, joy, with fear to survey him,
 (Whilst he like a devil about him did lay)
 And sent straight out of hand for the clargy to lay him;
 But Murph' laid the clargy, and then ran away.
 And sing phililu, &c.



I WAS THE BOY FOR BEWITCHING 'EM.

I WAS the boy for bewitching 'em,
 Whether good-humour'd or coy;
 All cried, when I was beseeching 'em,
 Do what you will with me, joy.
 Daughters, be cautious and steady,
 Mothers would cry out for fear,
 Won't you take care now of Teddy?
 Oh, he is the devil, my dear!

*For I was the boy for bewitching 'em,
 Whether good-humour'd or coy;
 All cried, when I was beseeching 'em,
 Do what you will with me, joy.*

From ev'ry quarter I gather'd 'em,
 Very few rivals had I;
 If I found any, I feather'd 'em;
 That made 'em plaguily shy.
 Pat Moony my Sheelah once meeting,
 I twigg'd him beginning his clack;
 Says he, At my heart I've a beating,
 Says I, Then take one at your back.

For I was the boy, &c.

Many a lass that would fly away,
 When other wooers but spoke,
 Once if I look'd her the die-away,
 There was an end of the joke.
 Beauties, no matter how cruel,
 Hundreds of lads though they'd cross'd,
 When I came nigh to them, jewel,
 Melted like mud in a frost.

For I was the boy, &c.



WHERE'S THE ROSY SMILE.

TUNE—"Myra of the Vale."

WHERE'S the rosy smile you gave me,
 When I thought we ne'er should sever?
 Oh! it beam'd but to enslave me;
 Now 'tis gone, and gone for ever!
 Where's the glance that sweetly glisten'd
 Thro' the dewy tear of pleasure?
 Where's the song to which I listen'd,
 When you were my treasure?
 Where's the blushing crown you wreath'd me,
 Lost in passion's gentle dreaming?
 Where's the melting vow you breath'd me
 From that lip with rapture teeming?

Like your love the rose hath faded,
 All its fragrant pow'r is over;
 Sorrow's blight the leaf invaded,
 Emblem of your lover.



THE IRISH MANIAC.

TUNE—"Erin go Bragh."

As I stray'd o'er the common on Cork's rugged border
 While the dew-drops of morn the sweet primrose
 ray'd,

I saw a poor female, whose mental disorder

Her quick-glancing eye and wild aspect betray'd;
 On the sward she reclin'd, by the green fern surround;
 At her side speckled daisies and wild flow'rs abound;
 To its inmost recesses her heart had been wounded;

Her sighs were unceasing—'twas Mary le More.

Her charms by the keen blast of sorrow were faded;

Yet the soft tinge of beauty still play'd on her cheek;
 Her tresses a wreath of pale primroses braided,

And strings of fresh daisies hung loose on her neck.
 While with pity I gaz'd, she exclaim'd, O my mother!
 See the blood on that lash, 'tis the blood of my brother;
 They have torn his poor flesh, and they now strip another;
 'Tis Connor, the friend of poor Mary le More.

Tho' his locks were as white as the foam on the ocean,

Those wretches shall find that my father is brave;
 My father! she cried, with the wildest emotion,

Ah! no, my poor father now sleeps in the grave!
 They have toll'd his death bell, they've laid the turf
 o'er him,

His white locks were bloody, no aid could restore him,
 He is gone! he is gone! and the good will deplore him,

When the blue wave of Erin hides Mary le More.

from the gold-blossom'd furze that grew near her,
 rose, and with energy caroll'd his lay;
 hush! she continued, the trumpet sounds clearer,
 horsemen approach! Erin's daughters, away!
 soldiers, 'twas foul, while the cabin was burning,
 or a pale father a wretch had been mourning—
 e with the sea-mew, ye maids, and take warning,
 e ruffians have ruin'd poor Mary le More.

bring the ointment! O God! see those gashes!
 ! my poor brother, come dry the big tear;
 we'll have vengeance for those dreadful lashes,
 ydy the screech-owl and ravens appear.
 the green grave, that lies under the willow,
 ild flowers I'll strew, and by night make my pillow,
 ooze and dark sea-weed, beneath the curl'd billow,
 furnish a death-bed for Mary le More.

w'd the poor maniac in tones more heart-rending
 :sanity's voice ever pour'd on my ear,
 o! on the waste, and their march tow'rd her
 ending,
 op of fierce cavalry chanc'd to appear.
 ends! she exclaim'd, and with wild horror started,
 rough the tall fern, loudly screaming she darted;
 a overcharg'd bosom I slowly departed,
 sigh'd for the wrongs of poor Mary le More.



PATRICK O'STERN.

To the foregoing Air.

the rude yell of war had ceas'd its loud thunder,
 l peace on the land cast its sweet smiling ray;
 Britain, of nations the envy and wonder,
 ea held its power, its dominion and sway

Poor Patrick O'Stern—now discharg'd from his debt
 Had hoarded his prize-money, pay, and his booty—
 Himself, and his wealth, to resign to his beauty—
 The pride of fair Wicklow—sweet Catherine O'G

Those hands are soon join'd, where the hearts are un-
 And fair looks the house where love dwells with
 Their hours pass'd in joy—with delight ; and delight
 Was Patrick with Kate, and Catherine with him
 But war soon broke out; the press-gang assail'd him
 His griefs all prevail'd, his courage had fail'd him;
 Nought the tears of his wife or his children avail'd him
 He was torn from the arms of sweet Catherine
 O'Gray!

You in peace now that hear this sad true relation,
 And pity with me the poor sailors' fate;
 Those pillars of war—that uphold your great nation,
 Preserving your King, your church, and your state—
 Drop a tear for poor Catherine—dejected—forlorn
 Whose heart like the billow in tempest was torn,
 O'er her two lovely boys, left in anguish to mourn!
 Whilst her Patrick in tears was torn from his Kate

But view the reverse!—the wars now are ended,
 And Patrick arrives, rich in wealth and in fame!
 His Catherine, dejected, poor, and unfriended,
 He finds—yet in health and in virtue the same;
 His boys, by the parish maintain'd, bold and hearty,
 Now clasp'd in his arms, make glad the blythe party;
 No words can their joy, their bliss here impart t'ye!
 Then blest be of Providence, the pow'r and the name

BALLINAMONA ORA.

WHEREVER I'm going, and all the day long,
 At home and abroad, or alone in a throng,

ind that my passion's so lively and strong,
 at your name, when I'm silent, still runs in my song.

Sing Ballinamona ora,
 A kiss of your sweet lips for me.

nce the first time I saw you I take no repose,
 sleep all the day to forget half my woes;
 o hot is the flame in my bosom that glows,
 y St. Patrick! I fear it will burn through my clothes.

Sing Ballinamona ora,
 Your pretty black hair for me.

n my conscience I fear I shall die in my grave,
 Jafess you comply, and poor Phelim do save,
 And grant the petition your lover does crave,
 Who never was free till you made him your slave.

Sing Ballinamona ora,
 Your pretty black eyes for me.

On that happy day when I make you my bride,
 With a swinging long sword how I'll strut and I'll stride,
 In a coach and six horses with honey I'll ride,
 So before you I walk to the church by your side.

Sing Ballinamona ora,
 Your lily-white fist for me.



SLEEP ON, MY KATHLEEN DEAR.

SLEEP on, sleep on, my Kathleen dear,
 May peace possess thy breast;
 Yet dost thou dream thy true love's here,
 Depriv'd of peace and rest?
 The birds sing sweet, the morning breaks,
 Those joys are none to me:
 Tho' sleep is fled, poor Dermot wakes.
 To none but love and thee.

O WILL YOU SIT IN THE BOW'R WITH ME

TUNE—" *Planzty Drury.*"

O WILL you sit in the bow'r with me?
 The grape's rich juice is flowing;
 'Tis sweet to sit in the bow'r with me,
 We pass our time in festive glee,
 Oh! merrily, merrily,
 And we sing cheerily,
 As the rough weather is blowing;
 Oh! merrily, &c.
 There beauty breathes the melting sigh,
 And courts the soft enjoyment of delight;
 Then haste happy pleasure to try,
 Ere youth shall wing its rapid flight,
 And smoothly the current of life will flow,
 As wine shall inspire us merrily;
 Joy shall gild our days below,
 And we'll look to the future cheerily.
 Joy shall gild, &c.



THE YORKSHIRE IRISHMAN.

My father was once a great merchant,
 As any in Ireland is found,
 But faith he could ne'er save a shilling,
 Tho' 'tatoes he sold by the pound.
 So, says he to my mother, one night,
 To England suppose you and I go;
 And the very next day, by moonlight,
 They took leave of the county of Sligo.
 That the land is all cover'd with water,
 'Twixt England and Ireland, you'll owr
 And single misfortunes, they say,
 To Irishmen ne'er come alone.

So my father, poor man! was first drown'd,
 Then shipwreck'd in sailing from Cork,
But my mother—she got safe to land,
 And a whisky-shop opened in York.

Just a year after father was dead—
 One night about five i' the morn,
An odd accident happen'd to me,
 For 'twas then that myself was first born;
All this I've been tould by my mammy,
 And surely she'll not tell me wrong,
But I don't remember nought of it,
 'Caze it happen'd when I were quite young.

On the very same day, the next year,
 (For so ran the story of mother,)
 The same accident happen'd again,
 But not to me then, that were brother;
So 'twas settled by ould Father Luke,
 Who dissolv'd all our family sins,
As we both were born on the same day,
 That we certainly must have been twins.

'Twas agreed I should not go to school,
 As learning I never should want;
 Nor would they e'en teach me to read,
 For my genus they said it would cramp;
 Now this genus of mine,—where it lay,—
 Do but listen a while and you'll hear—
 'Twas in drawing—not landscapes and pictures;
 No—mine were for drawing of beer.

Some with only one genus are blest,
 But I, it appears, had got two,
 For when I had drawn off some beer,
 I'd a genus for drinking it too:
At last I was drawn up to town,
 Without in my pocket a farden,
But since I've earn'd many a crown,
 By the shop here in sweet Common Gardens

Now the end of my song's drawing near,
 I'll tell ye—but that's nothing new,
 Now all my ambition's to try,
 And to do what I can to draw you:
 In which, if I do but succeed,
 And my efforts beguile you of pain,
 I entreat you'll not wait to be ask'd
 To come often and see me again.



AWAKE THE HARP'S SLUMBER.

TUNE—"Save me from death."

AWAKE the harp's slumber to pleasure's soft lay,
 The taper shall dart its beams thro' the hall;
 From the tempest of war, and the battle's loud cry
 We'll dearly obey mirth's heart thrilling call.
 Ah! change the light strain! bid the sorrow arise,
 To the ghost of each warrior, as pensive it flies;
 To triumph or death
 They strode o'er the heath,
 And sweet is the sleep that encircles their eyes.

On the breast of the brave melting beauty shall clie
 And nobly for him the goblet be crown'd;
 The feast shall be spread, and the harp's throbbing
 Shall stream to his praise its magic around.
 Oh! blest is the effort, and light is the toil,
 When we raise the bright spear for our dear native
 To triumph or death
 We stride o'er the heath,
 To fight for our country, or die with a smile.

SHEPHERDS, I HAVE LOST MY LOVE.

TUNE—"The Banks of Banna."

SHEPHERDS, I have lost my love,
 Have you seen my Anna,
 Pride of ev'ry shady grove,
 Upon the banks of Banna?
 I for her my home forsook,
 Near yon misty mountain,
 Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
 Greenwood shade, and fountain.

Never shall I see them more,
 Until her returning;
 All the joys of life are o'er,
 From gladness chang'd to mourning.
 Whither is my charmer flown?
 Shepherds, tell me whither:
 Ah, woe for me! perhaps she's gone
 For ever, and for ever.



DARBY M'SHANE'S VISIT TO LONDON.

TUNE—"Sprig of Shillelah."

a dozen thirteeners in a nice paper bag,
 : up to London without a dry rag,
 a fine summer's day in a shower of rain;
 I that I saw I thought devilish queer;
 lace call'd Cheapside they sell ev'ry thing dear;
 : to Cornhill, where I look'd like an ape,
 s I came over the harvest to rape,
 , there was no harvest for Darby M'Shane.

What a comfort it was that my patience was proof,
When I met with a coach without ever a roof,
Full of ladies, who titter'd at Darby M'Shane;
I wanted to go to St Giles's that day,
So I axed the coachman to show me the way,
And offer'd to trate him—but sharp was the word;
The man on the coach-box I found was a Lord;
There was fine botheration for Darby M'Shane.

In a shop full of pictures I stopp'd for to stare,
When a thief pick'd my pocket, and faith he took
To lave not a copper for Darby M'Shane.
But a beautiful crature, to soften my grief,
Fell in love with my person it was my belief;
But when she found out that my cash was all gone,
Och hone! to be sure how she alter'd her tone,
And swore like a trooper at Darby M'Shane.

Then a gentleman meeting a lady so gay,
He wish'd her good morning at four in the day;
O, that can't be grammar, said Darby M'Shane.
Talk of blunders in Ireland, its only a hum,
When such plenty are found if to England you come,
English-bulls too you'll find; but, in troth to be true,
They're not half so good as your English roast beef,
Oh, that don't offend Mr. Darby M'Shane.

But tho' English fashions we don't understand,
While pace and good harmony reigns in this land,
You'll near hear a murmur from Darby M'Shane.
May England ne'er want the brave boys of the sod,
To carry the musket or carry the hod;
As for Ireland, where wholesome shillelah does grow,
There the devil himself, in the shape of a foe,
Would get dacently leather'd by Darby M'Shane.

SWIFT FLY THE HOURS.

TUNE—"Open the door softly."

SWIFT fly the hours, when in youth's happy day,
 Love and wine wreath the garland of pleasure;
 Mirth on our brow sheds its fostering ray,
 And life is a bountiful treasure.

Oh! swift fly, &c.

Dear to our hearts is the magical chord
 That vibrates to Sympathy's finger;
 Fondly we hang on a sigh or a word,
 And, 'raptur'd, by beauty we linger.

Oh! dear to our hearts, &c.

Sweet is the time when in union of soul
 Each cheek with a smile is enlighten'd:
 Care flies abash'd from the vine-blushing bowl,
 Each eye by good humour is brighten'd.

Oh! sweet is the time, &c.



SMALILOU.

THERE was an Irish lad,
 Who lov'd a cloister'd nun,
 And it made him very sad,
 For what was to be done.
 He thought it was a big shame,
 A most confounded sin,
 That she could not get out at all,
 And he could not get in:
 Yet he went ev'ry day, he could do nothing more,
 Yet he went ev'ry day unto the convent door,
 And he sung sweetly,
 Smalilou, smalilou, smalilou;
 And he sung sweetly,
 Smalilou, gramachree, and Paddy Whack.

To catch a glimpse of her
 He play'd a thousand tricks:
 The bolts he tried to stir,
 And he gave the wall some kicks:
 He stamp'd, and rav'd, and sigh'd, and pray'd
 And many times he swore,
 The devil burn the iron bolts!
 The devil take the door!
 Yet he went ev'ry day, he made it a rule;
 Yet he went ev'ry day, and look'd like a fool,
 Though he sung sweetly, &c.

One morn she left her bed,
 Because she could not sleep,
 And to the window sped,
 To take a little peep;
 And what did she do then?
 I'm sure you'll think it right;
 She bade the honest lad good day,
 And bade the nuns good night.
 Tenderly she listen'd to all he had to say,
 Then jump't into his arms, and so they ran away,
 And they sung sweetly, &c.



PUT ROUND THE FULL GLASS.

TUNE—"Chiling O'Guiry."

PUT round the full glass—'tis the season of joy—
 For care is more pow'ful than steel to destroy;
 The kind sparkling juice shall its virtues impart,
 And hope's cheering sunbeam break bright o'er my heart
 Give me the rich fabrics that fancy can rear,
 Her landscape of sunshine, her kingdoms of air;
 Let mem'ry her record of childhood unfold,
 And I'll leave this dull world to the vot'ries of gold

lirth is my goddess—I bow at her shrine—
 e choir of the virtuous and jocund be mine :
 ry and discord be far from the ring,
 rmony vibrate the soul-stealing string.
 the gay goddess, transcendent we'll rise
 e dulness of life and its earth-plodding joys ;
 nius of Erin shall wake mid the throng,
 nd her kind spirit to live in our song.

ur me, my friend, for my spirit's on wing :
 as raptures like these is more blest than a king ;
 ; a fair vision, fill high the rich glass,
 ail its fleet portions as ceaseless they pass :
 hearted and cheery, who knows but we may
 ge's dim lamp at the joys of to-day :
 long is the reck'ning we enter with care ;
 natch the bright moments that fortune can spare.



THE SOUL OF AN IRISHMAN.

TUNE—" *St. Patrick's Day in the Morning.* "

soul of an Irishman centres in whisky,
 , next to his Kitty, old Ireland he loves ;
 ugh Ellen be peerless, and Norah be frisky,
 is bosom, all fickleness scorning,
 is true to its first love steadily ;
 l allurements able to find,
 Though Norah be pretty,
 His own dearest Kitty
 Has smiles on her cheek
 That full eloquent speak,
 bid his heart always be constant and kind ;
 Through life she will bless him,
 Still cheer and caress him
 i Patrick's day in the morning.

O! Ireland, thou ever-blest land in the ocean,
 I'll sing of thee while I've a feeling can glow;
 Thy laughing green vales shall excite my devotion,
 Thy daughters those vallies adorning,
 Whom beauty has made the pride of earth,
 With a frankness height'ning each charm;
 Thy sons ever free,
 Serving honour and thee,
 To treach'ry oppos'd
 Wherever disclos'd,
 With a firmness and brav'ry that laughs at alarm,
 While beauty and worth
 Join in innocent mirth
 On Patrick's day in the morning. *

* This and the foregoing song are productions of the same man who wrote *Why weep thou dear Norah*, see page 177 of this volume. Whether they will bear the Editor out in what he said of the author's poetical talents on a former occasion, must be left to the judgment of his readers. His own opinion, however, is still the same. He is still convinced that the writer of these pieces possesses all the qualities requisite to the constitution of a Poet, and that in a very high degree. *Push round the full glass* is a piece which, for vividness of expression, and freshness of spirit, might do honour to any poet; and *The soul of an Irishman*, though somewhat different in its character, is yet possessed of sufficient merit to do credit to its author. But whether his readers will be disposed to think as highly as himself of these pieces or not, the Editor trusts that, when they consider how many of the very best Irish airs are coupled with the most delicate and wretched poetry, they will at least allow him the credit of having meant well in obtaining verses for a few of these airs that may be sung in any company,—verses which even the most fastidious cannot in justice wholly condemn, and which, I have no doubt, will be regarded by many as possessing merit enough to render them worthy of all acceptance.

MARY LE MORE.

TUNE—"Erin go Bragh."

! soldiers of E * g * * * d, your merciless doings,
 long, long may the children of Ireland deplore;
 I sink my soul when I view the black ruins,
 Where once stood the cabin of Mary le More.
 Her father, (God rest him) lov'd Ireland most dearly;
 Her wrongs, all its sufferings, he felt most severely;
 With Freedom's firm sons he united sincerely;
 But gone is the father of Mary le More!

On cold winter's eve, as poor Dermot sat musing,
 Hoarse curses alarm'd him, and crash went his door;
 There fierce soldiers enter'd, and straight 'gan abusing
 The brave, but mild father of Mary le More!
 To their scoffs he replied not—with blows they assail'd
 him—

Ungnant he rose, and his caution now fail'd him;
 He return'd their vile blows—now all Munster bewails
 him—

For stabb'd was the father of Mary le More!

On children's wild screams, and the mother's distraction,
 While the husband—the father—lay stretch'd in his
 gore!

Oh! who can describe, and not curse the vile faction
 That blasted that rose-bud, sweet Mary le More?
 Her father! my father! she cried wildly throwing
 Her arms round his neck, while his life-streams were
 flowing;

He kiss'd his pale cheeks, but poor Dermot was going:
 He groan'd, and left fatherless Mary le More!

On her father's pale cheeks, which her lap had sup-
 ported,

To an out-house the ruffians the lovely maid bore;
 Her pray'rs, her entreaties, her sorrows they sported,
 And by force they deflow'ed sweet Mary le More.

And now a poor maniac she roams the wild common,
 'Gainst the soldiers of E*g***d she warns ev'ry woman,
 And sings of her father in strains more than human,
 Till tears often flow for poor Mary le More.



THE DYING FATHER TO HIS DAUGHTER.

TUNE—"The Fox's Sleep."

To me, my sweet Kathleen, the Benshee * has cried,
 And I die—ere to-morrow I die.—
 This rose thou hast gather'd, and laid by my side,
 Will live, my child, longer than I.
 My days they are gone, like a tale that is told—
 Let me bless thee, and bid thee adieu;
 For never to father, when feeble and old,
 Was daughter so kind and so true.

Thou hast walk'd by my side, and my board thou hast
 spread,
 For my chair the warm corner hast found;
 And told my dull ear what the visitor said,
 When I saw that the laughter went round.
 Thou hast succour'd me still, and my meaning express'd
 When memory was lost on its way—
 Thou hast pillow'd my head ere I laid it to rest—
 Thou art weeping beside me to-day.

O Kathleen, my Love! thou couldst choose the good
 part,
 And more than thy duty hast done:—
 Go now to thy Dermot, be clasp'd to his heart,
 He merits the love he has won.

* In the Irish superstition, the Benshee is the warning spirit
 that announces death.

duteous and tender to him, as to me:
 Look up to the mercy-seat then;
 And passing this shadow of death, which I see,
 Come, come to my arms back again.



THE HERO MAY PERISH.

To the foregoing Air.

SET FOR TWO VOICES.

THE Hero may perish his country to save,
 And he lives in the records of fame;
 The Sage may the dungeons of tyranny brave—
 Ever honour'd and blest be his name!
 But Virtue that silently toils or expires,
 No wreath for the brow to entwine;
 That asks but a smile—but a fond sigh requires—
 O Woman! that virtue is thine. *

Our readers, we are persuaded, will pardon us for again introducing them to Mr. THOMSON,—the Gentleman whom we had occasion to mention so frequently in our first volume as a correspondent of BURNS's, and the Editor of an elegant musical work, for in the greater part of that Poet's songs were expressly writ-

It is to this Gentleman alone, perhaps, that we are wholly indebted, not only for the best of BURNS's pieces, but also for that variety of the most admirable lyrics, written by some of the first poets of the present day; for it may be questioned if half, or even any at all, of the exquisite songs which are found in Mr. THOMSON's pages, would ever have seen the light, but for the impulse given to the genius of the Bards by his consideration, that their productions would be united to the most delightful music, and handed down to posterity in a work which, for grandeur of design, and elegance of execution, has hitherto, in all probability, never been equalled.

We have no doubt of obtaining Mr. THOMSON's forgiveness for

having taken from the second Volume of his *Irish Airs* harmonized by Beethoven, and recently published, the two foregoing songs as a specimen of the poetical contents of the whole work; at least, of those volumes, the contents of which have not yet become the property of the public. We do not say we have selected these pieces, because we can recollect of no case in which we found it more difficult to make a selection than from the present volume. Every song contained in it is so rich, so full of beauties of the rarest kind, and each possesses so many excellences peculiar to itself alone, that were we to attempt a selection, we should never be able to satisfy ourselves that the pieces we had chosen were better than those we had left behind. On this account we only say we have taken two pieces, and the two we have taken are from the beginning of the volume. They are from the pen of Professor SMYTH of Cambridge,—a Gentleman who has contributed largely to the enriching of the world, and whose pieces unquestionably place him in the first rank of Irish Bards.

On the merits of the musical department of Mr. THOMSON's work, we are certainly less capable of delivering an opinion; but, were it otherwise, we have no doubt that the judgment exhibited by Mr. THOMSON in selecting the airs, and the genius displayed by such composers as PLEYEL, HAYDEN, and BERNINI (who have all been successively employed on the work) in harmonizing them, would be found equally above our praise. It may be stated, however, that the airs adopted by Mr. THOMSON are allowed, on all hands, to be the very best of those that are peculiar to the three countries from whose stores he has selected; viz. the Scottish, the Welsh, and the Irish;—and those who are at all acquainted with the names of the three composers above mentioned, will at once see how much their symphonies and accompaniments, executed, as they are said to have been, in their happiest style, must add to the merits, and enhance the value, of the work. In short, we are of opinion that the amateurs of exquisite music, and elegant poetry, will no where find both united in higher perfection than in this work of Mr. THOMSON's; and we are happy in having an opportunity of paying to that Gentleman the tribute of our gratitude, both for having united

ra, and the airs of our sister countries, with the rich accompaniments of the greatest composers of the age for having so happily succeeded in eliciting, from eminent Poets, verses which are not only highly characteristic of these airs, but which also reflect the highest honours of the writers, and which, but for the projection of the music, might never have been called into existence.

FULL IN THE BROAD LIGHT OF HEAV'N.

TUNE—"The fair-hair'd Girl."

Full in the broad light of Heav'n is display'd
 The ab of affliction that tyranny weaves,
 Power in the spoil of the weak stands array'd,
 The heart of humanity grieves.
 As at the sight, and it sighs for the day
 Which brings to the sufferer freedom and peace;—
 When men to their proud haughty tyrants shall say,
 The reign of oppression must cease.

Forin, long time o'er thy heath-cover'd hills
 And cry of wrong has been borne on the blast;
 The gh of despair all thy green vallies fills;—
 Thy bright-beaming sky is o'ercast.
 And thy low cabins, in days that are fled,
 Whose hospitality scatter'd her smiles;
 When coming she welcom'd, the going she sped—
 Her joy was to lighten their toils.

When hang'd now the scene!—in these cabins no more
 We find the joyful delights of a home;
 Our fingers displaced, on a far foreign shore
 Oppressed and wretched they roam.
 Dear thee—the thick heavy clouds break apart;
 I star thro' the darkness, transported, I see;
 And he hastens on when thy sons with one heart
 Shall shake off their chains and be free.

And then all the wrongs that have wrapt thee in glo
 Shall fade like the mists of the morning away;
 The sunshine of gladness thy hours shall illumine,
 And joy her gay visions display.
 And then too, his sorrows all over, thy Bard
 Shall pour on thy ear all the charms of his song;
 And sweetly the notes of thy harp shall be heard
 Resounding thy green vales among.



HEAR, COMRADES, HEAR.

TUNE—"The Moreen."

HEAR, Comrades, hear your Chieftain's voice,
 We're now on the eve of glory—
 Say, is it not your hearts' fix'd choice
 Or to conquer, or live in story?
 Then, come, let the gay glass circle round—
 A warrior's heart ne'er sorrow'd—
 Let mirth flow free, bright smiles abound,—
 And be joy from the grape's juice borrow'd.

Now hark! the deeds your sires have done,
 How the harp's loud notes resound them!
 Thro' fame's fair page their stories run,
 And bright glory's rays beam around them.
 Like them you pant for the glorious strife—
 I see your ardour swelling;
 High in your breasts the pulse of life
 Throbs, the fire of your keen souls telling.

Put round once more the sparkling wine—
 'Tis a cup to love and beauty—
 Then, Erin, hearts and swords are thine—
 Due to thee are our lives and duty.—

'll boldly on at our country's call,
 and die, or be victorious;
 nobler with the brave to fall,
 than to yield for a life inglorious. *

Our Editor cannot help again stating his conviction that we, in common with himself, will have marked with red-
 deplorable paucity of even middling pieces of poetry to
 any those exquisitely beautiful effervescences of Irish me-
 which are the delight of every lover of music,—the merit
 it may be called) of most of the songs which may be
 national, turning exclusively, as was formerly noticed,
 arons indelicacy or wretched pun. It is highly gratifying
 that this defect is now fully remedied by the labours of
 sfatigable Mr. THOMSON, whose work has been already
 to. As the labours of that Gentleman, however, may
 and the reach of a number of the readers of this work,
 our has solicited some of his poetical friends, on whose
 he could rely, to furnish him with new sets of verses for
 f the best Irish airs. In consequence of this application
 received from one Gentleman *Why weep thus dear Norah*
 , *Put round the full glass* (p. 208), and *The soul of an*
 in (p. 209); and from another, *My Muse let us wake*, see

The two songs which we now give, viz. *When full in*
ed light of Heav'n, and *Hear, comrades, hear*, are by the
 of *My Muse let us wake*; and it will be found, the Edi-
 ces, that they, as well as the others above-mentioned,
 stify the confidence he placed in the talents of their au-

They contain, he thinks, those bright flashes of senti-
 ment secure to poetry its genuine object, namely, the excite-
 ment in our amusements, of those glowing sympathies and
 and feelings which are the best guarantees of individual
 and national independence.

FROM GREAT LONDONDERRY.

From great Londonderry to London so merry,
 My own natty self in a waggon did ride;
 In London so frisky, folks ride in a whiskee,
 At Connaught they carry their whisky inside.
 I jump'd from the waggon and saw a Green Dragon,
 I spy'd a blue boar when I turn'd to the south;
 At the Swan and two Throttles I tippled two bottles,
 And bother'd the beef at the Bull and the Mouth.

Ah! Paddy, my honey! look a'ter your money,
 'Tis all botheration from bottom to top;
 Sing didderoo daisy, my jewel be aisy,
 This London, agra! is the devil's own shop.

The great city wax-work, was all a mere tax work,
 A plan to bamboozle me out of my pelf;
 Says I, Mrs Salmon, c'up with your gammon,
 Your figures are no more alive than yourself.
 I ax'd an old quaker the way to Long Acre;
 With thee and with thou he so bother'd my brain,
 After fifty long sallies, through lanes and blind alleys,
 I found myself trotting in Rosemary lane.

Ah! Paddy, &c.

At night, how silly! along Piccadilly
 I wandered, when up comes a beautiful dame;
 Huzza! says the lady, How do you do Paddy?—
 Says I, Pretty well, ma'am, I hope you're the same.
 A great hulking fellow, who held her umbrella,
 Then gave me a terrible thump on the nob;
 She ran away squalling;—I, Watch! watch! was bawling,—
 The devil a watch was there left in my fob.
 Ah! Paddy, &c.

DENNIS BULGRUDDERY.

was born once at home, when my mother was out
 her reck'ning, an accident brought it about ;
 for family honours and such kind of fun,
 though some boast of forefathers, yet I had but one.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

our cottage was fill'd, though 'twas not very big,
 with poultry and pictures, three chairs, and a pig ;
 our dog was call'd Dennis, our cow, Paddy Whack?
 at till christen'd, I hadn't a name to my back.

Derry down, &c.

When I came to be christen'd, my poor mother saw
 in my face our dog Dennis was setting his paw :
 What's his name, says the priest? down Dennis, says
 she;

o Dennis Bulgruddery they christen'd me.

Derry down, &c.

grew up, I got married, and left in the lurch,
 or my wife died before I could get her to church ;
 with her was too late; with my second too soon,
 or she brought me a son in the first honey moon.

Derry down, &c.

was vex'd; and, says I, not to make a great fuss,
 three months the priest reckons since he coupled us :
 What's right reck'ning, says she, for 'tis three months
 by mine,
 and three by your own, which together make nine.

Derry down, &c.

to bury this lady came next in my head,
 or no other cause but because she was dead;

So I married once more, (I suppose you guess who)
The beautiful crature that keeps the Red Cow.

Derry down, &c.

My lambkin she scolds, when the brandy I sup,
Till some husbands would foolishly tuck themselves
up;

But though in a noose I am fast with a wife,
Yet, thank Fortune, I never was hang'd in my life.

Derry down, &c.

But away with complaint, for myself ne'er intends
To grieve, while my house holds such bushels of friends;
So my fortune I'll pocket, whatever it be,
And cry, Ladies and Gentlemen, thank ye for me.

Derry down, &c.



MOLLY MOGG.

My dear Molly Mogg, ye're as soft as a bog,
And as daft as a kitten,
As daft as a kitten;

Those eyes in your face, oh! pity my case,
Poor Paddy hath smitten,
Poor Paddy hath smitten;

For softer than silk, and fair as new milk,
Your lily-white hand is,
Your lily-white hand is;

Your shape's like a pail, from your head to your tai
You're straight as a wand is,
You're straight as a wand is.

ar lips are red as cherries, and your curling hair is
 As black as the devil,
 As black as the devil;
 ar breath is as sweet too, as any potatoe,
 Or orange from Seville,
 Or orange from Seville:
 en drest in your bodice, you trip like a goddess,
 So nimble, so frisky,
 So nimble, so frisky,
 iss on your cheek, 'tis so soft and so aleek,
 Would warm me like whisky,
 Would warm me like whisky.

unt and I pine, and I sob like a swine,
 Because ye're so cruel,
 Because ye're so cruel,
 rest I can take, or asleep or awake,
 I dream of my jewel,
 I dream of my jewel.
 ar hate then give over, nor Paddy your lover
 So cruelly handle,
 So cruelly handle,
 Paddy must die, like a pig in a sty,
 Or the snuff of a candle,
 The snuff of a candle.



IN IRELAND SO FRISKY.

Ireland so frisky, with sweet girls and whisky,
 Ve manag'd to keep care and sorrow aloof;
 r whirligig revels made all the blue devils
 Creep out with the smoke through a hole in the roof.
 : well I remember one foggy November,
 dy mother cried, Go make thy fortune, my lad,
 bother the ninnies clean out of their guineas:
 Away then I scamper'd from Ballinafad.

Then to seek for promotion I walk'd the wide ocean,
 Was shipwreck'd, and murder'd, and sold for a slave;
 Over mountains and rivers was pelted to shivers,
 And met on this land with a wat'ry grave.
 But now Mr. Jew-man has made me a new man,
 And whisky and Mammora make my heart glad,
 To the sweet flowing Liffey, I'm off in a jiffey,
 With a whack for old Ireland and Ballinafad.

From this cursed station, to that blessed nation,
 Again Mr. Rooney shall visit your shore;
 Where, O flourish so gaily, my sprig of shillelah,
 Long life to old Nadab of Great Madagore.
 O then all my cousins will run out by dozens,
 And out too will hobble old mammy and dad,
 At dinner they'll treat us with mealy parates,
 And whisky distill'd at sweet Ballinafad.



THE FRIAR.

A JOLLY fat friar lov'd liquor good store,
 And he had drunk stoutly at supper;
 He mounted his horse in the night at the door,
 And sat with his face to the crupper.
 Some rogue, (quoth the friar,) quite dead to remorse,
 Some thief, whom an halter will throttle—
 Some scoundrel has cut off the head of my horse,
 While I was engag'd with the bottle—
 Which went gluggity, gluggity, glug.

The tail of this steed pointed south on the dale,
 'Twas the friar's road home, strait and level—
 But when spurr'd, a horse follows his nose, not his tail
 So he scamper'd due north like the devil.

ew mode of docking, the fat friar said,
 receive does not make a horse trot ill;
 is cheap, for he never can eat off his head,
 ile I'm engag'd with the bottle.

Which goes gluggity, &c.

teed made a stop, in the pond he had got,
 was rather for drinking than grazing;
 the friar, 'Tis strange headless horses should
 rot,

to drink with their tails is amazing.
 ng round to find whence this phenomenon rose,
 he pond fell this son of the bottle;
 he, The head's found, for I'm under his nose;
 ish I was over the bottle!

Which goes gluggity, &c.



OCH WHEN I WAS A GOSsoon.

hen I was a gossoon so merry and frisky,
 smaller, d'ye see, than a large water-log,
 ther went dead, and my mother sold whisky,
 and liv'd at the sign of the Cat in the Bog.

Och there every night we

Would strive to delight ye,
 all the good things in the world, my brave boys;

We'd fill well your bodies,

And bother your noddies,
 dancing and fighting, and all other joys.

ts.)—Och! my beautiful darlings, what pleasures can
 oe of eating, drinking, loving, dancing, and fighting?
 y the powers of Moll Kelly—faith, and I'd sooner be
 life, than without the enjoyments of those most ele-
 omplishments—so here goes—with

Botheroo, ditheroo, fire away fagen,

Gramachree, pilalew, fire away, whack.

Then as I grew up the smart youth as you now are,
 So tall, and so straight, as my nate bit of oak,
 Sure all the lasses began faith to view me,
 With love in their blinkers—their meaning I smelt;
 First there was Miss Carney,
 I tipp'd her the blarney,
 And made her believe that I faithful would prove,
 Till Judy Macgowen
 My heart was o'erflowing,
 And melted my soul till I fell deep in love.

(Speaks.)—Och! What Irishman ever sprang from the
 United Kingdoms, could think of living without it; for
 the world over, it's meat, drink, washing, and lodging,
 Botheroo, ditheroo, &c.

But sweet Kate Macknowling one Patrick's morning,
 So bother'd my heart with the leer that she gave,
 I was stuck i' th' mud, with the shamrock adorning
 The bosom I long'd to be making my grave.
 But Miss Hogandogan,
 And Kitty O'Grogan,
 They both of them swore, that they'd have me or none,
 Till Polly from Connaught,
 And Munster Miss Shonnaught,
 Stepp'd in, and to each gave a charming black eye.

(Speaks.)—Och grief! what a beautiful bit of a row we
 kick'd up in the caper of a minute; poor Polly she was
 down like a bag of sand, and Miss Shonnaught flew up like
 a load of straw, so she did; and then Paddy Mahone, who
 happened to be looking on, he comes and he gives Murphy
 Kale, who was making up his ugly mouth to a laugh, a pe-
 cious crack on the scap; then Looney Maccormic, he stands
 out, and he follows it up with a plump over the mouth; and
 so d'ye see, because I would not appear all alone by myself
 to be acting an idle part, I brandish'd my little bit of a sword
 and sent them all flying this way and t'other, with my
 Bootheroo, ditheroo, &c.

I to a cinder my heart to be grinding,
 Doneybrook came Mrs. Flartey, my dear,
 lah Mahoney one day I was finding,
 softly I whispered love's tale in her ear;

Her heart I won aisy,
 We married an't please ye,
 had the shiners for Larey, och hone.

But she took in her head
 One day to go dead,
 me to set-up love-making alone.

—Yes, poor soul, tho' I said to her, says I, my
 Sheelah Mahoney, no, Mrs. Sheelah Macfusle, I
 can you be after thinking of being so sulky as to
 e us all alone here in the wide world together like
 heep, without even bidding a good bye to your
 n true, and dutiful, husband? I'm sure that you'll
 g before you have time to come back, so you will:
 it I could, it was all bother and froth, for die she
 nobody could stop her; so I put her, like a gen-
 man as she was, into a beautiful new bit of clay,
 er fathers, grand-fathers, and great grandfathers,
 er—and here am I—Mr. Larey O'Galligan Mac-
 gle married man, at the sarvice of any lady, maid,
 wife, who has plenty of love and money to spare,
 n her delicate hand to mine; and then if any dirty
 should dare to lay his little finger on her, or say
 white of her eye, see if I don't give him such a

Bootheroo, ditheroo, &c.



ABOUT LONG ENOUGH.

h taken out, and fresh liquor brought in,
 for a song, and expect I'll begin;
 man's once knock'd down, there's no saying
 on't,
 sing if he likes, and he must if he don't.

This point being settled, I come to the next,
 And now, like the parson, I look for my text;
 For in writing a song, 'tis as well, without doubt,
 To be able to tell what the ditty's about.

Should my song treat of physic, you'll call it a pill,
 And ask, can I think such good company ill?
 Shou'd I sing about law, 'twould your patience offend
 For with that once begin, you'll ne'er find an end.

Or why about war should I drum in your ears,
 Or bore ye with mortars, or tall grenadiers?
 To put wine in my song, I were easily able,
 But isn't there plenty of that on the table?

For politic matters I care not two pins,
 Nor value a button the outs or the inns:
 What's your song then about? you may cry in a tone
 Why, I answer, I think 'tis—*About long enough.*



AMO AMAS.

AMO Amas, I love a lass,
 As a cedar tall and slender,
 Sweet cowslips grace her nominative case,
 And she's of the feminine gender.

*Rorum Corum, sunt di-vorum,
 Harum scarum Divo;
 Tag rag merry derry, periwig and hat be
 Hic hoc horum Genetivo.*

Can I decline a nymph so divine,
 Her voice like a flute is dulcis,
 Her oculus bright, her manus white,
 And soft, when I tacto, her pulse is

Rorum Corum, &c.

O how Bella, my puella,
 I'll kiss in secula seculorum!
 If I've luck sir, she's my uxor,
 O dies benedictorum!
Rorum Corum, &c.

~~~~~

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

Come, bustle, neighbour Prig,  
 Buckle on your Sunday wig;  
 In our Sunday clothes so gaily,  
 Let us strut up the Old Bailey.  
 Oh! -the devil take the rain,  
 Perhaps we may never go again:  
 See the shows have begun—O rare O!  
 Remember, Mr. Snip,  
 To take Mrs. Snip;  
 That's the little boy from Flanders,  
 And that there's Master Saunders:  
 Stand aside and we'll have a stare, O!  
 High down, O down, derry, derry, down,  
 O the humours of Bartlemy Fair, O!

*'Spoken.*—Valk up, ladies and gentlemen, here's the von-ful birds and beastesses from Bengal in the Vest Indies. We, ma'am, only look at this beautiful hanimal; no two ts on his body alike; it's out of the power of any limmer describe him; measures fifteen feet from the snout to the l, and fifteen feet from the tail to the snout; grows an inch i a half every year, and never comes to its proper growth. rn him up there with a long pole.

High down, &c.

When the fair is at the full,  
 In gallops a mad bull,  
 Puts the rabble to the rout,  
 Lets all the lions out;

Down falls Mrs. Snip,  
 With a monkey on her hip—  
 We shall all be swallowed up I declare, O.  
 Roaring boys, gilded toys,  
 Lollipops, shilling hops,  
 Tumble in, just begin,  
 Cups and balls, wooden walls,  
 Gin and bitters, apple fritters,  
 Shins of beef, stop thief!  
 Lost shoes, Kangaroos,  
 O Polly, where's Molly!  
 Bow wow, what a row!  
 High down, &c.

Now the beasts, with hungry tooth,  
 In anger 'tack the booth;  
 Away affrighted run  
 Birds and eagles of the sun;  
 Down tumbles trot-legg'd Rolla,  
 Who tips 'em the view holla;  
 Poor Cora's in the mud—O rare, O!

(Spoken.)—Here, Valk up, ladies and gentlemen. Here's the vonderful kangaroo from *Bottomhouse Bay*. Here's the vonderful large baboon, that danc'd a Paddy-dow, and played at leap frog with the celebrated *Muster Barrington*. Here's the vonderful cow that can't live on the land, and dies in the water; the vonderful sun eagle, the hotter the sun, the higher he flies. Billy, run and stuff a blanket in that hole, or the little boys will peep for nothing. Here! here! valk! valk!—Suppose you think this man's alive, he's no more alive than you are. Now's your time to see that vonderful vooden Ro-cius, Mr. Punch, for the small charge of one penny.—(Mimicking Punch.)

High down, O down, derry, derry, down,  
 What whirligigs of Bartlemy Fair, O.

## THE PRIEST OF KAJAAGA.

A PRIEST of Kajaaga, as blind as a stone,  
 When he took to his bosom a wife,  
 Cried, "Deary, I never shall see you, I own,  
 "But you'll be the delight of my life."  
 Then his arm o'er her shoulders he lovingly pass'd,  
 And says he, "My love what is this lump?"  
 She faulted a little—but told him at last,  
 "Please your holiness, only my hump."

Says the Priest, "Then we cannot cohabit, d'ye see,  
 "Though I tenderly love you, indeed!  
 "For I've taken an oath that my children shan't be  
 "Of the camel and buffalo breed."  
 So he married another he fancied would fit;—  
 Coming home in sweet conjugal talk,  
 He stopp'd the blind Priest, saying, "Sit down a bit,  
 "For my legs are too bandy to walk."

"Bandy legs," said the Priest, "can't be counted for  
 sins,  
 "So sit there as still as a mouse,  
 "For Mohammed curse me if ever your shins  
 "Shall waddle you into my house."  
 Then he turn'd up his eyes, like the white of boil'd  
 eggs,  
 And pray'd thus, to Mohammed, smack;  
 "Great Prophet, afford me a wife with good legs,  
 "And with never a hump on her back."

Then the voice of the Prophet in thunder was heard,  
 And rumbled thus over his head—  
 "A handsome young woman that can't speak a word,  
 "Shall bless your blind Rev'rence's bed."  
 The Priest he bow'd low, crying, "Mohammed's kind;  
 "Of happiness this is the sum,  
 "For a handsome young wife likes her old husband blind,  
 "And most men like a wife that is dumb!"

## SEVEN AGES.

Our immortal poet's page  
 Tells us all the world's a stage,  
 And that men, with all their airs,  
 Are nothing more than players,  
 Each using skill and art,  
 In his turn to top his part,  
 All to fill up the farcical scene, O;  
     Enter here, exit there,  
     Stand in view, mind your cue;  
 Heigh down, ho down, derry derry down,  
 All to fill up this farcical scene, O.

First, the Infant on the lap,  
 Mewling, puling with his pap,  
 Like a chicken that we truss,  
 Is swaddled by his nurse,  
 Who to please the poppet, tries,  
 Whilst it giggles, and it cries,

All, &c.

Hush-a-bye, wipe an eye,  
 Suck a titty, that's a pretty,  
 Heigh down, &c.

Then the pretty Babe of grace,  
 With a shining morning face,  
 With satchell on his back,  
 To school, alas! must pack,  
 And like a snail he creeps,  
 And for bloody Monday weeps,

All, &c.

Book mislaid, truant play'd,  
 Rod in pickle, bum to tickle,  
 Heigh down, &c.

Then the lover next appears,  
 Sous'd over head and ears,  
 Like a lobster on the fire,  
 Sighing, ready to expire,

And a deep hole in his heart,  
 You may through it drive a cart,  
     All, &c.

Beauty spurns him, passion burns him,  
 Like a wizard, guts, and gizzard,  
     Heigh down, &c.

Then the Soldier ripe for plunder,  
 Breathing slaughter, blood and thunder.  
 Lord! at what a tale he runs,  
 About drums, and swords, and guns;  
 And talks of streaming veins,      ? !  
 Shatter'd limbs, and scatter'd brains,  
     All, &c.

What foes he thrash'd, cut, and slash'd,  
 And here he pop'd 'em, there he dropp'd 'em.  
     Heigh down, &c.

Then the Justice in his chair,  
 With his broad and vacant stare,  
 His wig of formal cut,  
 And his belly like a butt,  
 Well lin'd with turtle hash,  
 Callipee and callipash,  
     All, &c.

Pimp and cull, bawd and trull,  
 At his nod, go to quod,  
     Heigh down, &c.

Then the slipper'd Pantaloon,  
 In life's dull afternoon,  
 Shrunk shanks in youthful hose,  
 And spectacles on nose;  
 His voice, once big and round,  
 Now whistling in the sound,  
     All, &c.

Vigour spent, body bent,  
 Shaking noddle, widdle waddle,  
     Heigh down, &c.

Then at last, to end the play,  
 Second Childhood leads the way,  
 When, like sheep that take the rot,  
 All our senses go to pot;  
 Then death amongst us pops,  
 And so the curtain drops,  
 All, &c.

Then the coffin we move off in,  
 When the bell tolls the knell,  
 Of high and low, down into the cold ground  
 Here's an end to the farcical scene, O.



### THE LOVE-SICK TAYLOR.

LADIES, how d'ye do?  
 Gemmen, how are you too?  
 The company I view,  
 I'm proud to scrape my shoe to.  
 You'll *ax* who am I?—  
 Among the girls a nailer:  
 A blade of spirit high,  
 Though but a simple Taylor,  
 And I sigh for my beautiful maid.

Pretty Miss Mactab  
 My heart knows how to wheedle;  
 Her eyes, a beauteous *drab*,  
 Are sharp as any *needle*.  
 She enjoys my *pain*,  
 Tho' for her I languish,  
 Her beauties are in *grain*—  
 Nobody knows the anguish—  
 I endure for my beautiful maid.

Love's a sugar-plum,  
 When heart kindly meets heart;  
 But wicked rivals come,  
 And take away our sweetheart :  
 No one shall have mine,  
 While I can wield *goose-iron* ;  
 My valour's *superfine*,  
 And demme, like a lion,  
 I'll fight for my beautiful maid.



### LOVE AND BRANDY.

AND LADY of France she lov'd an officer, 'tis said,  
 And this officer he dearly lov'd her brandy, oh !  
 I'd she, I love this officer, although his nose is red,  
 And his legs are what his regiment call bandy, oh !

When the bandy officer was order'd to the coast,  
 How she tore her lovely locks that look'd so sandy,  
 Oh !

Ou, my soul, (says she) if you write pray pay the  
 post,  
 Out, before we part, let's take a drop of brandy, oh !

Filled him out a bumper, just before he left the  
 town,

And another for herself so neat and handy, oh !  
 They kept their spirits up, by pouring spirits down,  
 Or love is like the cholic cur'd with brandy, oh !

See a bottle on't, (says she) for your going into camp,  
 In your tent, you know, my love, 'twill be the dan-  
 dy, oh !

'Tis right, (says he) my life, for a tent is very damp,  
 And 'tis better, with my tent, to take some brandy,  
 Oh !

## HOW TO TELL A STORY.

OVER port, pipe, or snuff-box, there's always some  
wight

To tell you a story at club every night;  
Wanting wit, at a pinch, the box helps a bad joke,  
Or deficient in fire, he supplies ye with smoke.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Since we're told to believe only half that we hear,  
Every tale we attempt shou'd from fiction be clear,  
Probability carefully keeping in view;  
Example, I'll tell a short story or two.

Derry down, &c.

Once a man advertis'd the metropolis round,  
He'd leap off the monument on to the ground,  
But when just half way down, felt some nervous attack,  
Grew frighten'd, reflected, turn'd round, and jump'd  
back.

Derry down, &c.

A boatswain who ne'er had seen Punch or his wife,  
To a puppet-show went, the first time in his life;  
Laugh'd and wonder'd at ev'ry odd trick and grimace,  
When a barrel of gunpowder blew up the place.

Derry down, &c.

Spectators and puppets were here and there thrown,  
When Jack, on a tree, who had safely been blown,  
Took a quid, blew his whistle, and not at all vex,  
Cried, Shiver me, what will this fellow do next?

Derry down, &c.

*A bluff grenadier, under great Marshal Saxe,  
Had his head cut clean off by a Lochaber axe;*

as comrade replac'd it so nice, ere it fell,  
handkerchief tied round his neck made it well.

Derry down, &c.

his mem'ry was short, and his neck very long,  
he'd bow thus, and thus, when he heard a good  
song;  
one night, beating time to the tale I tell you,  
he such a nod, that away his head flew.

Derry down, &c.

I tell other stories, but here mean to rest,  
that you have heard may have time to digest,  
as, ere my narrative verse I pursue,  
I find some more subjects all equally true.

Derry down, &c.



#### THE MAIL COACH.

Come listen to my story,  
Now seated in my glory,  
We make no longer stay;  
A bottle of good sherry  
Has made us all quite merry—  
Let Momus rule the day.  
We hearty all and well are,  
Drive to the White Horse Cellar,  
Get a snack before we go—  
Bring me a leg of mutton—  
I'm as hungry as a glutton—  
Some gravy soup—hollo!

*n, changing the voice occasionally.)—Why, waiter—  
sir—Make haste, I shall lose my place!—I hope your  
will remember the poor ostler—Are the beef-steaks  
'o! but your chops are—all fast behind—Hip!*

Away they rattle,  
Men and cattle,  
Crack whip—they dash away.

What a cavalcade of coaches  
On every side approaches,  
What work for man and beast!  
To have a little drop, sir,  
We first of all must stop, sir,  
Then afterwards make haste.  
I mount—the whip I crack, now,  
All bustle—what a pack, now,  
On every side approach;  
Now making sad grimaces,  
All for the want of places,  
Then say—I've lost the coach.

*(Spoken.)*—How's this! I'm sure my name was both  
—I don't see it, Ma'am. No room for two ladies?—an  
ll for females—this is a *mail* coach—tie a handker  
ound your neck, Billy—yes; good-bye, papa, give my  
o grandmamma—Hip!

Away they rattle, &c.

Four in hand from Piccadilly,  
Now seated in the dilly,  
Off we scamper all.  
What merry wags and railers,  
What jolly dogs and sailors,  
Begin to sing and bawl.  
From ev'ry place we start now,  
Some company depart now,  
And others come no doubt;  
For plenty there is of room now,  
And any one may come now,  
Four insides and one out.

*(Spoken.)*—Are my boxes all safe—You have put my  
a wrong coach—never mind, we shall overtake it.

Welsh cap—hold your tongue, airrah—you have awoke  
t of a comfortable nap—keep the windows shut—I  
ot a cold and stiff neck—keep in your feet—Hip!

Away they rattle, &c.



### THE CHAPTER OF DONKIES.

TUNE—"Gee ho, Dobbin."

NE, none of your nonsense, I'm not to be had,  
I call'd dashing Dick, the Tothill-fields lad;  
out Donkies I'm going to tip you a song,  
rich some of the watering places do throng.  
Come up, Neddy, gee whoa, Neddy, come up, Neddy,  
gee up, and gee ho.

at tho' I don't keep a barouche of my own,  
a stud of fine asses, and they're all the ton,  
Margate, to Brighton, to let them I go,  
ere all sorts of asses do make a fine show:

Come up, Neddy, &c.

ing ladies of fashion, of ev'ry degree,  
a ride in the morning are mounted by me.  
I may laugh at their fancy, but lord! I don't mind,  
ile Johnny the footman keeps whipping behind.

Come up, Neddy, &c.

en I comes it on Sundays, with Poll by my side,  
y I doesn't envy my lord and his bride,  
' my shay, and my Neddies, are not over grand,  
ke care that Polly shan't have the whip hand.

Come up, Neddy, &c.

There's a great many people as I will maintain,  
Who, like me, do by asses a livelihood gain:  
Quack-doctors and lawyers, and gamblers, too,  
If it wasn't for asses, pray, what would they do.

Come up, Neddy, &c.

'Tother day, when a donkey I took to be shod,  
A queer Bond-street Lounger popp'd in rather odd;  
He too wanted shoeing, as I could discern,  
Whoa, master, says I, every ass in his turn.

Come up, Neddy, &c.

Stop, Neddy, I cried, t'other day in the street,  
When one of these kiddies I chanc'd for to meet;  
His name being Ned, he look'd round thro' his p  
Says I, I did'nt mean you,—I mean't Neddy my "

Come up, Neddy, &c.

So now there's an end of my song, d'ye see,  
Pray what d'ye think of my Neddy and me,  
Tisn't easy to say if my ditty don't pass,  
Whether Neddy, or I, will look most like an ass

Come up, Neddy, &c.



# THE DEVIL MAY TAKE TO-MORROW, O

TUNE—" *The Irish Wedding.*"

OLD Father Pat was blythe and free,  
He kiss'd the lasses daily, O,  
And his fame so ran thro' Donaghadee,  
There was none like him so gaily, O;  
For, day or night, 'twas his delight,  
Devoid of care or sorrow, O,  
With pæ, sweet pæ, to wet his clay,  
And the devil may have to-morrow, O.

## IRISH AND COMIC SONGS.

father Pat was Judy's brat,  
 e wife of Durfy's brother, O,  
 whisky nail'd his queen for that,  
 he learn'd it of his mother, O;  
 day or night, 'twas his delight,  
 devoid of care or sorrow, O,  
 come, says he, I'll cosey be,  
 and the devil may take to-morrow, O.

en father Pat he kept a school,  
 But it was for more than thinking, O,  
 r, lest his scholars' wit should cool,  
 He kept them always drinking, O.  
 us, day and night, 'twas his delight,  
 Devoid of care or sorrow, O:  
 o booze away, old Pat would say,  
 And the devil may take to-morrow, O.

~~~~~

THE COUNTRY CLUB.

Now we're all met here together,
 In spite of wind and weather,
 To moisten well our clay;
 Before we think of jogging,
 Let's take a cheerful nogging:
 Where's the waiter? ring away.
 Where's the glees and the catches,
 The tobacco-pipes and matches,
 And plenty of brown stout?
 Yet the glasses, e'er we start 'em,
 Let's proceed *secundum artem*,
 Let the clerk call the names out.

(Spoken.)—Gentlemen of the Quizzical Society, please
 answer to your names—Farmer Scroggins; why I be

Doctor Horseleach; here—Taylor Tit; here—*(So he goes for about twenty)*—at last—you're here, are you, all assembled? All, all, all, all.

So here's to you, Mr. Wiggins,
Here's to you, Mr. Higgins,
So put the beer about, &c.

Come tell us what the news is,
Who wins and who loses,
Of the times what do people say?
Hard, hard the landlord racks us,
Then we've such a load of taxes;
Indeed? well, and how goes the hay?
Why, now there's Master Wiseman,
He tells the Exciseman

The cause of all this pother and rout—
Order! order and sobriety,
Are the rules of this society,
Let the secretary read them out.

(Spoken.)—Every member of this society, that spills his quor in his neighbour's pocket, shall forfeit 2d.—Every member of this society that sings his neighbour's wig with his pipe, shall forfeit 2d.—Every member of this society that fuses to laugh at a good joke, shall forfeit 2d.—Every member of this society who reproaches his neighbour with coming to distress by unavoidable misfortunes, shall forfeit 2d.—Mr. President, I move that this forfeit be a shilling; and I see the motion. Are you all agreed? I am unanimously—Able resolution—D'ye think so?

Why, then, here's to you Mr. Higgins,
Here's to you Mr. Wiggins, &c.

And now the potent liquor,
Not even spares the vicar,
But to all their noddles mounts.
While among this set of queerers,
All talkers, and no hearers,
Each his favourite tale recounts:

The soldier talks of battle,
 The grazier sells his cattle,
 Conversation to provoke;
 Till the juice of the barrel
 Begets some curious quarrel,
 While the company's lost in smoke.

Ken.—Upon my soul, neighbour, I had no hand in the
 of your wife; it was all in the way of business. Nay,
 doctor, 'twere a cursed unneighbourly thing of you, not
 e woman were any sitch great things, but to put a body
 : an expense.—Why you don't tell me so! killed fif-
 ith your own hand: Fifteen, by my laurels! D'ye hear
 utter? Hear it, yes; but I'll lay'n what he dares he
 : killed so many as I have by hundreds.—Powder my
 ra.—Come, come gentlemen, says the Bellows-maker,
 eses. Let me exhort you to temperance, says the Par-
 Amen, says the Clerk.—That's right, says the Under-
 let us bury all animositiea.—That's what I like, says
 idler, I like to see harmony restored—D'ye tho'? you
 see harmony restored!

Why, then, here's to you, Mr. Wiggins,
 Here's to you Mr. Higgins,
 So put the beer about, &c.



ALLISTER M'ALLISTER.

*O Allister M'Allister,
 Your chanter sets us a' astir,
 Then to your bags, and blaw wi' birr,
 We'll dance the Highland fling.*

Now Allister has tun'd his pipes,
 And thrang as bum-bees frae their hykes,
 The lads and lasses loup the dykes,
 And gather on the green.

O Allister M'Allister, &c.

The miller, Hab, was fidgin-fain
To dance the Highland fling his lane;
He lap as high as Elspa's wame,

The like was never seen.

As round about the ring he whuds,
An' cracks his thums, and shakes his duds,
The meal flew frae his tail in cluda,
And blinded a' their een.

O Allister M' Allister, &c.

Neist rackle-handed smiddy Jock,
A' blacken'd o'er wi' coom and smoke,
Wi' shachlan blear-e'd Bess did yoke,

That slaverin-gabbit quean.

He shook his doublet in the wund,
His feet, like hammers, struck the grund,
The very moudiwarts were stunn'd,
Nor ken'd what it cou'd mean.

O Allister M' Allister, &c.

Now wanton Willie was nae blate,
For he got haud o' winsome Kate;
Come here, quo' he, I'll show the gate,

To dance the Highland fling.

The Highland fling he danc'd wi' glee,
And lap as he were gaun to flee;
Kate bak'd and bob'd sae bonnilee,
And tript it light and clean.

O Allister M' Allister, &c.

Now Allister has done his best,
And weary hough's are wantin' rest;
Besides, they sair wi' drouth were strest,

Wi' dancin' sae, I ween:

I true the gantrees gat a lift,
And round the bicker flew like drift,
And Allister, that very night,
Could scarcely stan' his lane.

O Allister M' Allister, &c.

MOGGY ADAIR.

**WHAT's all the world to me?
Desert and bare!
Moggy won't go with me
To Dundee fair.
There it was limping Ned
Gave her a ribbon red,
For which I broke his head—
(All for) Moggy Adair!**

Who made the saucepan shine?
Moggy Adair!
Who boil'd nice dumplings nine?
Moggy Adair!
Who, when they all were done,
Because I didn't run,
Eat 'em up every one,
(O, cruel) Moggy Adair!

But now thou'rt cold to me,
False, I declare!
Left me for Timothy,
At the Brown Bear!
Now in my garters twin'd,
I'll dangle in the wind,
Oh!—no, I'll change my mind:
(*So a fig for*) Moggy Adair!



BE A GOOD BOY.

IN I was at home with my father and mother, the old couple, and Thady my brother, earning I mane! for I handled my spade, namely I follow'd the turf-cutting trade.

But ould father Murphy, our parish director,
 He now and then gave me a bit of a lecture;
 Arrah, Barney, says he, you're a frolicksome elf,
But be a good boy and take care of yourself.

With your toorle lol, toorle lol, toorle lol loo,
 Toorle lol, loorle lol, toorle lol loo.

My Judy I lov'd, and oft gave her a kiss,
 Fie! Barney, says she, but ne'er took it amiss;
 One night I took leave, says I, Judy, I'm off;
 But I heard, as I thought, in the closet a cough.
 So I open'd the door, and I star'd like a pig,
 There stood ould father Murphy, without hat or wig,
 Arrah, father, says I, you're a frolicksome elf,
But be a good boy, and take care of yourself.

With your toorle lol, &c.

I was going, but ould father Murphy cried, 'Stay,
 We'll settle this matter, I'll tell you the way,
 I'll marry you straight, and then Barney, you know—
 Thank'ee, father, says I, but I'd much rather go.
 So to ould father Murphy I bade a good night,
 And to Judy, I said, what you'll own was quite right,
 Arrah, Judy, says I, you're a frolicksome elf,
But I'll be a good boy and take care of myself.

With my toorle lol, &c.

BEGGARS AND BALLAD SINGERS.

THERE's a diff'rence to be seen 'twixt a beggar and a
 queen,

And I'll tell you the reason why,
 The queen she cannot swagger, nor get drunk like a
 beggar,

Nor be half so happy as I, as I;

Nor be half so happy as I.

(spoken.)—Now, you see, I'll tell you my reason why—
 queen is obliged to support a dignified station, which I
 s to be cursedly troublesome; now I can change shapes
 often as I please, and when I choose to leave off being a
 man, why I can give you a touch of the blackguard; more-
 r, d'ye see, I'm a bit of slight-of-hand man, and deals in
 ardemain, hocus pocus, and such like. To be sure, I sel-
 m talks about honesty, and that kind of stuff, for that's
 thing more than—

Fol lol de riddle, &c.

Like a sailor from the wars, cover'd over with scars,
 When I choose in that character to beg,
 With my knuckles held so flat, and in 'tother arm my
 hat,
 And thus I contract up my leg, my leg.

(spoken.)—Look down with an eye of pity on an unfortu-
 nate seaman. I lost my precious leg with gallant Nelson,
 God bless him! and I value the loss of my pin no more than
 bit of old mouldy biscuit.

My starboard arm I lost in action soon,
 And my larboard leg on the glorious first of June;
 Return'd to dock I'd found I'd lost my wife,
 Which loss I bore the best in all my life.

(spoken.)—Fire a shot a-stern, my worthy master; spare a
 pper to poor Jack.—'Send you may never know the loss of
 leg or an eye.—There, good man, there's a halfpenny
 r you; you're an honour to your country.—An honour,
 od bless you, my worthy soul, that's what I am; though
 y honour, like most other honourable gentlemen's, is all—

Fol lol, &c.

With a hump on my back people's charity I sack,
 In that I'm at home to a T;
 With a snuffle in my nose, I their feelings discompose,
 And thus I contract up my knee, my knee.

(*Spoken.*)—Have mercy, good Christians, on an unfortunate young man. I lost my mammy and daddy at a very early age, and I'm now forced to beg.—Oh, you're unfortunate, are you?—Yes, please your honour, very unfortunate indeed.—A good horse-whip would be of service to you think, you rascal.—Oh, Lord bless your honour, don't talk about horse-whipping; consider, it would quite spoil my

Fol lol, &c.

When I turns up my eye, as the folk passes by,
My conscience I leave behind;
Through each village I jog, led by a little dog,
And a girl I can see though I'm blind, I'm blind.

(*Spoken.*)—Pity the sorrows of a poor blind man; I'm seventy-five. Heaven preserve your eye-sight.—Look, my friend, here's a poor blind man; bring him out something.—Oh, blind! Lord bless you, why, it's all my eye, and

Fol lol, &c.

There's Dolly and I, as our ballads we cry,
On a couple of stools see us stand;
The people flock around, as she bawls aloud,
And I takes my fiddle in hand, in hand.

(*Spoken.*)—Come, neighbours and friends, here is an entirely new song, entitled and call'd, 'I am a vild and a rambling boy.'—Come, you, Sir, strike up.—Stop, Doll, let's rest first.

[*To the tune sung by the Beggars in the streets.*]

She.—I am a vild and a rambling boy,
He.—My lodging's in the isle of Troy,
She.—A rambling boy although I be,
He.—I'd leave them all, and follow thee.

That 'ere man wants a ballad, Doll; vy don't you look about

She.—I vish I vas a little fly,
He.—In my love's bosom all for to lie,

She.—That all the world might plainly see,

his is a bad halfpenny, your honour; I'd thank you for
her.

He.—I loves the girl that loves not me.

'y this an't a bad halfpenny, Doll, that the gemman giv'd
—Why, it is.—Vy, it an't, I say.—Why then you
—Lie! if you say as how I lie, I'll punch your pipkin.
—You, you fellow you!—why, if you offer to touch me,
break your fiddle about your head. I'll show you I don't
eat that for you nor your

Fol lol, &c.

Make the wretched blest, private charity is best,
The common beggar spurns at your laws;
No I reprobate the train, yet I mean to beg again,
To solicit your smiles and applause.

(spoken.)—So you see my worthy folks, if you do not con-
d to smile upon me, why my begging will be all

Fol lol, &c.



THE SMITHFIELD COURTSHIP,

A PARODY ON "THE THORN."

Am a flasket of gin, my dear Nancy requested
A glass, her dull spirits to cheer;
, by Heaven! I exclaim'd, May I perish,
f ever I give such sad trash to my dear.

No, by Heaven! &c.

When I show'd her the ring, and implor'd her to wed
 She frown'd like a dark foggy morn;
 No, by Heav'n! she exclaim'd, May I perish,
 For such a sad niggard, sure, never was born.
 No, by Heaven! &c.

I press'd her dear fist, but she look'd like a fur;
 And snatch'd it away full of scorn,
 No, by Heaven! she exclaim'd, I'll ne'er marry
 Unless that a dram I may have night and morn
 No, by Heaven! &c.



MISS BAILEY.

A CAPTAIN bold in Halifax,
 Who liv'd in country quarters,
 Seduc'd a maid, who hang'd herself
 One morning in her garters;
 His wicked conscience smited him,
 He lost his stomach daily;
 He took to drinking ratafia,
 And thought upon Miss Bailey.
 O! Miss Bailey, unfortunate Miss

One night betimes he went to bed,
 For he had caught a fever;
 Says he, I'm not a handsome man,
 But I'm a gay deceiver:
 His candle, just at twelve o'clock,
 Began to burn quite paly,
 A ghost tript up to his bed-side,
 And said, Behold Miss Bailey!

nt, Miss Bailey, then he cry'd,
 My face looks white and mealy!
 she, O cruel Captain Smith,
 You've us'd me ungentlely:
 Your corners 'quest goes hard with me,
 For I have acted frailty,
 And Parson Briggs wont bury me,
 Although I'm dead, Miss Bailey!

Our ghost, says he, since you and I
 Accounts must once for all close.
 I've got a one-pound note
 In my regimental small-clothes,
 'Twill bribe the sexton for your grave;—
 The ghost then vanish'd gaily,
 Crying, Heaven bless you, Captain Smith,—
 Remember poor Miss Bailey!

Next morn, his man rapp'd at his door,—
 O, John, says he, Come dress me,
 Miss Bailey's got my one-pound note;—
 Cried John, Good Heaven bless me!
 I shouldn't care if she had ta'en
 No more than all your riches,
 But with your one-pound note, i' faith,
 She's ta'en your leather breeches!
 O! Miss Bailey, the wicked ghost Miss Bailey.



A GLASS IS GOOD.

A glass is good, and a lass is good,
 And a pipe to smoke in cold weather;
 The world is good, and the people are good,
 And we're all good people together.
 A bottle it is a very good thing,
 With a good deal of good wine in it;
 A song is good, when a body can sing,
 And to finish, we must begin it.
 A glass is good, &c.

A table is good, when spread with good cheer,
 And good company sitting around it;
 When a good way off, we are not very near,
 And for sorrow, the devil confound it.

A glass is good, &c.

A friend is good, when you're out of good luck,
 For that's a good time for to try him;
 For a justice good, the haunch of a buck,
 With such a good present you buy him.

A glass is good, &c.

A fine old woman is good when she's dead,
 A rogue's very good for good hanging,
 A fool is good, by the nose to be led,
 And my good song deserves a good banging.

A glass is good, &c.



SCOTS MEDLEY.

As I cam' in by Calder fair,
 And yont the Lappard Lee, man,
 There was braw kissing there,
 Come but and kiss wi' me, man :
 There was Highland folk and Lawland fol
 Unco folk and kend folk,
 Folk aboon folk i' the yard;
 There's nae folk like our ain folk;
 Dirum dirum, &c.

Hech, hey! Bessy Bell,
 Kilt your coats, Maggy,
 Ye'se get a new gown,
 Down the burn, Davie.
 The Earl of Mar's bonnie thing,
 And muckle bookit wallet;
 Play the same tune o'er again,
 And down the burn for a' that.
 Dirum dum, &c.

Gin ye had been whare I ha'e been,
Ye wadna been sae wantin' ;
I gat the lang girdin o't,
An' I fell thro' the gantrin.
O'er the hills and far away,
My bonnie winsome Willie ;
Whare shall our gudeman lye ?
The gleed Earl of Kelly.
Dirum dum, &c.

Toddle but, and toddle ben,
Hey, Tam Brandy ;
Crack a louse on Maggy's wean,
Little Cocky Bendy.
There's three sheep's skins,
The barber and his bason ;
The bonnie lass o' Patie's Mill,
Wi' the free and accepted mason.
Dirum dum, &c.

On Ettrick banks, ae simmer night,
The cliffy rocks in view, man,
Kath'rine Ogie gat a fright,
'Mang Scotland's bells sae blue, man.
O waly, waly, up yon wood,
And down by bonnie Yarrow,
The lassie lost her silken snood
Wi' Will her winsome marrow.
Dirum dum, &c.

Stately stapt he east the wa',
The lad I darena name, man ;
Geordie reigns in Charlie's ha' ;
Send Lewie Gordon hame, man ;
In winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
Will brew'd a peck o' maut, man ;
John Anderson, ye're growing auld,
Pit a sheep's head i' the pat, man.
Dirum dum, &c.

The tailor cam to clout the claise
Upon a Lamma's night, man,
Which caus'd the battle o' the fleas,
And shaw'd M'Craw's great might, man
John Tamson at the key-hole keeks,
My wife's a wanton pawky,
She's clouting Johany's grey breeks,
And Bess she's but a gawky.
Dirum dum, &c.

In Fife there liv'd a wicked wife,
And she has taen the gee, man ;
The door-barring caus'd the strife,
And Sandy o'er the lee, man ;
Tarry woo frae Tweedside came,
Frae Aberdeen could kail, man,
Made gude Scotch brose to fill our want,
Could Donald M'Donald fail, man.
Dirum dum, &c.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot?
Sae merry's we ha'e been, man ;
Yet still on Menie's charms I doat,
At Polwart on the green, man ;
Willie was a wanton wag.
And push'd about the jorum,
While Rab the ranter burst his bag
Playing the Reel of Tullochgorum.
Dirum dum, &c.

THE
POCKET . ENCYCLOPEDIA,
&c.



MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

VOL. II.

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THE
CKET ENCYCLOPEDIA,

&c.

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Miscellaneous Songs.  
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LAMENT FOR ABERCROMBIE.

TUNE—" *Humours of Glen.*"

Nature with wild-flowers bespangled the moun-
tains,
meadows display'd a' their charms to the bee;
pure gush'd the rills by their grass-border'd foun-
tains,
soft sigh'd the wind through the bloom-laden
tree;
h yon auld aik, on the green banks o' Clouden,
re aft in the gloamin' I wander'd to rave,
Malcolm was seen, o'er his scars fondly broodin',
entering a warrior laid cauld in his grave.

led by the stream, on a strong claymore leaning,
sane whase sad bosom o' sorrow is fou;
wade o'er the gowans fu' mournfully maening,
straight frae its scabbard his braid sword he drew.

"Farewell, dear renown," cried the auld lyart veteran;
"For Malcolm nae mair will be seen on the field
Wi' death warsling dourly, his faes bravely scatterin';
The sword o' a sodger his arm downa wield.

But here though he wanders wi' eild heavy laden,
And joyless gaes hirplin' down life's briary brae,
He ance strade to glory, through bluid bravely wadin',
Whar great Abercrombie, his chief, led the way.
Illustrious leader! now stalking wi' heroes,
Wha bled for our country, our king, and our law,
When freedom unfurls her banner, be near us,
And rouse Scottish valour to stand in her cause.

By thee, led to victory, the sodger undaunted,
In wild transport fir'd at the loud shouts o' war,
O'er heaps rush'd to glory, the breach boldly mountin',
Though death arm'd wi' terror his courage to scout.
Auld Scotia may lang on the heath wander cheerless,
And mourn as she sits by the sad sounding wave,
The prime o' her warriors, intrepid, and fearless,—
The brave Abercrombie lies cauld in the grave!"



OH! WHAT IS THE GAIN OF RESTLESS CARE.

Oh! what is the gain of restless care,

And what is ambition's treasure,

And what are the joys which the modish share,

In their haunts of sickly pleasure.

The shade with its silence, oh! is it not sweet,

And to lie in the sun by the fountain,

And the wild flower's scent at eve to meet,

And to rove o'er the heath and the mountain.

Oh! where is the morning seen to rise,
 The violet mark'd as 'tis springing;
 The zephyr heard as at eve it sighs,
 The blackbird lov'd for its singing?
 Oh! there can alone the heart be gay,
 The thought be free from sorrow,
 And soft the night and short the day,
 And welcome again the morrow. *



GO WHERE WAR.

AN ANSWER TO "MY LOVE IS BREATHING A PRAYER FOR ME."

Go where war and thy country calls thee,
 Guardian angels thy course attend;
 Heav'n its special protection grant thee
 Till the troubles of nations end.
 When the loud wind howls round my dwelling,
 When the rude tempest ruffles the sea,
 My thoughts shall waft me where thou art sailing;
 Then I'll be breathing a prayer for thee.

Take this jewel from off my finger;
 See 'tis bath'd with a tender tear;
 'Twill thy fancy induce to linger
 On the maid whom you call so dear.

This song is by Mr. WILLIAM SMYTH of Cambridge, a specimen of whose admirable lyrics we have already given from Mr. SMYTH'S Irish Melodies. In the most trivial of his pieces there is a copious richness of those bold and beautiful strokes, which are characteristic of strong natural genius, and which he everywhere softens by the most exalted purity of sentiment.

But should some fairer,—happier rival
 All thy affection tear from me—
 My heart may break ;—but its latest sigh will
 Be pour'd in breathing a prayer for thee.



POOR JACK.

Go patter to lubbers and swabs, do ye see,
 'Bout dangers, and fear, and the like;
 A tight water boat and good sea-room give me,
 And 'ten't to a little I'll strike.
 Though the tempest top-gallant mast smack-mood
 should smite,
 And shiver each splinter of wood,
 Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bouze ev'ry thing
 tight,
 And under reef'd foresail we'll scud,
 Avast ! nor don't think me a milk-sop so soft,
 To be taken for trifles aback;
 For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

Why, I heard the good chaplain palaver one day
 About souls, heav'n, mercy, and such,
 And, my timbers ! what lingo he'd coil and belay ;
 Why, 'twas just all as one as High Dutch :
 But he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
 Without orders that come down below,
 And many fine things, that prov'd clearly to me,
 That providence takes us in tow.
 For, says he, Do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft
 Take the topsails of sailors aback,
 There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

our Poll (for you see she would cry)
 last we weigh'd anchor for sea,
 guffies aniv'ling and piping your eye;
 what a big fool you must be;
 you see the world's wide, and there's room for
 all,
 for seamen and lubbers ashore,
 o Old Davy I should go, friend Poll,
 you never will hear of me more.
 then? all's a hazard: come, don't be so soft,
 ps I may laughing come back;
 e see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
 ep watch for the life of poor Jack.

nd me, a sailor should be every inch
 one as a piece of the ship,
 h her brave the world, without offering to flinch,
 the moment the anchor's a-trip.
 ne, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends,
 ht's a trouble from duty that springs;
 heart is my Poll's, and my rhino my friend's,
 us for my life, 'tis the king's.
 then my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
 th grief to be taken aback:
 ne little cherub that sits up aloft,
 ook out a good birth for poor Jack.



MARIAN'S COMPLAINT.

nck truth has left the shepherd's tongue,
 lieu the cheerful pipe and song;
 lieu the dance at closing day,
 nd ah! the happy morn of May.

ow oft he told me I was fair,
 ad wove the garland for my hair;

How oft for Marian cull'd the bow'r,
And fill'd my cap with ev'ry flower.

No more his gifts of guile I'll wear,
But from my brow the chaplet tear;
The crook he gave in pieces break,
And rend his ribbons from my neck.

How oft he vow'd a constant flame,
And carv'd on ev'ry oak my name!
Blush, Colin, that the wounded tree
Is all that will remember me.



THE BROWN JUG.

DEAR Tom, this brown jug, that now foams with
ale,

(In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale,
Was once Toby Filpot, a thirsty old soul,
As e'er crack'd a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl.
In boozing about 'twas his praise to excel,
And among jolly toppers he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd, as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
In his flow'r-woven arbour, as gay as you please,
With a friend and a pipe, puffing sorrow away,
And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had dissolv'd it again,
A potter found out in its covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug.
Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale,
So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale.

HOW SWEET IS THE GLOAMING.

TUNE—"Bonnie Dundee."

weet is the gloaming, when carelesly roaming,
 red setting sun sinking low in the west,
 oon faintly beaming, one star lonely gleaming,
 nature does gradually sink into rest.
 y the pure fountain, beside the steep mountain,
 nder, Eliza, to muse upon thee,
 rt fondly wishing, its ae darling blessing,
 thou wad be constant to love and to me.

ho' the sea part us, dame Fortune desert us,
 tear me reluctant away from thy arms,
 on my pillow, when toss'd on the billow,
 leasantly dream I possess all thy charms.
 en sad I waken, and find I'm mistaken,
 thrice have given vent to the heart-rending sigh,
 ope soon returning, will ease my fond mourning,
 soothingly whisper, we'll meet bye and bye. *



MY AIN FIRESIDE.

een great anes and sat in great ha's,
 ords and fine ladies a' cover'd wi' braws;
 ts made for princes, wi' princes I've been,
 the grand shine o' splendour has dazzl'd my een;

ittle piece is from the pen of ALEXANDER FULLARTON,
 st Regiment. It indicates a mind strongly susceptible
 r sympathies with the sublime objects of nature, and
 the romantic tenderness of love. We are not sorry to
 ldier become at times a prey to those feelings he is of-
 upon, in the way of his duty, to violate with unrelent-

But a sight sae delightfu', I trow, I ne'er spied,
 As the bonny blythe blink o' mine ain fireside.
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
 O cheery's the blink o' mine ain fireside.

Ance mair, gude be thanket, round my ain hearth-
 ingle,

Wi' the friends of my youth I cordially mingle;
 Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad,
 I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm
 Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear,
 But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer;
 Of a' roads to happiness ever were tried,
 There's nane half so sure as ane's ain fireside.

When I draw in my stool on my cosey hearth,
 My heart louns sae light I scarce ken't for my
 Care's down on the wind, it is clean out o' sight.
 Past troubles they seem but as dreams of the night.
 I hear but kend voices, kend faces I see,
 And mark saft affection glent fond frae ilk e'e;
 Nae pluckings o' flattery, nae boastings of pride,
 'Tis heart speaks to heart at ane's ain fireside.
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
 O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

THE KEBBUCKSTON WEDDING.

AULD Watty of Kebbuckston brae,
 With lear and reading of books auld farren,
 What think ye! the body came owre the day,
 And tauld us he's gaun to be married to Mirre
 We a' got a bidding,
 To gang to the wedding,
 Baith Johnnie and Sandy, and Nelly and Nanny;
 And Tam o' the Knowes,
 He swears and he vows,
 The dancing he'll face to the bride wi' his g

lads hae trystet their joes,
 Willie came up and ca'd on Nelly,
 she was hecht to Geordie Bowse,
 gien him the gunk and she's gaun wi' Willie.

Wee collier Johnnie
 Has yocket his pony,
 aff to the town for a lading of nappy,
 Wi' fouth of good meat
 To serve us to eat,
 b fuddling and feasting we'll a' be fou' happy.

atie Brydie's to say the grace,
 body's aye ready at dredgies and weddings,
 nkey M'Fee, of the Skiverton place,
 osen to scuttle the pies and the puddings.

For there'll be plenty
 Of ilka thing dainty,
 lang kail and haggis, and ev'ry thing fitting,
 With luggies of beer,
 Our wizzens to clear,
 e de'il fill his kyte wha gaes clung frae the meeting.

e has caft Gibbie Cameron's gun,
 t his auld gutcher bore when he follow'd Prince
 Charlie,

urrel was rustet as black as the grun,
 he's ta'en't to the smiddy and's fettl't it rarely.

With wallets of pouter,
 His musket he'll shouter,
 de at our head, to the bride's a' parading.

At ilka farm town
 He'll fire them three roun',
 e hale kinty ring with the Kebbuckston Wedding.

and Johnnie maun ride the brouse,
 few like them can sit in the saddle;
 Villie Cobreath, the best of bows,
 ysted to jig in the barn with his fiddle.

*With whisking and flisking,
 And reeling and wheeling,*

The young anes a' like to loup out o' the body,
 And Neilie M'Nairn,
 Tho' sair forfairn,

He vows that he'll wallop twa sets wi' the howdie.

Sauney M'Nab, with his tartan trews,
 Has hecht to come down in the midst of the ca
 And gie us three wallops of merry shantrews,
 With the true Highland fling of Macrimmon the
 per.

Sic hiping and skipping,
 And springing and flinging,
 I'se wad that there's nane in the Lawlands can wad
 Faith! Willie maun fiddle,
 And jirgum and diddle,
 And screed till the sweat fa' in beads frae his haist.

Then gie me your hand, my trusty good frien',
 And gie me your word, my worthy auld kimmer,
 Ye'll baith come owre on Friday bedeen,
 And join us in ranting and tooming the timmer.
 With fouth of good liquor,
 We'll haud at the bicker,
 And lang may the mailing of Kebbuckston flourish
 For Watty's sae free,
 Between you and me,
 I'se warrant he's bidden the half of the parish.

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 THE LAMENT.

TUNE—"Maids of Arrochar."

Thou dark winding Carron once pleasing to see,  
 To me thou can'st never give pleasure again,  
 My brave Caledonians lie low on the lee,  
 And thy streams are deep ting'd with the blood of  
 slain.

Hearted treachery that doom'd our undoing,—  
 A bleeding country, what more can I do?  
 Her looks pale o'er the red field of ruin,  
 Freedom beholds her best warriors laid low.

O dear partners of peril! farewell!  
 Dried ye lie in one wide bloody grave,  
 Names shall ennoble the place where you fell,  
 Your names be enroll'd with the sons of the brave.  
 Poor outcast, in exile must wander,  
 Like a traitor, ignobly must die!  
 Songs, O my country! indignant I ponder.—  
 Ere to the hour when thy Wallace must fly!



#### THE MANIAC'S SONG.

'Tis the poor maniac's song:  
 Its notes on yon wild craggy steep,  
 While the winds mournfully whistle along,  
 Distastefully looks o'er the deep,  
 As she sings "Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby!"  
 To wash the rude billows asleep.

As to yon rock far at sea,  
 She thinks it her lover's white sail,  
 A tear of joy glads her wild glistening eye,  
 And he beckons his vessel to hail,  
 As she sings, "Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby!"  
 As she rets at the boisterous gale.

When she was gentle and fair,  
 The seas robb'd her heart of its joy,  
 Her reason was lost in the gloom of despair,  
 Her charms then did wither and die;  
 And her sad "Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby!"  
 Makes the lone passenger's sigh.

## GALLA WATER.

BRAW, braw lads on Yarrow braes,  
Ye wander through the blooming heather;  
But Yarrow braes nor Ettrick shaws,  
Can match the lads o' Galla water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,  
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better,  
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,  
The bonny lad o' Galla water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,  
An' tho' I hae nae meikle tocher,  
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,  
We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,  
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;  
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,  
O that's the chiefest warld's treasure.



## THE FAITHLESS LOVER.

FAR, far from me my lover flies—  
A faithless lover he;  
In vain my tears, in vain my sighs,  
No longer true to me,  
He seeks another.

Lie still, my heart, no longer grieve,  
No pangs to him betray,  
Who taught you these sad sighs to heave,  
Then laughing went away,  
To seek another.

## ERE BRIGHT ROSINA.

ERE bright Rosina met my eyes,  
 How peaceful past the joyous day,  
 In rural sports I gain'd the prize,  
 Each virgin listen'd to my lay ;

But now no more I touch the lyre,  
 No more the rustic sports can please,  
 I live the slave of fond desire,  
 Lost to myself, to mirth, and ease.

The tree, which in a happier hour,  
 Its boughs extended o'er the plain ;  
 When blasted by the lightning's pow'r,  
 Nor charms the eye, nor shades the swain.  
 The tree, &c.



## NOW THE CHILL HOARY BLASTS.

Now the chill hoary blasts of the winter are o'er,  
 And the light-hearted warblers chirp mournful no more,  
 But amorous ditties resound thro' the groves,  
 The haunt of their pleasures, the seat of their loves.  
 From the bee on the flower to the bird on the spray  
 All welcome the smile of the genial day;  
 Then why, lovely Jessy, for ever destroy  
 The bloom of thy youth midst the general joy?

See the roses of summer, how gladly they shine!—  
 Their fate, lovely fair, is an emblem of thine;  
 Their bosoms they spread to the clear azure sky,  
 And exultingly laugh in the passengers eye;  
 But ah ! cruel fortune ! ah fond foolish flower !  
 A few summer suns, and thy splendour is o'er;  
 For the dark clouds of heaven are gathering fast,  
 And thy fortune is borne on the wings of the blast.

But a lovelier prospect appears to the view,  
 A prospect more fitting the fortune of you;  
 'Tis the leaf-cover'd elm with its arms spreading wide,  
 And the green ivy tendrils that cling to its side.  
 Tho' the furious blasts of the winter assail,  
 And the green leaves of summer spread far o'er the vale  
 Still, in friendship united, they ever remain,  
 And smile at the storms that attack them in vain.

So, Jessy, my love, ere thy roses decay,  
 And thy bright beam of summer has faded away,  
 Thy cold icy frowns and thy sorrows resign,  
 And in conjugal love bind thy fortune to mine.  
 Then I, like the elm tree that smiles at the blast,  
 And thou, like the ivy that clings to its breast,  
 In friendship united will ever remain,  
 And laugh at the storms that attack us in vain. \*



#### AE FOND KISS.

AE fond kiss, and then we sever;  
 Ae farewell, alas, for ever!  
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.  
 Who shall say that fortune grieves him  
 While the star of hope she leaves him?  
 Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;  
 Dark despair around benights me.

\* This song, by Mr. WILLIAM M'LAREN, Paisley, authr the valuable sketch of the life of TANNAHILL, from which have made such copious extracts in our first volume, we judge not prove unacceptable to the lovers of true poetry. It abo with beautiful and original allusions to natural objects, whicl never associated in our minds without feelings of interest ~~and~~ ~~there~~. It is certainly worthy of the friend of TANNAHILL

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,  
 Naething could resist my Nancy;  
 But to see her, was to love her;  
 Love but her, and love for ever.  
 Had we never lov'd sae kindly,  
 Had we never lov'd sae blindly,  
 Never met—or never parted,  
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!  
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!  
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,  
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!  
 Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;  
 Ae farewell, alas, for ever!  
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.



#### THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

"DEAR land of my birth, of my friends, of my love!  
 Shall I never again climb thy mountains?  
 Nor wander at eve, thro' some lone leafy grove,  
 To listen the dash of thy fountains?  
 Shall no hand that I love close my faint-beaming eye,  
 That darkens 'mid warfare and danger?  
 Ah, no! for I feel that my last heaving sigh  
 Must fleet on the gale of the stranger!"

"Then farewell ye valleys—ye fresh blooming bow'rs,  
 Of childhood the once-happy dwelling;  
 No more in your haunts shall I chace the gay hours,  
 For death at my bosom is knelling;  
 But proudly the lotus shall bloom o'er my grave,  
 To mark where a freeman is sleeping;  
 And my dirge shall be heard in the Nile's dashing wave,  
 While the Arab his night-watch is keeping."

'Twas a soldier who spoke—but his voice now is gone  
 And lowly the hero is lying;  
 No sound meets the ear, save the crocodile's moan,  
 Or the breeze through the palm-tree sighing.  
 But, lone tho' he rests, where the camel is seen  
 By the wilderness heavily pacing,  
 His grave in our bosoms shall ever be green,  
 And his monument ne'er know defacing.



### NOW SPRING AGAIN.

TUNE—" *The boatie rows.*"

Now spring again, wi' liesome tread,  
 'Mang Bernard's bow'rs is seen;  
 The modest snaw-drap hangs its head,  
 True emblem o' my Jean.  
 But tho' fell winter's reign be o'er,  
 An' storms nae mair do blaw,  
 Yet cauld and cheerless is the bow'r  
 When love is far awa.

How swift the langest night flees by  
 When twa fond lovers meet,  
 And balmy kiss and breathing sigh  
 Together mingle sweet!  
 An' O how wae ilk ane's to part  
 When forc'd at duty's ca';  
 But dowie, dowie is the heart  
 Whase love is far awa.

The moon shines clearer i' the lift,  
 The breeze mair gentle sighs,  
 And glowin' is the sleety drift  
 If warm'd by beauty's eyes.

An O gin love but leads the way,  
 What cares can e'er befa'?  
 The sun o' pleasure shines a' day  
 When love's no far awa.

Then, while our youth is i' the prime,  
 Let's catch the fleetin' hour,  
 An offer vows at beauty's shrine,  
 In token o' her pow'r.  
 An' whan auld age upon our pow  
 Begins to fling his snaw,  
 We'll welcome him wi' friendly low,  
 If love's no far awa. \*



#### THE MAID OF ISLAY.

RISING o'er the heaving billow,  
 Evening gilds the ocean's swell,  
 While with thee, on grassy pillow,  
 Solitude! I love to dwell.  
 Lonely to the sea breeze blowing,  
 Oft I chaunt my love-lorn strain,  
 To the streamlet sweetly flowing  
 Murmur oft a lover's pain.

Although these two highly beautiful songs, by a Mr. JAMES R. of Edinburgh, were received at an early period of this by some unaccountable accident they have hitherto slipt

We would have been extremely sorry to have been deficient in our duty to the public and the author, in not giving a place, as we judge them inferior to few pieces in this or her collection. They contain the most flattering proofs of *ly* endowed poetical genius, which we would be happy to *duously* cultivated, and encouraged.



'Twas for her, the maid of Islay,  
 Time flew o'er me wing'd with joy;  
 'Twas for her the cheering smile ay  
 Beam'd with rapture in my eye.  
 Not the tempest raving round me,  
 Lightning's flash, or thunder's roll,  
 Not the ocean's rage could wound me,  
 While her image fill'd my soul.

Farewell days of purest pleasure,  
 Long your loss my heart shall mourn!  
 Farewell hours of bliss the measure,  
 Bliss that never can return.  
 Cheerless o'er the wild heath wand'ring,  
 Cheerless o'er the wave-worn shore,  
 On the past with sadness pond'ring,  
 Hope's fair visions charm no more.



#### SWEET MAID, ON THY CHEEK.

SWEET maid, on thy cheek there's a red rosy blush,  
 From thine eye beams the peace of the dove,  
 I own'd their keen pow'r 'neath yon sweet birken bush  
 When I sigh'd out the ag'nies of love.  
 O enter this sweet sylvan shade,  
 Where no cares shall intrude on our bliss,  
 Where blushing, yet yielding, dear maid,  
 Let me seal each fond vow with a kiss.

A sweet nuptial morn soon shall smile on our loves,  
 And add to our joys new delight;  
 The birds in blyth concert shall sing in the grove,  
 A sweet prelude to the joys of the night.  
 Then sweet raptures our hours shall employ,  
 While I lean on thy fond beating heart;  
 For sweetest, and dearest's the joy  
 That the conjugal life can impart.

## LOVELY NAN.

SWEET is the ship, that, under sail,  
Spreads her white bosom to the gale;

Sweet, O sweet's the flowing cann;  
Sweet to poise the lab'ring oar,  
That tugs us to our native shore,

When the boatswain pipes the barge to man.  
Sweet sailing with a fav'ring breeze,  
But O! much sweeter than all these,  
Is Jack's delight, his lovely Nan.

The needle, faithful to the north,  
To show of constancy the worth,  
A curious lesson teaches man;  
The needle, time may rust; a squall  
Capsize the binnacle and all,

Let seamanship do all it can:  
My love in worth shall higher rise,—  
Nor time shall rust, nor squalls capsize,  
My faith and truth to lovely Nan.

When in the bilboes I was penn'd,  
For serving of a worthless friend,  
And ev'ry creature from me ran:  
No ship performing quarantine  
Was ever so deserted seen,

None hail'd me, woman, child, or man:  
But though false friendship's sails were furl'd,  
Tho' cut adrift by all the world,  
I had all the world in lovely Nan.

I love my duty, love my friend,  
Love truth and merit to defend,  
To mourn their loss who hazard ran:  
I love to take an honest part,  
Love beauty and a spotless heart,  
By manners love to show the man;

To sail thro' life by honour's breeze:  
 'Twas all along of loving these,  
 First made me doat on lovely Nan.



### WILD HOWLS THE WIND.

TUNE—" *Banks of the Devon.*"

WILD howls the wind o'er the loud dashing ocean,  
 Fierce beat the dark billows on Coila's smooth shore;  
 While friendless I wander amid the commotion,  
 And muse on the spot I may never tread more.  
 Ah no, my sad breast, never more must thou wander  
 Those scenes, to thy mem'ry tho' ever so dear,  
 Never more wi' thy lassie, by Clyde's smooth meads,  
 No eye o'er thy fate shall drop pity's soft tear.

More dread, and more ruthless the surge o' misfortune  
 Beat 'gainst this sad breast in my youth's early dawn  
 The keen blasts o' sorrow the tender stem tore soon,  
 An' crush'd low in dust ere the floweret was blawn.  
 This woe-laden bosom is now weakly beating,  
 And trembling those limbs as I slow pace the shore  
 At each quiv'ring throb I feel life quick retreating,  
 And Fate, hov'ring nigh, says the struggle 'is o'er.

Hark, the wind stills, and lo where the high foam  
 billow,

Late scatter'd his locks 'mong the robes o' the sky,  
 Serene play the sun rays o' bright beaming yellow,  
 And nature sweet smileth as order draws nigh.  
 Ev'n so, thou lov'd maiden, when life's storms are o'er  
 A calm such as this we'll enjoy on yon shore,  
 But more sweet, and a happier clime we'll discover,  
 Where Fate, all relentless, can part us no more. \*

\* Written by a young Gentleman while standing by the  
 shore at Saltcoats.

## - HALLOW FAIR.

TUNE—" *Fy let us a' to the bridal.*"

THERE's fouth o' braw Jockies and Jennies  
Comes weel buskit into the fair,  
Wi' ribbons on their cockernonies,  
And fouth o' fine flour in their hair.  
O Maggie she was sae weel busked,  
That Willie was tied to his bride;  
The poney was ne'er better whisked  
Wi' a cudgel that hang frae his side.

But Maggie was wond'rous jealous,  
To see Willie busked sae braw;  
And Sawney he sat in the ale-house,  
And hard at the liquor did ca'.  
There was Geordie that weel lo'ed his lassie,  
He took the pint stoup in his arms,  
And hugg'd it, and said, Troth they're saucy  
That lo'es na a gude father's bairn.

There was Wattie, the muirland laddie,  
Was mounted upon a grey cowte,  
Wi' sword by his side, like a caddie,  
To drive in the sheep and the nowte.  
His doublet sae weel it did fit him,  
It scarcely came down to mid-thigh,  
Wi' hair pouther'd, hat, and a feather,  
And housing at courpon and tee.

But Bruckie play'd boo to Bawsie,  
And aff'scour'd the cowte like the win';  
Poor Wattie he fell on the causey,  
And birs'd a' the banes in his skin.  
His pistols fell out o' the hulsters,  
And were a' bedaubed wi' dirt:  
The folk they came round him in clusters,  
Some leugh, and cry'd, Lad, was ye hurt?

The cowte wad let naebody steer him,  
He was aye sae wanton and skeigh;  
The packmen's stands he o'erturn'd them,  
And gart a' the fair stand abeigh.  
Wi' sneering behind and before him;  
For sic is the mettle o' brutes;  
Poor Wattie, and wae's me for him,  
Was fain to gang hame in his boots.

Now it was late in the ev'ning,  
And bughting time was drawing near;  
The lasses had stench'd their greening  
Wi' fouth o' braw apples and beer.  
There was Lillie, and Tibbie, and Sibbie,  
And Ceicy on the spindle could spin,  
Stood glowing at signs and glass winnocks,  
But deil a lad bade them come in.

Gude guide's! saw ye ever the like o't?  
See yonder's a bonny black swan;  
It glows as it wad fain be at us;  
What's yon that it hauds in its han'?  
Awa, daft gowk, cries Wattie,  
They're a' but a rickle o' sticks;  
See there is Bill, Jock, and auld Hackie,  
And yonder's Mess John and Auld Nick.

Quo' Maggie, Come buy us our fairing,  
To Wattie, wha sleely could tell,  
I think thou'rt the flow'r o' the clachan,  
In troth now I'se gie you mysel'.  
But wha wad e'er thought it o' him,  
That e'er he had rippled the lint?  
Sae proud was he o' his Maggie,  
Though she did baith scailie and squint.

## A DIRGE ON THE DEATH OF BURNS.

WHAT! is there ill news, ye're so sad,  
Robin Gray,  
That thy blue bonnet's pull'd o'er thy brow?  
O! sad news! sad! sad!  
Poor Robin is dead,  
And the plowman weeps over his plow,  
Well a well a day.  
And the plowman weeps over his plow.

Is his pipe mute for aye, and for aye,  
Robin Gray,  
No more shall we 'tend to his song?  
Ay, cold as a clod  
Beneath the green sod,  
Poor Robin they've laid all along,  
Well a well a day,  
Poor Robin they've laid all along.

Adieu then, the forest and hill,  
Robin Gray,  
And farewell the vallies and grove!  
Why the forest and hill,  
And the vallies ring still,  
Still echo his ditties of love,  
Well a well a day,  
Still echo his ditties of love.

The sad sound of echo I'll shun,  
Robin Gray,  
Its dying notes live on my mind;  
Can you then as you roam  
From your forefathers' home,  
Leave your country's feeling behind.  
Well a well a day,  
Leave your country's feeling behind.

Still the blackbird will sing on the thorn,  
     Robin Gray,  
 And the lark early carol on high,  
     But the lowly lodg'd swain,  
     As he scatters his grain,  
 Will chaunt Robin's verse with a sigh,  
     Well a well a day,  
 Will chaunt Robin's verse with a sigh.

Soft lies on his bosom the turf,  
     Robin Gray,  
 Rest his ashes unmingled and pure!  
     May the tomb of his urn  
     Caledonia adorn,  
 And his much-lov'd remains aye secure!  
     Well a well a day!  
 And his much-lov'd remains aye secure.



#### WHERE SHALL THE LOVER REST.

WHERE shall the lover rest,  
 Whom the fates sever  
 From his true maiden's breast,  
 Parted for ever?  
 Where, through groves deep and high,  
 Sounds the far billow,  
 Where early violets die,  
 Under the willow.

*Eleu loro, &c. Soft shall be his pillow.*

There, through the summer day,  
 Cool streams are laving;  
 There, while the tempests sway,  
 Scarce are boughs waving;

There, thy rest shalt thou take,  
Parted for ever,  
Never again to wake,  
Never, O never.

*Eleu loro, &c. Never, O never.*

Where shall the traitor rest,  
He, the deceiver,  
Who could win maiden's breast,  
Ruin, and leave her?  
In the lost battle,  
Borne down by the flying,  
Where mingles war's rattle,  
With groans of the dying.

*Eleu loro, &c. There shall he be lying.*

Her wings shall the eagle flap,  
O'er the false-hearted;  
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,  
Ere life be parted.  
Shame and dishonour sit  
By his grave ever;  
Blessing shall hallow it,—  
Never, O never.

*Eleu loro, &c. Never, O never.*

~~~~~

THE BEGGAR BOY.

Long I've been an orphan poor,
Craving pity at your door;
Spent and weary, down I lie,
And with cold and hunger die.
Daughters of charity, sons of humanity,
O pity, O pity, the poor beggar boy.

No care nurs'd my growing years,
 No friend wip'd the flowing tears;
 Father, mother, all are gone,
 Left a beggar boy forlorn!
 Daughters of charity, &c.

Charity, Charity, celestial maid!
 Dart a sunbeam in the shade;
 Light an outcast such as me,
 A wand'ring son of misery!
 Daughters of charity, &c. *

* The force of the appeals to our sensibility contains little piece, may, perhaps, be most strikingly illustrate following most remarkable philippic of BURNS against p
 "O Poverty! thou half-sister of death, thou cousin-g
 hell! where shall I find force of execration equal to the
 of thy demerits? Oppressed by thee, the venerable ancie
 hoary in the practice of every virtue, laden with years an
 edness, implores a little—little aid to support his existe
 a stony-hearted son of Mammon, whose sun of prosper
 knew a cloud; and is by him denied and insulted. Opp
 thee, the man of sentiment, whose heart glows with
 dence, and melts with sensibility, inly pines under th
 or writhes in bitterness of soul under the contumely of
 unfeeling wealth. Oppressed by thee, the son of geni
 ill-starred ambition plants him at the tables of the fi
 and polite, must see in suffering silence his remark
 and his person despised, while shallow greatness, in hi
 tempts at wit, shall meet with countenance and applau
 is it only the family of worth that have reason to co
 thee: the children of folly and vice, though in common
 the offspring of evil, smart equally under thy rod.
 thee, the man of unfortunate disposition and neglected
 is condemned as a fool for his dissipation, despised an
 as a needy wretch, when his follies as usual bring him
 and when his unprincipled necessities drive him to disho
 nities, he is abhorred as a miscreant, and perishes by t

ADIEU! A HEART-WARM FOND ADIEU.

TUNE—" *Good night and joy be wi' you a'.*"

ADIEU! a heart-warin, fond adieu!

Dear brothers of the mystic tye!

Ye favoured, enlighten'd few,

Companions of my social joy:

Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,

Pursuing fortune's slipp'ry ba',

With melting heart, and brimful eye,

I'll mind you still, tho' far awa.

Oft have I met your social band,

And spent the cheerful festive night;

Oft, honour'd with supreme command,

Presided o'er the sons of light;

And, by that hieroglyphic bright,

Which none but craftsmen ever saw!

Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write

Those happy scenes when far awa.

May freedom, harmony, and love,

Unite you in the grand design,

Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above,

The glorious Architect Divine!

his country. But far otherwise is the lot of the man of family and fortune. *His* early follies and extravagance are spirit and ; *his* consequent wants are the embarrassments of an honest man; and when, to remedy the matter, he has gained a legal commission to plunder distant provinces, or massacre peaceful nations, he returns, perhaps, laden with the spoils of rapine and murder; lives wicked and respected, and dies a ***** and a liar."

That you may keep th' unerring line,
 Still rising by the plummet's law,
 Till order bright completely shine,
 Shall be my pray'r when far awa.

And you farewell ! whose merits claim,
 Justly, that highest badge to wear,
 Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble name,
 To masonry and Scotia dear !
 A last request permit me here,
 When yearly ye assemble a',
 One round, I ask it with a tear,
 To him, the Bard that's far awa.



BANNOCKBURN.

TUNE—" *Hey tuttie taitie.*"

WIDE o'er Bannock's heathy wold
 Scotland's deathful banners roll'd,
 And spread their wings of sprinkled gold
 To the purpling east:
 Freedom beam'd in ev'ry eye;
 Devotion breath'd in ev'ry sigh:
 Freedom heav'd their souls on high,
 And steel'd each hero's breast.

Charging, then, the coursers sprang;
 Sword and helmet clashing rang;
 Steel-clad warriors' mixing clang
 Echo'd round the field.
 Deathful see their eye-balls glare!
 See the nerves of battle bare!
 Arrowy tempests cloud the air,
 And glance from ev'ry shield.

Hark the bowmen's quivering strings !
Death on grey-goose pinions springs !
Deep they dip their dappled wings,
 Drunk in hero's gore.
Lo ! Edward, * springing on the rear,
Plies his Caledonian spear ;
Ruin marks his dread career,
 And sweeps them from the shore.

See how red the streamlets flow !
See the reeling, yielding foe,
How they melt at every blow !
 Yet we shall be free !
Darker yet the strife appears ;
Forest dread, of flaming spears !
Hark, a shout the welkin tears !
 Bruce has victory !

Join the Caledonian lyre,
In strains of bold celestial fire,
Till the sound to Heav'n aspire,
 Bruce has victory !
Give the world, O Bard ! their praise ;
Crown with glory's brightest bays ;
Sing them in eternal lays,
 Who set their country free. †

The brave Edward Bruce, whose intrepidity and valour constituted so highly to the fortune of the day.

The battle of Bannockburn, ever memorable for the glorious struggle the Scots made for their independence, was fought between Robert Bruce and Edward the II. king of England. The latter, after his escape from the English court, whither he had accompanied Edward the I. resolved at once to rescue his country from the thralldom of the English, and to vindicate his own claims to the Scottish throne. His efforts were at first crowned with considerable success, but the slenderness of his resources rendered him unable to cope with so powerful and military a prince

as Edward the first; accordingly, after a hard struggle Robert was compelled, with a few of his followers, to take refuge in the western isles: but while Edward was hastening with a large army to accomplish the final subjugation of Scotland, he was attacked by a mortal disease about Carlisle; however, before his death he had enjoined upon his son to make the reduction of Scotland a primary object of his reign. In compliance with the injunctions of his father, Edward raised a large army, amounting to upwards of a hundred thousand men, while the Scots were not able to bring into the field more than thirty thousand, but all men of the most approved valour. Robert foreseeing that the English king would march directly upon Stirling, which was held for him by Philip Mowbray, determined to intercept him, and for that purpose fixed upon a most advantageous position for giving him battle, with a hill on his right, a morass on his left, and a rivulet in front; but as he was greatly inferior in cavalry, he fell upon a stratagem to remedy this defect, by causing deep pits to be dug on the banks of the rivulet, in which he fixed pointed stakes, and covered the whole over with moss and rushes. On the evening of the 24th of June, 1314, the English arrived on the opposite bank of the river; and the two armies, fired with all the rancour of national animosity, rushed immediately to battle. A smart conflict ensued between two bodies of cavalry. That of the Scots was headed by Robert in person, who engaging in close combat with Henry de Bohun, a gentleman of the family of Hereford, and with one stroke of his battle-axe cleft his adversary to the chin. The English horse fled with precipitation; and the Scots, exulting in the valour of their monarch, regarded the favourable result of this encounter as a presage of a more complete victory. Darkness gave a short respite from hostilities; and never was suspense more interesting than that in which the armies were now placed. The English, elated with former victories, and exasperated by the least appearance of defeat from a people whom they had already considered as subdued, longed eagerly for a combat, which was to annihilate the power of their enemies. The Scots saw their independence, and even their existence as a nation, depending on the issue of a single battle; **and** undaunted by the gigantic power of their enemy, were de-

etermined to restore the glory of their country, or not to survive its fall. The night, short as it is at that season of the year, appeared extremely tedious to the impatience of the combatants. At break of day Edward drew out his army, and advanced against the Scots. His nephew, the Earl of Gloucester, who commanded the left wing of cavalry, impelled by the ardour of youth, and disputing the post of honour with the Earl of Hereford, rushed impetuously to the attack, and fell among the covered pits which Bruce had prepared on the banks of the river. Gloucester himself was dismounted and slain; his cavalry were thrown into disorder; and Sir James Douglas, who commanded the Scottish body of horse, giving them no time to recover from their consternation, drove them off the field with great slaughter. The infantry, alarmed by this unfortunate commencement of the action, and afraid of some similar stratagem against themselves, were yet hesitating to advance, when they perceived another army marching slowly along the heights as if with the intention of surrounding them. This was a number of waggoners and sumpter boys, whom Robert had provided with military standards, as to give them at a distance the appearance of a large army. The stratagem succeeded: the English, distracted by various fears, threw down their arms and fled; the slaughter was prodigious; and as they were at least eighty miles from any place of safety, very few of them would have escaped, had not the Scots returned from the pursuit to seize on the rich spoil of the English camp. Various accounts are given of the number slain in this decisive battle. Some of the Scottish historians assure us that fifty thousand English perished in the action, or were destroyed in flight; and, according to the most moderate calculations, the number of captives amounted to 154 lords and knights, 700 gentlemen, and 10,000 common soldiers. During the whole of the engagement Edward showed no want of personal bravery and was with difficulty persuaded to quit the field: he was closely pursued by Sir James Douglas, who was eager to revenge the wrongs of his family; and narrowly escaped by reaching Dunbar, whose gates were opened to him by the Earl of March; and from thence he took shipping for Berwick. The loss of the Scots, too, was by no means inconsiderable; for even their own

writers allow that 4000 of them fell, among whom there was only two of equestrian rank.

Such was the great battle of Bannockburn, which completely secured the independence of Scotland, established the family of Bruce on the throne, and inspired the English with such a dread of Scottish valour, that for many years they never would venture to oppose any number of Scotsmen in the field. Robert availing himself of his present advantage, marched directly to England, and ravaged, without opposition, all the northern counties; besieged Carlisle, and took Berwick by assault. In return for some of his noble prisoners, he received his wife, his daughter, his sister, and all the Scottish nobles and gentlemen who had been prisoners since the reign of Edward I.; the liberty of his English captives was purchased at immense ransoms, which were an accession of wealth to the kingdom.

ADIEU TO FAIR SCOTLAND.

ADIEU to fair Scotland, the land of my birth,
Farewell to your mountains, your-glens, and the Fir
To islands far distant I straitway am bound;
Where loud did the name of Columbus resound:
But enjoy the few moments while here I remain,
The cause of my leaving can never give pain.

But how can I part from all I love here?
My father, my mother, and kindred so dear?
Affection still whispers, abide in the north,
But duty commands with my John to go forth.
With submission I yield to the mandate above,
And set off with the man I most ardently love.

Contented I'll sail to Jamaica's warm lands,
Confiding my all in my dear husband's hands;

And when settl'd there in health, sickness, or mirth
 I'll think of dear Scotia the place of my birth.
 But enjoy the few moments we still have to spare,
 I'll then bid adieu to the friends that are here. *

* This beautiful piece, which breathes the air of Arcadian simplicity and tenderness, has been transmitted to us by a young gentleman, with the following remarks:—"The subject of the verses is a young lady, lately resident in Fifeshire, whose amiable disposition, as well as her great personal and mental accomplishments, had commanded the esteem of all her acquaintance. A gentleman from the West Indies, a friend of the author, had won her heart; and upon their marriage she left the land of her nativity, and all those mountains and valleys which the place of her birth had rendered dear to her, and which ever will be associated in her mind with the days of her youth, and with the companions, who, in the enjoyment of her company, used to ramble through the woods of Balgonie, and along the banks of the water of Leven, to accompany the object of her affections to the sultry climate of Jamaica, leaving many a youthful swain to lament her departure, and many a friend to feel the sensibility which her absence has produced. The author, conceiving what must be the struggle of her feelings upon such an occasion—feelings of parental and kindred affection, grappling with those of youthful love, and at the same time being well aware which of the two would have the ascendancy, composed the above verses, and presented them to the young lady immediately after her marriage. They are here offered for insertion, without the knowledge of the lady or her husband; and conceiving that the same feelings must have a place in the bosom of every one who is situated in similar circumstances, it is supposed that they will be read with interest by many an individual, each associating with them in his mind those friends whom his ardent wishes may still pursue on the trackless path of the mighty ocean."

ADIEU MY LOV'D HARP.

TUNE—" *Lough Sheeling*."

ADIEU my lov'd harp, for no more shall the vale
Re-echo thy notes, as they float on the gale;
No more melting pity shall sigh o'er thy string,
Or love to thy tremblings so tenderly sing.

When battle's fell strife launch'd its thunders afar,
And valour's dark brow wore the honours of war,
'Twas thou breath'd the fame of the hero around,
And young emulation was wak'd by the sound.

Ye daughters of Erin, soon comes the sad day,
When over the turf where I sleep ye shall say—
" Oh ! still is the song we repaid with a tear,
And silent the string that delighted the ear !"

FINIS.

INDEX

TO THE

ENGLISH SONGS,

IN THE ALPHABETICAL ORDER

OF

THE FIRST LINES.



AUTHORS.

| | |
|---|-----------------------------|
| g flower my Julia chose, | 53 |
| ush young Edward chose, | 94 |
| rd Gregory, thy door, | <i>Pindar</i> , . . 124 |
| for love, | 43 |
| air were never seen, | <i>Sheridan</i> , . . 133 |
| ye swains, | 95 |
| pherds mournful fate, | <i>Hamilton</i> , . . 143 |
| n the sultry beach, | <i>W. Wallace</i> , . . 124 |
| owns the fleet was moor'd, | <i>Gay</i> , . . 150 |
| e banks of the dark rolling Danube, | <i>Campbell</i> , . . 25 |
| full in bearing, | <i>O'Keeffe</i> , . . 24 |
| rain of rustic mould, | 106 |
| one night in my garret I sat, | <i>Rogers</i> , . . 130 |
| g o'er the fallow land, | 145 |
| care, | 42 |
| nticleer proclaims the dawn, | <i>Dibdin</i> , . . 149 |
| leave me thus, my Katy, | <i>Burns</i> , . . 96 |
| Boreas, blust'ring railer, | <i>Stevens</i> , . . 104 |
| jolly sailors bold, | <i>Hoare</i> , . . 58 |

B b



| | |
|---|------------------------|
| Come cheer up my lads, | 101 |
| Come each jolly fellow, | 79 |
| Come join with me ye rural swains, | <i>A. Wilson</i> , 127 |
| Come let us dance and sing, | <i>Coleman</i> , 76 |
| Could love be found in woman's breast, | 121 |
| Dark lours the night, | 121 |
| Deep in a vale a cottage stood, | 1 |
| Deep in the fountain of this beating heart, | 5 |
| Deserted by the waning moon, | <i>Dibdin</i> , 26 |
| Don't you remember a poor peasant's daughter, | 120 |
| Drink to me only with thine eyes, | <i>B. Jones</i> , 125 |
| Encompass'd in an angel's frame, | 125 |
| Ere around the huge oak that o'ershadows, | <i>O'Keefe</i> , 2 |
| Faint and wearily the way-worn traveller, | <i>Coleman</i> , 5 |
| Fair Ellen like a lily grew, | 11 |
| Fair modest flower of matchless worth, | <i>W. Reid</i> , 4 |
| Fair Sally once the village pride, | 11 |
| Farewell my soul's best treasure, | 110 |
| Farewell to the land where the gloom of my glory, | <i>Byron</i> , 6 |
| Farewell thou stream that winding flows, | <i>Burns</i> , 9 |
| Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour, | <i>T. Moore</i> , 129 |
| For ever fortune wilt thou prove, | <i>Thomson</i> , 61 |
| For England when with fav'ring gale, | <i>Dibdin</i> , 61 |
| Friend of my soul this goblet sip, | 101 |
| From hope's fond dream, | 9 |
| From the white blossom'd sloe, | 4 |
| Go where glory waits thee, | <i>T. Moore</i> , 1 |
| Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd, | <i>Sheridan</i> , 2 |
| Hail England, dear England, | <i>L. Hunt</i> , 11 |
| Haste ye rankling cares away, | <i>Cherry</i> , 1 |
| Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling, | <i>Dibdin</i> , 1 |
| Here's to the maiden of blushing fifteen, | <i>Sheridan</i> , 1 |
| Her hair is like the golden clue, | 1 |
| Her mouth with a smile, | 1 |
| He was fam'd for deeds of arms, | 1 |
| Hope, no more thou soft beguiler, | 1 |
| Hope told a flattering tale, | 1 |
| How blest has my time been, | <i>T. Moore</i> , 1 |
| How lovely the hour when the sun, | <i>T. Wilson</i> , 1 |
| How stands the glass around, | 1 |
| How sweet at close of eve, | 1 |

| | |
|--|-------------------------|
| How sweet are the flowers that grow, | 8 |
| How sweet to recline on the bosom we love, | <i>A. Simson,</i> 8 |
| I cull'd for my love a fresh nosegay, | 3 |
| I have parks, I have grounds, | 4 |
| I knew by the smoke which so gracefully curl'd, | <i>T. Moore,</i> . |
| If to force me to sing it be your intention, | <i>Steevens,</i> . 1 |
| In a little blue garment all ragged and torn, | 5 |
| In a mouldering cave, a wretched retreat, | <i>T. Paine,</i> . 7 |
| In storms when clouds obscure the sky, | <i>Dibdin,</i> . 5 |
| In tatter'd weed, from town to town, | 8 |
| In the downhill of life when I find I'm declining, | <i>Collins,</i> . 1 |
| I sigh and lament me in vain, | <i>Burns,</i> . 5 |
| I sing the maid of Lodi, | 11 |
| Is there a heart that never lov'd, | 5 |
| I wander'd once at break of day, | 15 |
| I who am sore oppress'd with love, | <i>S. Robertson,</i> 11 |
| Jack Stedfast and I were both messmates at sea, | 13 |
| Just like love is yonder rose, | 7 |
| Let others breathe the melting sigh, | 5 |
| Let's be jovial fill our glasses, | 3 |
| Life's like a ship in constant motion, | 8 |
| Little thinks the townsman's wife, | <i>Coleman,</i> . 9 |
| Lost and bewilder'd in the storm, | <i>L.B. Lindoe,</i> 6 |
| Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder, | 6 |
| Loud the trump of war was blowing, | 14 |
| Love's blind they say, | <i>Dibdin,</i> . 14 |
| Mary I believ'd thee true, | <i>T. Moore,</i> . 3 |
| My dark-ey'd maid, by moonlight hour, | 4 |
| My days they roll pleasant and fair, | 15 |
| My heart with love is beating, | <i>Braham,</i> . 9 |
| My love's the gayest of the throng, | 10 |
| My mam is no more, and my dad's in his grave, | 1 |
| No cheering sun-beam's friendly ray, | 8 |
| No more, by sorrow chas'd, my heart, | <i>Dibdin,</i> . 10 |
| O dear to my soul are thy scenes, | 11 |
| O'er barren hills and flow'ry dales, | 4 |
| O'er Nelson's tomb, with silent grief oppress'd, | 4 |
| Oh roses are sweet, | 13 |
| Oh take me to your arms, my love, | 6 |
| Oh take these odour breathing flowers, | |

| | | |
|--|---------------|-------|
| Oh the hours that I've pass'd in the arms, | 8 | Tak |
| Oh think on my fate, once I freedom enjoy'd, | 9 | Tak |
| On Afric's wide plains where the lion now roaring, | 13 | Tager |
| On beds of snow the moon-beam slept, | T. Moore, 37 | Tak |
| On Richmond hill there lives a lass, | O'Keefe, 30 | Tak |
| Over the mountains and over the moor, | 107 | Tak |
| Peaceful slumbering on the ocean, | 8 | Tak |
| Pray, Goody, please to moderate, | 146 | Tak |
| Remember me, when far away, | 135 | Tak |
| Rest weary traveller, | 55 | Tak |
| Said a smile to a tear, | 46 | Tak |
| See the ship in the bay is riding, | T. Moore, 123 | Tak |
| Slow broke the light, | 109 | Tak |
| Soft zephyr on thy balmy wing, | Webb, 141 | Tak |
| Stay, my Willie, yet believe me, | A Lady, 9 | Tak |
| Stay, traveller, tarry here to-night, | Diddia, 10 | Tak |
| Talk not of love it gives me pain, | A Lady, 12 | Tak |
| Tarry awhile with me my love, | 38 | Tak |
| Taste life's glad moments, | 3 | Tak |
| Tell her I'll love her, | 76 | Tak |
| The bird in yonder cage confin'd, | Diddia, 27 | Tak |
| The father of Nancy a forester was, | 25 | Tak |
| The fav'rites of fortune their treasure may boast, | 145 | Tak |
| The gods on Olympus had lately a meeting, | 22 | Tak |
| The heath this night must be my bed, | W. Scott, 97 | Tak |
| The lark from earth delighted springs, | 126 | Tak |
| The meadows look cheerful, the birds sweetly sing, | O'Keefe, 4 | Tak |
| The oak of our fathers to freedom was dear, | 131 | Tak |
| The shadows of eve 'gan to steal, | 32 | Tak |
| The soldier tir'd of wars alarms, | 104 | Tak |
| The spotless maid is like a blooming rose, | 71 | Tak |
| The sun sets in night and the stars shun the day, | 45 | Tak |
| The sun was departed, | 82 | Tak |
| The trees seem to fade as the dear spot, | 21 | Tak |
| The war that for a space did fail, | W. Scott, 157 | Tak |
| The wealthy fool, with gold in store, | O'Keefe, 51 | Tak |
| The wind it blows cold, I'm wet with the rain, | 144 | Tak |
| The woodland maid, my beauty's queen, | 7 | Tak |
| Tho' distant on some foreign land, | 111 | Tak |
| Tho' far beyond the mountains, | 1 | Tak |
| Tho' love is warm awhile, | 9 | Tak |
| Tho' I'm now a very little lad, | O'Keefe, 141 | Tak |

| | | |
|--------------------------------------|----------------------|-----|
| in Heav'n where he sat in full glee, | <i>Tomlinson,</i> | 50 |
| hat skirted the sea, | | 33 |
| us range the fields, | | 72 |
| d was a lover true, | <i>Dibdin,</i> | 43 |
| t ere the bell had toll'd twelve, | | 23 |
| hour when night retreating, | | 114 |
| thicket's calm retreat, | | 147 |
| and the farmer his fire-side near, | | 5 |
| rn when the wind, | | 16 |
| spot, in ancient lore oft nam'd, | | 85 |
| Wolga, rolling dark, | | 129 |
| Free-masons, | | 136 |
| ull town to me, | <i>Braham,</i> | 7 |
| s this keen, this cutting smart, | | 34 |
| from her whom my soul holds, | <i>Braham,</i> | 70 |
| enslaves the mind, | | 137 |
| first at Heav'ns command, | <i>Thomson,</i> | 155 |
| as was deceiv'd by the maid, | <i>T. Moore,</i> | 59 |
| s humble roof I knew, | <i>Burgoyne,</i> | 121 |
| h I shall calm recline, | <i>T. Moore,</i> | 6 |
| as lone and dreary, | | 123 |
| ey was gone that I gain'd, | <i>Dibdin,</i> | 6 |
| ds and lasses gay, | | 20 |
| ill heard me first impart, | <i>Dibdin,</i> | 90 |
| y stirring bowl, | <i>Morris,</i> | 122 |
| bud of summer, | | 72 |
| morn appearing, | | 49 |
| s are all bare, | <i>Mrs. Brookes,</i> | 140 |
| ter wind whistles, | | 116 |
| om heaves the sigh, | | 82 |
| ! Tell was doom'd to die, | | 118 |
| the willow o'er the stream, | | 28 |
| on your bosom, distracted to lose, | | 49 |
| in the village so merrily, ah, | <i>Dibdin,</i> | 141 |
| in ev'ry feature, | <i>M. G. Lewis,</i> | 10 |
| at soft bosom, | | 131 |
| ords and downcast eyes, | | 31 |
| of man, | | 77 |
| England, | <i>Campbell,</i> | 70 |
| ell me have you seen, | | 92 |
| l proud, | | 26 |
| o girl, an exotic plant, | <i>Tannahill,</i> | 125 |
| was as brave a youth, | <i>Braham,</i> | 108 |

| | | |
|--|---------------------|-----|
| Young love flew to the Paphian bow'r, | 1 | Ira |
| Young love once liv'd in an humble shed, | T. Moore, | 100 |

IRISH AND COMIC SONGS.

| | | |
|--|--------------------|-----|
| A CAPTAIN bold in Halifax, | 200 | Ira |
| A glass is good, and a lass is good, | 200 | Ira |
| A jolly fat friar lov'd liquor good store, | 222 | Ira |
| A landlady of France she lov'd an officer 'tis said, | 223 | Ira |
| A priest of Kajaaga, as blind as a stone, | Coleman, | 223 |
| Ah dark are the halls where our ancestors, | Dimond, | 121 |
| Amo Amas, I love a lass, | O'Keefe, | 226 |
| As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping, | 121 | |
| As down on Banna's banks I stray'd, | Mr. Poe, | 126 |
| As I came in by Calder fair, | Oliver, | 229 |
| As I stray'd o'er the common, | 126 | |
| As I went down by yon blind quay, | 126 | |
| Assist me ye lads who have hearts void of guile, | 127 | |
| At the dead of the night, when by whisky, | Johnson, | 179 |
| Awake the harp's slumber to pleasures soft lay, | 200 | |
| By the big hill of Howth, | 194 | |
| Come bustle neighbour prig, | 227 | |
| Come listen to my story, | 223 | |
| Come none of your nonsense, I'm not to be had, | 227 | |
| Dear Erin how sweetly thy green bosom rises, | 161 | |
| Do hear me now Pat—I beseech thee be easy, | J. G. | 173 |
| From a flasket of gin, my dear Nancy requested, | 247 | |
| From Brighton two Paddies walk'd under the cliff, | 166 | |
| From great Londonderry to London so merry, | 211 | |
| Green were the fields where my forefathers dwelt, | 171 | |
| Hear, comrades, hear your Chieftain's voice, | J. G. | 211 |
| If my own botheration don't alter my plan, | 18 | |
| In Ireland so frisky, with sweet girls and whisky, | Coleman, | 22 |
| In summer when the leaves were green, | 16 | |

INDEX.

- as Murphy Delaney, so funny and frisky, . . . *Dibdin,* .
 as born once at home when my mother was out, *Do.* . . .
 as the boy for bewitching 'em,
- adies, how d'ye do,
- orning a cruel turmoiler is, *A. Boswell,*
 darling, says Pat, to his spouse in his lap,
 dear Molly Mogg, you're as soft as a bog, . . . *Reed,* .
 father was once a great merchant,
 muse, let us wake Erin's harp, *J. G.* .
 thoughts delight to wander,
- ow Allister has tun'd his pipes,
 ow we're all met here together, *Dibdin,* .
- did you not hear of Kate Kearney, *Owenson,*
 love is the soul of a neat Irishman,
 will you sit in the bow'r with me,
 Oh when I was a gossoon so merry and frisky,
 Oh, hush the soft sigh, maid,
 Oh many a mountain I wearily measure,
 Oh soldiers of England, your merciless doings,
 Oh touch, dear maid, the trembling string,
 Oh, whack! Cupid's a mannikin, *Coleman,*
 Oh yes, I have seen this Kate Kearney,
 Oh when I breath'd a last adieu,
 Old father Pat was blythe and free,
 One morning very early, *Geo. Syron,*
 Ope thy casement, lady bright,
 Our immortal poet's page,
 Over port, pipe, or snuff box,
- Pat round the full glass—'tis the season of joy, . . *T. A.* .
- Shepherds I have lost my love,
 Sleep on, sleep on, my Kathleen dear, *O'Keefe,*
 Swift fly the hours when in youth's happy day,
- The cloth taken out, and fresh liquor brought in,
 The Hero may perish his country to save, . . . *Wm. Smyth*
 The moon dimm'd her beams in a feathery cloud,
 The moon throws her shadowy light on the hill,
 The soul of an Irishman centres in whisky, . . . *T. A.* .
 There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin, . . *Campbell,*
 There's a difference to be seen, *Dibdin,* .

| | |
|--|------------------------|
| There was an Irish lad, | 201 |
| Tho' Leixlip is proud of its close shady bow'rs, | <i>O'Keefe</i> , 160 |
| To me, my sweet Kathleen, the Benshee has cried, | <i>Wm. Smyth</i> , 212 |
| 'Twas bus'ness requir'd I'd from Dublin, | 168 |
| Wear with me the rosy wreath, | 188 |
| What's all the world to me, | 205 |
| When full in the broad light of Heav'n, | <i>J. G.</i> , 225 |
| When I took my departure from Dublin's, | 198 |
| When I was at home I was merry and frisky, | <i>Coleman</i> , 176 |
| When I was at home with my father and mother, | 205 |
| When the loud yell of war had ceas'd, | 190 |
| When war was heard, and Erin's call, | 182 |
| Where's the rosy smile you gave me, | 191 |
| Wherever I'm going, and all the day long, | 200 |
| With a dozen thirteeners in a nice paper bag, | 205 |
| Why do you lovely virgins mourn, | 192 |
| Why weep thus, dear Norah, | <i>T. A.</i> , 177 |

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

| | |
|---|---------------------------|
| Adieu, a heart-warm fond adieu, | <i>Burns</i> , . . 281 |
| Adieu my lov'd harp for no more shall the vale, | 280 |
| Adieu to fair Scotland, the land of my birth, | <i>J. D.</i> , . . 29 |
| Ae fond kiss and then we sever, | <i>Burns</i> , . . 26 |
| Auld Watty of Kebbuckston brae, | <i>Tannahill</i> , . 96 |
| Braw braw lads on Yarrow Braes, | <i>Burns</i> , . . 2 |
| Dear Tom this brown jug that now foams, | <i>O'Keefe</i> , . . 1 |
| Dear land of my birth, of my friends, | <i>J. Fraser</i> , . 1 |
| Ere bright Rosina met my eyes, | <i>Mrs. Brookes</i> , . 1 |
| Far, far from me my lover flies, | 1 |
| Go patter to lubbers and swabs d'ye see, | <i>Dibdin</i> , . . 1 |
| Go where war and thy country calls thee, | <i>A. M. L.</i> , . 1 |
| How sweet is the gloaming, when carelessly, | <i>Fullarton</i> , . 1 |
| Hark, 'tis the poor maniac's song, | <i>Tannahill</i> , . 1 |

INDEX.

I hae seen great anes and sat in great ha's, . . . *Hamilton*, .

Long I've been an orphan poor,

Now the chill hoary blast of the winter is o'er, *M'Laren, .*
Now spring again wi' liesome tread, *J. Fraser, .*

Oh what is the gain of restless care, *Wm. Smyth.*

Rising o'er the heaving billow, *J. Train, .*

Sweet is the ship that, under sail, *Dibdin*, . . .
Sweet maid on thy cheek there's a red rosy blush, *J. P.* . . .
Since truth has left the shepherd's tongue, . . . *Pindar*, . . .

There's fouth o' braw Jockies and Jennies,
Thou dark-winding Carron once pleasing to see, *Tannahill,*

| | |
|---|----------------------|
| What, is there ill news, you're so sad, | <i>S. Kemble, .</i> |
| When nature with wild-flowers, | <i>Cunningham, .</i> |
| Where shall the lover rest, | <i>W. Scott, .</i> |
| Wide o'er Bannock's heathy wold, | <i>Cunningham, .</i> |
| Wild howls the wind, | <i>A. . . .</i> |

ERRATA.

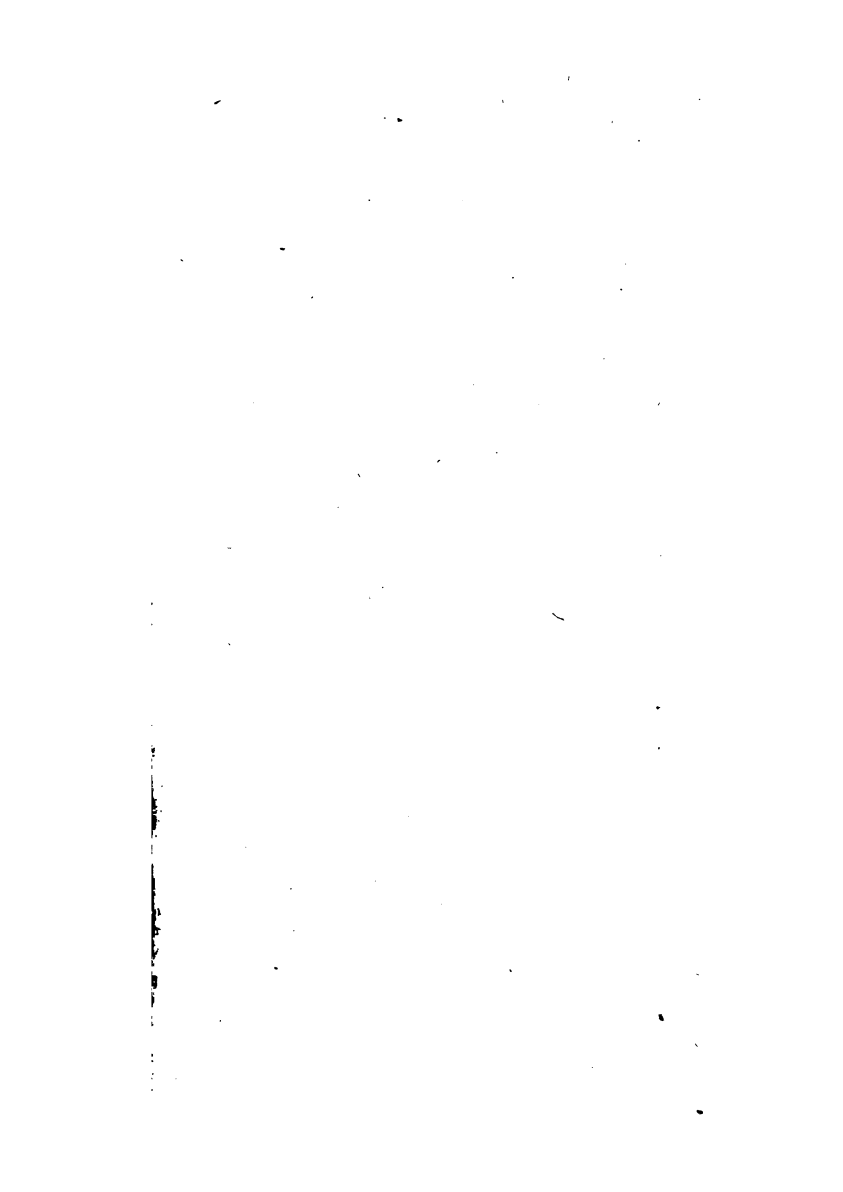
Vol. I.

Page 12. line 11. *for why should age,* *read* why should auld age
— 80. in Title, *for I LOO'D NEAR,* *read* I LOO'D NEAR
— 288. in song given in the note, verse 2, line 2,
for slowly steals, *read* slowly steal.

VOL. II.

Page 262. line 20. *for pluckings o' flattery, read fleechings*
flattery.

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**Printed by A. & J. Duncan,**  
*Argyle Street, Glasgow.*  
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***Argyle Street, Glasgow.***  
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